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Cambridge Historical Society
Publications



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CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATIONS, VOLUME 29

Proceedings for the Year 1943



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

1948



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THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEAR 1943

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-THIRD MEETING

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING

THE thirty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held at the Craigie House, 105 Brattle Street, on Tuesday, January 26, 1943, at 8:15 P.M. The members were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hopkinson and of Mr. H. W. L. Dana.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Treasurer read his Annual Report showing cash on hand amounting to \$423.58 and special funds with a total book value of \$20,441.82 and a total income of \$430.64. It was voted to accept this report.

The report of the Auditor, Mr. Arthur Nichols, was read and accepted.

The Secretary read the report of the Nominating Committee, composed of Professor William Emerson, chairman, Mr. Carroll L. Chase, and Mr. George H. Bunton, as follows:

For <i>President</i>	ROBERT WALCOTT
For <i>Vice-Presidents</i>	{ FRANK GAYLORD COOK
		{ LOIS LILLEY HOWE
		{ SAMUEL ATKINS ELIOT
For <i>Secretary</i>	DAVID THOMAS POTTINGER
For <i>Treasurer</i>	JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN NICHOLS
For <i>Curator</i>	WALTER BENJAMIN BRIGGS
For <i>Editor</i>	CHARLES LANE HANSON
For <i>Members of Council</i> :	the above and	
		ROGER GILMAN, LESLIE TALBOT PENNINGTON, ALLYN BAILEY

FORBES, MAUDE BATCHELDER VOSBURGH, AND LAURA HOWLAND
DUDLEY

It was moved and seconded that the Secretary be directed to cast one ballot for the persons named in the report of the Nominating Committee. The motion was unanimously carried. The Secretary then reported that he had cast the ballot, and the President declared that these persons were the duly elected officers of the Society for the year 1943.

The President spoke of the death of Professor Joseph H. Beale, for many years Vice-President of the Society, and announced that Mr. Cook had been asked to prepare a minute on Mr. Beale's services for the next meeting.

Mr. G. Frederick Robinson, of the Watertown Historical Society, read an entertaining "letter" from Sir Richard Saltonstall, "newly discovered" among some old papers, in which various current topics were touched upon with lightness and humor.

The President then introduced Mr. H. W. L. Dana, who read a paper, illustrated with many lantern slides, on Washington Allston.

The meeting adjourned at 9:45 to listen to a radio broadcast which the Boston newspapers had announced during the day with considerable mystery; it proved to be a statement about President Roosevelt's trip to North Africa for consultation on war problems.

At the end of the broadcast, refreshments were served in the dining room. About seventy-five members and guests were present.

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-FOURTH MEETING

THE one hundred forty-fourth meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held at the home of Miss Bertha Hallowell Vaughan, 57 Garden Street, on Tuesday, April 27, 1943.

President Walcott called the meeting to order at 8:20 P.M.

Mr. Eldon R. James read the minutes of the January meeting.

Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook read the following minute on the late Joseph Henry Beale:

Joseph Henry Beale was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, Oct. 12, 1861. Fitting at Chauncy Hall School, Boston, he entered Harvard at 17 in the class of 1882. There his choices were broad, and, as it were, instinctive; and his work was diligent and intensive, — forecasting his future distinction as a scholar. On the social side he joined, in his sophomore year, the Everett Athenaeum, given to debating, and, in his junior year, the Pi Eta Society, specializing in dramatics. A contemporary photograph of the cast in a Pi Eta play, entitled "Engaged," displays him, elaborately arrayed in bonnet, wig and gown, as a leading lady.

In his studies, in his second year he took Honors in Classics and Highest Honors in Mathematics. At graduation he received Honorable Mention in Music, Mathematics, English Composition and Greek. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, and, for the four years, he ranked fifth in his class.

On leaving college — as if to test and deepen his preparation — he served the first year as a Master at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., under Dr. Coit, and he spent the second year in the Harvard Graduate School in the study of Classics and History.

In 1884, having chosen the Law as his profession, he entered the Harvard Law School. There he was graduated in 1887 with distinction, receiving the degrees of L.L.B. and A.M. After a brief practice in Boston he was called to the Harvard Law School to begin in 1890 his service there as a teacher for forty-eight years.

Of his eminence and achievements as a teacher and writer of Law, others, better qualified, have well written. The brief time and space given me may fittingly be used in sketching his services to this society, and in presenting some salient elements of his character.

He was elected a member of this society Dec. 13, 1905, about six months after its organization. He was elected to its Council Oct. 31, 1922. He was chosen one of its Vice-presidents Jan. 26, 1932. In these offices he continued till his death, Jan. 20, 1943. Several times he was Auditor. He served on committees — to nominate officers, to secure an endowment, to enlist new members, to inspect and put in order the ancient Court records of Middlesex County, Massachusetts (presenting several reports of progress thereon); and he gave legal advice touching the gifts under the will of Maria Bowen.

June 24, 1927 he was named on a committee to frame resolutions on the death of Samuel F. Batchelder Esq. June 21, 1929 he spoke briefly on the aims and work of the Cambridge Tercentenary Committee. April 28, 1931 he spoke informally on the work and life of Rev. Prescott Evarts, formerly Rector of Christ Church, Cambridge. Jan. 6, 1933 he offered a motion favoring the construction of a bridge over the Charles River at Gerry's Landing, Cambridge, to be named The Charles William Eliot Bridge.

He read three papers before this society: Jan. 26, 1932 on Civil Government in Cambridge; April 28, 1936 on President Dunster as a Litigant (gleaned largely from his work on the Middlesex County Court records above referred to); and April 26, 1938 on The Origin of the New England Town.

This unfailing interest, readiness and usefulness characterized him in other fields — in his college class, in Cambridge as an Alderman and School-committeeman, as a member of the Cambridge Dramatic Society, and in Christ Church.

He was frank, genial, open-minded, sympathetic and sincere. Such an amiable, broad, strong, healthy personality attracted general respect, admiration and affection. To his classmates he was "Joe Beale"; to his pupils he was "Joey."

Such a character — devoted as it was to the highest purposes — inevitably resulted in a benevolent, a pre-eminent, a happy, life. His happiness he himself tersely summed up in his report to the Secretary of his Harvard class, published on its Fiftieth Anniversary. "I have, most certainly," he wrote, "had my full share of what President Eliot called 'the durable satisfactions of life' and feel constantly my good fortune in having been welcomed in with '82 to 'the fellowship of educated men'."

President Walcott then introduced Rev. Willard Reed, who spoke on "An Excommunication in Harvard Square." At the beginning of the talk, Mr. Reed passed around photographs of the portraits of Deacon

William Hilliard and his wife Sarah, the central figures in the curious ecclesiastical incident under discussion. These photographs were supplied by Dr. Frederick Pratt, a descendant of the Hilliards.

The meeting adjourned at 9:30 P.M.

About seventy members and guests were present.

Editor's Note. In order to keep the Washington Allston papers together, Mr. Reed's paper follows them.

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-FIFTH MEETING

THE one hundred forty-fifth meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ingraham, 7 Lowell Street, on Tuesday, June 8, 1943. President Walcott called the meeting to order at 4:10 P.M.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Curator reported the gift from Miss Mary E. Batchelder of a collection of memoranda and miscellaneous manuscripts written by her brother, the late Samuel Francis Batchelder, for many years Secretary and Editor of this Society.

President Walcott then read an extremely interesting paper on Hubbard Park, with many reminiscences of its former residents.

At 5:30 the meeting adjourned to the garden, where refreshments were served.

About sixty-five members and guests were present.

Editor's Note. Mr. Walcott stressed the life and public service of Gardiner Greene Hubbard, who laid out the park, and his distinguished son-in-law, Alexander Graham Bell, who proposed to Mabel Hubbard in the Hubbard house and was married July 11, 1877 in the house which was torn down in 1941.

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-SIXTH MEETING

THE one hundred forty-sixth meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held on Tuesday, October 26, 1943, at the Craigie House, 105 Brattle Street.

In the absence of President Walcott, Vice-president Miss Lois Lilley Howe called the meeting to order at 8:15 P.M.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Mrs. Vosburgh reported on the part taken by the Society in the recent Third War Loan drive. The Society, with total sales of \$27,706.25 to its credit, ranked first among the "small" organizations and fourth among all Cambridge organizations participating. We were therefore entitled to make a choice among the literary manuscripts donated by their authors in connection with the raising of funds. At a meeting in the Cambridge Public Library, Mrs. Vosburgh, acting for the Society, chose three chapters of VanWyck Brooks's "New England: Indian Summer" in typescript with many manuscript emendations. These chapters, along with those chosen by other organizations, are on permanent deposit at the Cambridge Public Library.

At the conclusion of this report Miss Howe introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana, who presented a paper, illustrated with many lantern slides, on "Washington Allston in Cambridgeport." This was a continuation and conclusion of the paper Mr. Dana read before the Society at its January meeting.

About fifty members and guests were present.

PAPERS READ DURING THE YEAR 1943

ALLSTON AT HARVARD

1796 TO 1800

BY H. W. L. DANA

Read January 26, 1943

IN THE SUMMER OF 1796, when Washington Allston as a boy of sixteen first came to Cambridge and entered Harvard College, he brought with him from his native South Carolina what has been delightfully described as "a nature open on the southern side."¹

By background, by birth, and by bringing up he had been saturated through and through with the romance, the imagination, and the chivalry of the "Sunny South." To those who saw him on his arrival at Cambridge, he seemed like some radiant being from another world. A close friend recalls the effect made by the coming of this charming Southern youth:

Allston, with that fine, luminous face, and all so gracious — I remember well the impression he made upon me when he was with my brother Ned,

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¹ James Russell Lowell's famous account of Allston and the Cambridge of Allston's day, which is quoted here and later on, was first part of a long letter written from Cambridge in September 1853 to Allston's protégé and fellow-artist, William Wetmore Story, then living in Italy. In his correspondence Lowell refers to this letter, which later formed the basis of an essay, variously as "Cambridge Twenty Years Ago" and "Sketch of Cambridge as it was Twenty-five Years Ago"; but it was with the title "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago" that it was finally published in two parts in *Putnam's Magazine* for April and May, 1854, Vol. III, pp. 379-386, 473-482. It was later reprinted as "Cambridge Worthies — Thirty Years Ago" in *Favorite Authors*, Boston, 1861, pp. 270-293; and as "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago" in Lowell's *Fireside Travels*, Boston, 1864, pp. 3-88.

and I a little boy. I did not look upon him as being a mere human creature, but as belonging to a race somewhere between us and the angels.²

One of his Harvard classmates, Leonard Jarvis, speaks of Allston as "distinguished by the grace of his movements and his gentlemanly deportment. His countenance once seen, could never be forgotten." He describes his features in detail: "His smooth, high, open forehead, surrounded by a profusion of dark, wavy hair, his delicately formed nose, his peculiarly expressive mouth, his large, lustrous, melting eyes, which varied with every emotion." In contrast to the more ruddy complexion of the New England boys, he says that Allston had a "complexion of most beautiful Italian cast, smooth and colourless, yet healthy." These features, "all blending harmoniously formed a face which was irresistibly attractive and which united with his gentle, unassuming manners, secured him the good will of his classmates."³

The two or three Carolinians who had come north to Harvard were noted for their aristocratic dress and we are told: "Their swallow-tail coats, tapered to an arrow-point angle and their delicate calf skin boots . . . were objects of great admiration."⁴ Jarvis notes that Allston was "dressed in more fashionable style than the rest of us;" and refers to "the title of 'Count' bestowed upon Allston" by some of his cronies. He makes haste, however, to assure us that this title was given "in jocular anticipation of the distinctions which were to crown his genius." For, more important in connection with Allston's later career as poet and painter is the fact that early in his college days, his classmate said of him: "His poetical talents and his genius for the fine arts were soon discovered and gave him a high standing among us."

THE DOCTOR AND THE ARTIST

Allston's stepfather, Doctor Henry Collins Flagg, arranged to have the boy spend his first year in the house of Professor Benjamin Waterhouse, who was a friend of Doctor Flagg's and like him a native of New-

² Richard Henry Dana 1st, letter to William Cullen Bryant, April 14, 1869. The older brother referred to was Edmund Trowbridge Dana, Allston's college mate and intimate friend.

³ This and the subsequent quotations from Leonard Jarvis are from a long letter of his written on February 12, 1844, to Richard Henry Dana 1st.

⁴ Oliver Wendell Holmes, quoted by Samuel Eliot Morison, *Three Centuries of Harvard*, Cambridge, 1936, p. 198.

port and a doctor. The arrangement worked out very satisfactorily and a warm attachment grew up between the doctor and the young student. In the autumn of his Freshman year, on October 21, 1796, Allston wrote back to his stepfather, "The doctor with whom I live has shown a friendship for me that I wish may never be forgotten." Doctor Waterhouse in turn seems to have had a keen interest in his young charge and long afterwards spoke of Allston as one "for whom I have always had the strong partiality of a friendship partaking of the paternal; for he was under my special care during his college life."⁵

Doctor Waterhouse had a few years earlier been appointed at Harvard as the first Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic. He was a strong-willed gentleman of the old school and his manners and clothes were those of an earlier age. As he sallied forth from his house at the north end of the Cambridge Common and crossed the broad stone covering the little brook which then ran past his door, he would tap with his gold-headed cane upon the slab so that it would sound with a hollow resonance. Under his three-cornered hat, his powdered hair was tied behind in a slender tapering queue "like the tail of a violet crab, held out horizontally by the high collar of his shepherd's grey overcoat."⁶ This stiff coat collar held his head so firmly that when he turned to speak to anyone, he could scarcely rotate his head. Accordingly he would swing his whole body about, staring through the two great circles of his amazing spectacles and displaying what was described as "a look of questioning sagacity and an utterance of oracular gravity."⁷

The house where the good doctor lived with his family and where Allston spent his Freshman year, stood then and still stands on the north side of the road which has come to be called "Waterhouse Street" in honor of the doctor. This dwelling, which Doctor Waterhouse used to refer to as "my own pleasant house," faced towards the south and its white façade was bathed in the sunshine that streamed across what the doctor called "the handsome enclosed Common or College-green in

⁵ Doctor Benjamin Waterhouse, letter to William Dunlap, November 16, 1833, quoted in William Dunlap, *A History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States*, Boston, 1918, Vol. II, p. 300.

⁶ Lowell's Fireside Travels, Boston, 1864, p. 81. There can be no question that the "W." referred to is Doctor Benjamin Waterhouse.

⁷ Oliver Wendell Holmes, quoted by William Coolidge Lane in *The Cambridge Historical Society: Publications*, Cambridge, 1909, Vol. IV, p. 21.

front.”⁸ The house itself was a snug little two-storey building with a high roof. It dated back from Colonial days and was formerly occupied by the Tory, William Vassall, who had fled back to England at the beginning of the American Revolution. Even more than its modest exterior, the interior with its cosy, low-studded rooms ornamented with excellent wooden paneling and curious cupboards, presented an atmosphere of pleasant hospitality to all who entered.

The household of Dr. Waterhouse at this time included his mother, his wife, a number of young children, and various other relatives who visited there from time to time. They all welcomed the young Allston cordially and he soon became a cherished member of the family circle. The room that he occupied throughout his Freshman year at Harvard was the southwest chamber, up one flight to the left from the front door. This was then an unfinished apartment “filled in” with brick. Here he had his studio and here he used to amuse himself with getting up charades, caricatures, illustrated rebuses, and many other odd and humorous things. Thus “Allston’s room,” as they called it, became the scene of much fine foolery to the entertainment of the whole Waterhouse family, old and young.⁹

The doctor’s own work was, of course, primarily in science rather than in painting; or, as he put it, in the “plain arts” rather than in the “fine arts.” Yet he was not without a considerable interest in art. As a boy in Newport he had taken up painting for a time and had gone with his schoolmate Gilbert Stuart to London and presented him to Benjamin West, the President of the Royal Academy. Dr. Waterhouse had in his possession several portraits of himself painted by Stuart. One gave him the “air of a militant Quaker . . . pensive but determined looking and alert.” Another represented him “looking steadfastly on a human skull placed on a polished mahogany table.”¹⁰

Finding that Allston, as well as Stuart, had a gift for painting, Dr. Waterhouse got him to paint portraits of some of the family, giving him the rather difficult task of depicting two extremes of age: his seven-year-old son and his nearly ninety-year-old mother.

⁸ This and other passages are quoted from the Journal of Benjamin Waterhouse, extracts from which were published by William Roscoe Thayer in *The Cambridge Historical Society: Publications*, Cambridge, 1909, Vol. IV, pp. 22-37.

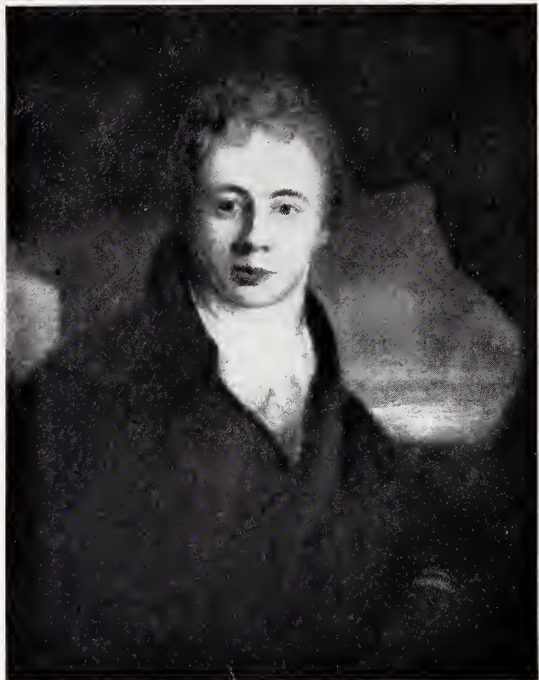
⁹ Leonard Jarvis, letter of February 12, 1844.

¹⁰ William Dunlap, *A History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States*, Boston, 1918, Vol. I, pp. 192-208.

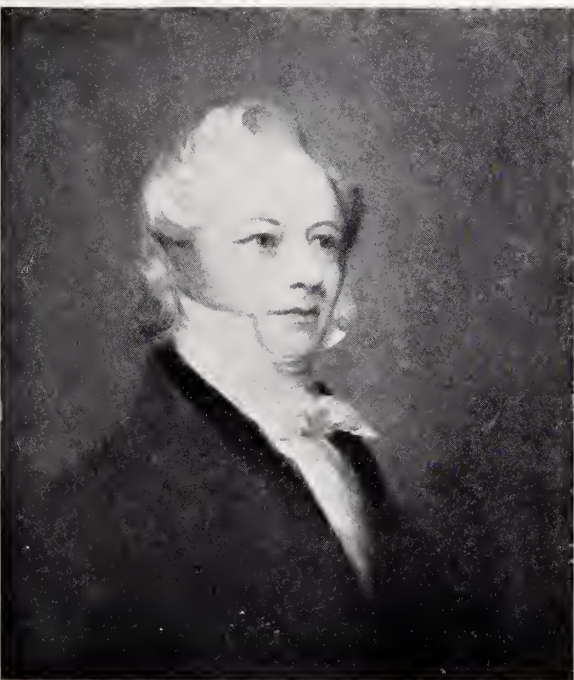
PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON



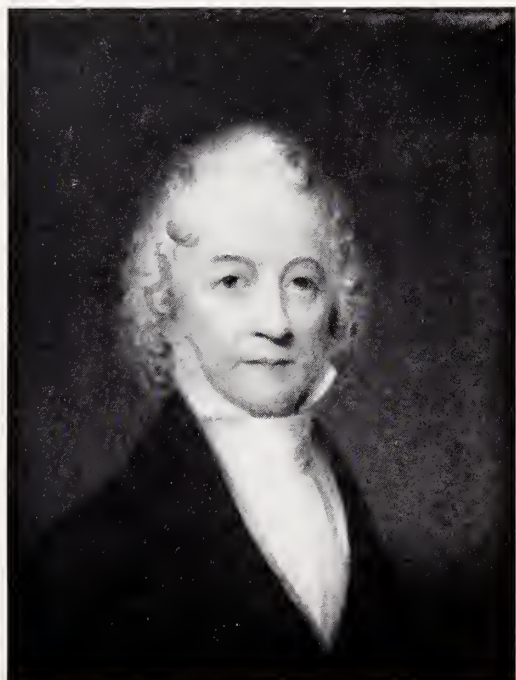
AS A BOY
By a French Artist in Newport



AS A YOUNG MAN
By Frederick Walker



AT FIFTY
By George Whiting Flagg



AT THE END OF HIS LIFE
By Richard Staigg

"THE BUCK'S PROGRESS"

Painted by Washington Allston, November 10th, 1796



Number I. The Introduction of a Country Lad to a Club of Town Bucks



Number II. A Beau in his Dressing Room

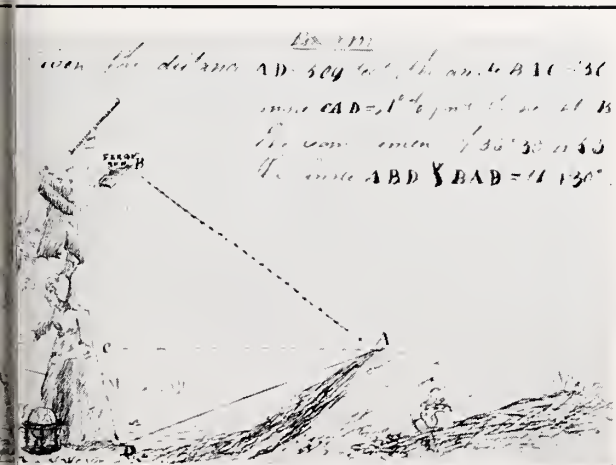


Number III. A Midnight Fray with Watchmen

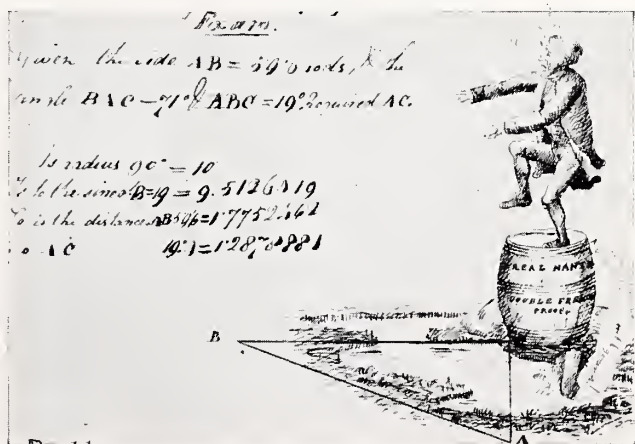


BONAPARTE IN EGYPT

President Willard at Harvard



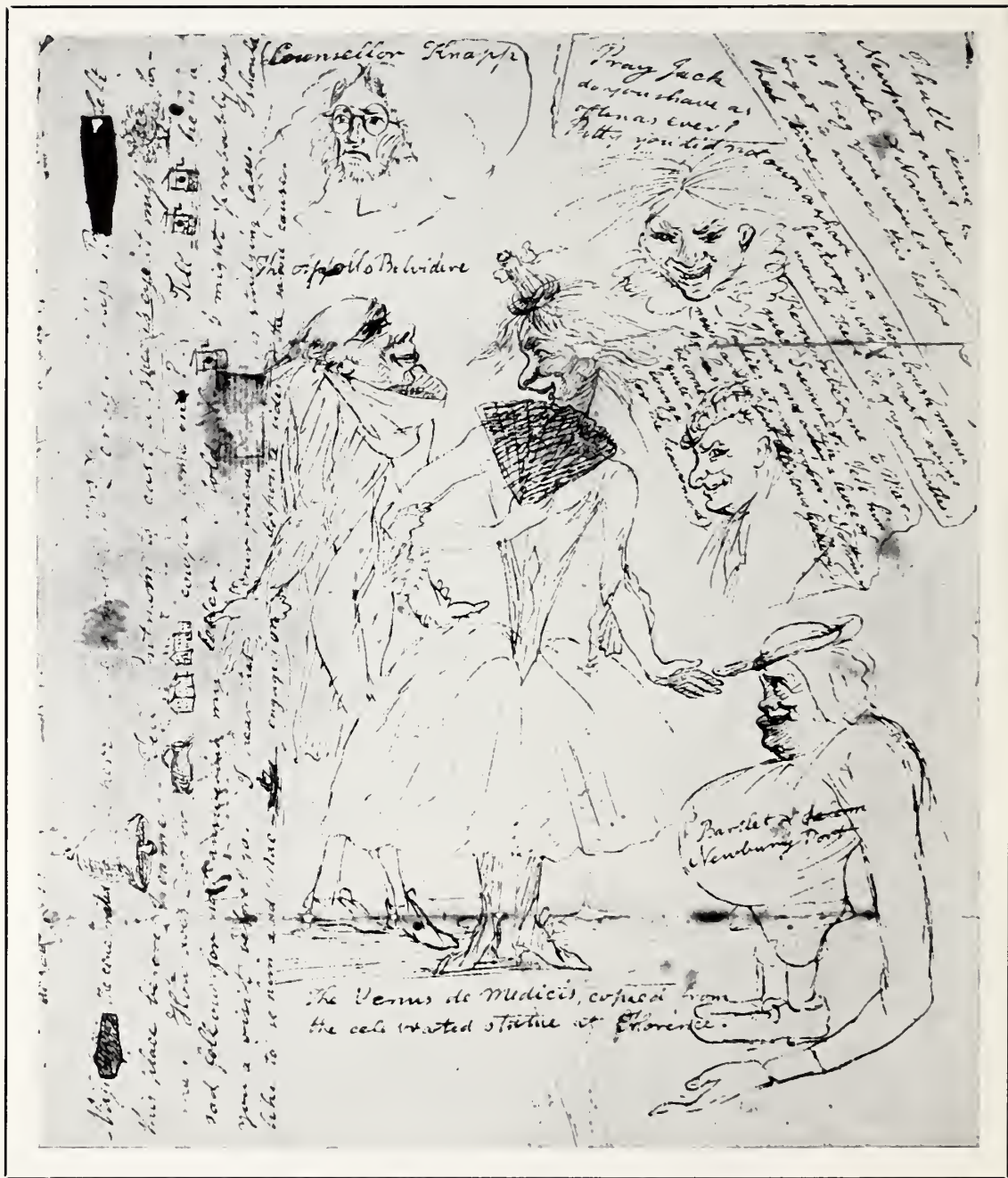
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GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM
Distance of Inaccessible Object

PAGE FROM A LETTER BY ALLSTON

Written from Newport, June 22, 1800, to his Classmate John Knapp



Knapp appears as "Counsellor Knapp"; another college mate, Sumner, as "Marquess Sumner"; while still another, "Bartlet of Newburyport", is grotesquely pictured. In the center are caricatures of Apollo and Venus. To the left is an "Illustrated Rebus", in which one can make out: "Miss Coffin the celebrated belle is here. . . How does Doctor Waterhouse's cowpox come on?"

Allston's Portrait of *Andrew Oliver Waterhouse* pictured the boy who had been named after his maternal grandfather, Andrew Oliver, the Lieutenant Governor of the Bay Colony. It was apparently Allston's earliest attempt at oil portraiture and long afterwards Dr. Waterhouse, who carefully cherished the portrait, wrote of Allston: "I have in my possession his first essay in oil, being the portrait of my eldest son when a child."¹¹

Allston's Portrait of *Hannah Proud Waterhouse*, the doctor's Quaker-born mother, shows her as an elderly woman, full of the same strong character that marked her son. It is a rather crude drawing in colored crayons, or pastels, representing her in white cap fitting closely around her face and with white shawl over her shoulders. The only suggestion of color is the pink flesh tones in the cheeks.¹²

Young Allston's talents as a draftsman were also useful to the doctor in another way. Allston's *Illustrations for Dr. Waterhouse's Essays* were used to make clear certain points in the doctor's treatises and letters which he was sending to various scientists abroad.¹³ For Dr. Waterhouse's energetic mind was keeping in constant touch with the latest discoveries in the various centers of European learning. Among those with whom he corresponded and for whom he needed the help of Allston's drawings, was the celebrated Dr. Edward Jenner of England, the discoverer of vaccination. Dr. Waterhouse himself became famous — many at the time would have said "infamous" — as the first to introduce vaccination into America. It was he who provided Thomas Jefferson with the vaccine with which he inoculated his family and servants. Dr. Waterhouse was in a way a conqueror — a conqueror over a dread disease. He used to boast: "I cut the claws and wings of smallpox." Among the proud possessions preserved by his descendants are a Lowestoft china jug and cream pitcher given to him by Dr. Jenner, with two cows represented on the side to indicate the experiments in cow-pox and a "W" above standing for Waterhouse. The Harvard Medical School still owns the silver snuff-box in which he kept his serums and his scalpel. This bears the inscription: "Edw^d Jenner to Bⁿ Waterhouse."¹⁴

¹¹ Doctor Benjamin Waterhouse, letter of November 16, 1833, to William Dunlap.

¹² This portrait has passed into the hands of Doctor Waterhouse's granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Ware Sampson of Cambridge.

¹³ Leonard Jarvis, letter of February 12, 1844.

¹⁴ James Russell Lowell in *Fireside Travels*, Boston, 1864, pp. 83-84, elaborates on this and claims that Doctor Waterhouse, to emphasize his own importance, once published an advertise-

Having encouraged young Allston to use his gifts as portrait painter and illustrator, Dr. Waterhouse felt that he could claim that Allston was, as he said, "in some sense my élève."¹⁵ In his youth the doctor had spent seven years in Europe studying science and it may well have been by his advice that Allston, on leaving Harvard, was to spend seven years in Europe studying art. To be sure the "Grand Style" of "Historical Painting," which Allston later adopted, was not so much to the doctor's taste as were the portraits and scientific drawings which Allston had made for him. He came to ridicule Allston's type of romantic painting of supernatural scenes, saying that it was "like looking into an intense fiery furnace, all blazing with heat, smoke, soot and cinders — and a heap of ashes."¹⁶

Nevertheless the doctor gladly paid tribute to what he called Allston's "justly acquired reputation," though he seemed impatient with the gushing female admirers of Allston and their "laboured eulogisms." His pictures, Dr. Waterhouse said, "speak for themselves and need no puffing by little trumpeters."¹⁷

Allston, in turn, though more interested in art than he was in science, used to write back to Cambridge asking "How does Dr. Waterhouse's cowpox come on?"¹⁸ Forty years later, when Allston returned to Cambridge and built his studio there, he continued to send the doctor free tickets of admission to his exhibitions. Dr. Waterhouse lived on to the good old age of ninety-two, but always maintained an eager interest in the artistic genius whom he had sheltered as a Freshman under his roof in the old house on Cambridge Common.

It was then what used to be called the "Mansion of Dr. Waterhouse" that was the center of Allston's life during his first year at Harvard. Beside the house to the left were at that time a series of sheds and a large barn. To the north of these were, as Dr. Waterhouse says, "eight acres of good land in the rear."¹⁹ There he had his garden and there he had planted the Lombardy poplars which he had brought back with him from

ment saying: "Lost, a gold snuff-box, with the inscription, 'The Jenner of the Old World to the Jenner of the New'. Whoever shall return the same to Doctor Waterhouse will be suitably rewarded."

¹⁵ Journal of Doctor Waterhouse for May 3, 1839.

¹⁶ Journal of Doctor Waterhouse for August 31, 1839.

¹⁷ Journal of Doctor Waterhouse for May 3, 1839.

¹⁸ Washington Allston, letter of June 22, 1800, to John Knapp.

¹⁹ Journal of Doctor Waterhouse for October 4, 1839.

Italy and which he had been the first to introduce into Cambridge.¹⁹ These gave Allston his first foretaste of Italian scenery and of the poplar trees which he became so fond of painting. Beyond the Waterhouse garden other trees stretched for a mile or so northward in a region unbroken at that time by any cross streets. It was here that Dr. Waterhouse later promoted the Botanical Garden; and it was he again who planned the first formal tree-planting in the Harvard Yard.²⁰

As Allston emerged from Dr. Waterhouse's front door, he could see at a short distance towards the east the unpretentious old "gambrel-roofed house" where Oliver Wendell Holmes was later to be born.²¹

In the opposite direction, a little distance to the west along the high-road to Watertown, stood what Dr. Waterhouse described as "the largest and best house in Cambridge."²² This had been built in Colonial times by Major John Vassall, a nephew of the William Vassall who had lived where Dr. Waterhouse was now living. Major Vassall, like the other Tories, had fled at the beginning of the American Revolution and for ten months in 1775 and 1776 the house had been used as the Headquarters of General Washington, for whom Washington Allston had been named and whom he had met as a boy in South Carolina. Some four years before Allston came to Cambridge, this mansion had been bought by Andrew Craigie, who had enlarged it and was now living there with his brilliant and interesting wife, Elizabeth Shaw Craigie. Since Mr. Craigie, like Allston's stepfather, Dr. Flagg, had been an Apothecary General in Washington's Army and since he was now a close friend of Dr. Waterhouse, it seems more than likely that young Allston visited the Craigie House to see the Craigies then; just as at the end of his life he used to go there to visit Professor Longfellow.

From Dr. Waterhouse's, in walking south across the Cambridge Common to attend his studies at Harvard College Allston could see beyond the College Green the little group of four red brick buildings which made up the Harvard of his day — the "Factories of the Muses." From the belfry on the top of Harvard Hall in the center, he could hear the

²⁰ Samuel Eliot Morison, *Three Centuries of Harvard*, Cambridge, 1936, p. 172.

²¹ This house, which had been the Headquarters of General Artemus Ward in 1775, was bought by Judge Oliver Wendell in 1807. The Reverend Abiel Holmes, for whom Allston later designed a church, had married Oliver Wendell's only daughter and named for him his son, Oliver Wendell Holmes, born in the old gambrel-roofed house in 1809.

²² Journal of Doctor Waterhouse for March 5, 1840.

sound of the College bell, summoning him across the Common to early morning prayer, or later in the day, to his various classes.

To the left of Harvard Hall and set further back from the road stood Hollis Hall which was used as a college dormitory. Beyond that to the left was Holden Chapel which at that time had been turned over to the Medical School, though Dr. Waterhouse, with characteristic obstinacy stubbornly refused to give his classes there. On the other side of Harvard Hall stood the oldest of the Harvard buildings, Massachusetts Hall, which was then also used for students' rooms. In addition to these four brick buildings, there were at that time in the Harvard Yard a number of wooden houses where professors and students were living. It was in one of these that Allston was to spend the remaining three years of his college life. Apparently Dr. Waterhouse was hard to please, for he did not altogether approve of the architecture of the Harvard buildings even of that earlier period and he said caustically: "The genius of ugliness grinned horribly at the birth of every building belonging to Harvard College."²³

Harvard Hall, which at that time stood in the midst of these buildings, was then used for a number of different purposes.

On the ground floor to the left was the room used then for the College Chapel, which Allston attended early each morning.

On the floor above the Chapel was the College Library, where Allston did much of his reading. The College Archives still preserve written neatly in his handwriting the dates and the lists of the books that he took out to read: books on painting, books on Greece and Rome, an Italian Grammar, Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Shakespeare, Milton, and other works of literature.

On the ground floor to the right was the College Commons or Dining Hall where Allston ate his mid-day meal served from the "Buttery Hatch," or Kitchen, in the basement underneath.

Upstairs, above the Dining Hall and across the hallway from the Library was the so-called "Philosophical Chamber." This was used as a Lecture Hall, but to the great disgust of the Professor of Divinity, Dr. Waterhouse insisted on placing in the room, to help him in his courses in Natural History, cases of stuffed birds, a collection of preserved fish,

²³ Journal of Doctor Waterhouse for August 25, 1837.

specimens of minerals, and the so-called "Orrery," still preserved today, an ingenious machine devised to represent mechanically the motion of the spheres. The presence of all these objects tended to distract the students' attention from the lectures and Allston and his fellow students found an irresistible temptation to tamper with them. Moreover there were reactionary forces at Harvard who objected to Dr. Waterhouse's interest in science and predicted that "the ingrafting the botanical & natural history professorship on the University would operate the destruction of the institution."²⁴

Each hour, as Allston heard the sound of the clanging bell, he would attend his classes in this "Philosophical Chamber" in Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Rhetoric, Metaphysics, and History. His respectful and gentlemanly deportment made him a favorite with the professors and his native charm and good spirits soon made him popular with the students.

"THE BUCK'S PROGRESS"

Among the students were a number of young swells or, as they were then called, "gay young bucks or rakes." At about this time at Harvard, it is said "a spirit of buckism was very prevalent."²⁵ In the autumn of his Freshman year, as Allston became familiar with these "more buckish sort of students," he proceeded to paint a series of water-color sketches, representing ludicrous episodes in the career of a Harvard student of that period. These he called *The Buck's Progress*. This was clearly intended as a counterpart to the famous series of pictures by Hogarth called *The Rake's Progress*.

The pictures in Allston's series all bear the same main title, "The Buck's Progress," and have the same signature and the same date: "Washington Allston Nov. 10th 1796." Each number, however, has a separate sub-title which was apparently followed by a rhymed couplet at the bottom of the page, now unfortunately obliterated or cut off.

In *Number 1. The Introduction of a Country Lad to a Club of Town Bucks*, a country bumpkin with lanky straight hair and rather old-fashioned clothes is represented as appearing at the door. In his long

²⁴ Doctor Waterhouse, letter of March 1825 to President John Quincy Adams.

²⁵ Charles Eliot Morison, *Three Centuries of Harvard*, Cambridge, 1936, p. 175.

lean plain features he seems to have a certain resemblance to Allston's friend, William Ellery Channing. This innocent stranger is being led into a panelled room, not unlike that in the colonial house occupied by Dr. Waterhouse. There the country lad is introduced into a "Carousel," as it was called — a roomful of nine Town Bucks with their hair fashionably curled, with elaborate clothes, broad collars, and high stocks. They are carousing and drinking about a table, where one wineglass has toppled over so that the wine is spilling on the floor. One of the Bucks is smoking a long-stemmed pipe. They all stare at the newly introduced youth, two of them scanning him through their magnifying glasses. Some of them rise from their straight-back chairs to greet him, raising their glasses and welcoming him into their company.

In *Number II. A Beau in His Dressing Room*, we see the transformation which the new member of the group is undergoing. He is now dressed more stylishly, wearing a red coat and green waistcoat and ribbons on his knee-breeches. A hairdresser, a tailor, a shoemaker, and a messenger are all dancing attendance on him. The hairdresser, wielding a curling iron and a comb, is trying to curl the lanky straight hair of the new Buck. For the features of this hairdresser, Allston had evidently taken those of the College Barber, named John Gally, to whom the more buckish students were wont to repair to get shaved and to have their hair powdered and their queues fixed with pomatum. It was only one week after Allston had made this sketch of him that on November 17, 1796, poor Gally was found dead upon the steps of the College Chapel; and, according to Jarvis, Allston's first writing to be made public was a half-burlesque and half-serious "Elegy on the Death of the Barber." The tailor is represented as tying a huge stock around the neck of the young beau. The shoemaker is leaning, taking the measure of the Buck's foot. He is said to have borne a likeness to old Prior whom Allston had known at Master Rogers' school in Newport. The Buck, in raising his foot, has upset a chair, and a bottle and a glass have fallen to the floor, the wine running over. Out of another bottle the Buck is helping himself to another glass of wine. A messenger is arriving, apparently bearing a new hat and some new clothes. In the fireplace, surrounded by tiles, a good warm fire is burning on the old-fashioned andirons, while a pair of tongs is lying on the floor. On the mantle, under the ornate mirror, are some volumes marked "Age of Reason." This was, of course, Tom

Paine's famous treatise on free thought, the second volume of which had appeared the very year before Allston made this drawing and which had created a great sensation.

In *Number III. A Midnight Fray with Watchmen*, Allston shows us the Buck and his companions on a drinking bout in town, presumably Boston. The streets are filled with cobblestones. A church steeple is seen in the distance. In the background are clouds and a full moon. The buildings, closely packed together, are of brick or of stone. The sign over one shop reads "Tom Cabbage Taylor" and another reads "Bumper's Co.," or something like that. The Buck, now thoroughly drunk and dishevelled, is beating about him with a cane, while a watchman is getting the best of another Harvard student, who is lying on the cobblestones. A street light in front of the tavern casts its light down on the brawlers; and overhead a man in a nightgown and a nightcap opens a window and looks down on the fray.²⁶

THE SOPHOMORE "GENIO"

Although Dr. Waterhouse's abode was less than half a mile from Harvard Hall, Washington Allston, still a delicate Southerner, seems to have objected to the cold winter walks across Cambridge Common, lashed as it was by the East Wind, and he wrote to his stepfather complaining "The great distance I live from college makes my exercises rather disagreeable."²⁷

He was glad, then, for his remaining three years at Harvard to make arrangements to live within the College Yard, in the Stephen Sewall House. This was one of a series of old wooden houses that ran along the southern side of the Harvard Yard. To the left of it were Wadsworth House, where the President of Harvard was living, and the old Wigglesworth House. To the right was the Fellows' Orchard and the Old Parsonage. The Sewall House was described by Jarvis as "a tall, narrow, unpainted, awkward-looking building." It was three stories high with five windows across the front and only single windows on the narrow ends.²⁸

²⁶ These were owned by Doctor Thaddeus William Harris, Harvard Librarian, and have now come into the hands of his grand-daughter, Mrs. Frank M. Clark of Cambridge.

²⁷ Washington Allston, letter of October 21, 1796, to Doctor Henry Flagg.

²⁸ H. W. L. Dana, "The Stephen Sewall House" in *Old Time New England*, April 1947.

The house was then occupied by the retired Professor of Hebrew, Stephen Sewall. He had enlarged his ground-floor study with a projection in the back corner to accommodate his ever-growing library of books. Allston lived in the chamber directly over the professor's study, on the left or western side of the house. At the back of his room were two closets, one on each side of the fireplace. In one of these Allston kept his painting implements and materials. In the other he kept a great supply of fuel. This enabled him on cold winter nights to keep a good fire going; and it is perhaps characteristic of him that in the College Accounts his bill for fuel was one of the largest in the class. He delighted in blowing on the wood fire with a pair of bellows so as to create a splendid big blaze before which he could bask and warm himself comfortably. He even wrote some verses on the outside of the bellows, entitled "An Old Pair of Bellows":

Where'er I roam, whatever fires I see,
My heart untravelled, still returns to thee,
My own dear bellows!
For gentle puff or energetic blast
At crackling wood or sputtering coal thou hast
Nowhere thy fellows! ²⁹

On cold winter nights, after building up the fire, he would prepare a great pile of bed clothes on top of his bed; and according to his class-mate Jarvis he "would place upon his bed an armchair or two, in order that he might feel a greater weight upon him." ³⁰

For this South Carolinian the great difficulty was getting out of bed on cold winter mornings, washing with the unheated water, hastily dressing as the early Chapel bell was heard across the frosty snow, and "rushing like the Devil to worship God." It is not surprising then to find that Allston, according to the Records of the College Faculty, was admonished "for greatly neglecting his college duties" and was fined for "tardiness at Chapel" and for "absence from lectures and recitations." ³¹

Towards the beginning of his Sophomore Year, in a letter written

²⁹ Printed in Jared B. Flagg, *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston*, New York, 1892, p. 367.

³⁰ Leonard Jarvis, letter of February 12, 1844.

³¹ Records of the College Faculty, Vol. VII. Minutes for November 27, 28, 1797; June 5, August 26, 1799; March 4, June 3, 20, 1800. Harvard Archives.

October 28, 1797, to Mr. Robert Rogers, his old schoolmaster in Newport, Allston confesses the weakness that was to be his besetting sin to the end of his life. He writes:

It is my greatest misfortune to be too lazy, and by the few mortifications I have already met with on that account I predict many evils in my future life. I have always the inclination to do what I ought; but by continually procrastinating for tomorrow the business of today, I insensibly delay, until at the end of the month I find myself in the same place as when I began it.

Often he would be tempted to neglect his college duties in order to pursue his fondness for art. Sometimes this took strange forms. For example, his front windows, with twelve panes of glass in each, faced south on the road to Boston. On these Allston painted in watercolors an amusing series of *Sketches on the Window Panes*. The teamsters who had to pass these windows on the way to Boston used to stop and look at these paintings with a mingled grin of wonder and delight. Jarvis recalls one of the sketches which was entitled: "Walking a Good Stick." This represented a lank farmer travelling along at the rate of six miles an hour. Occasionally Allston would erase the older paintings to substitute new ones, still more grotesque. Someone asked "Don Clark," the carpenter who acted as landlord of the house, why he allowed Mr. Allston to disfigure the windows in this way. "Oh," replied the man with great appreciation of Allston's humor, "Mr. Allston is a genio, so he may do what he likes."³²

Sometimes the books which Allston read suggested themes for his painting as well as giving him inspiration for his poetry. That famous 18th Century English poem, Thompson's *Seasons*, which later influenced Allston's Phi Beta Kappa Poem, *The Sylphs of the Seasons*, furnished a theme for one of his earliest paintings. The episode at the end of the book called "Summer," describing how Damon beholds this beloved Musidora bathing, was the subject of a picture called *Damon and Musidora*, painted by Allston while he was living in the Sewall house. The nude woman in this picture apparently rather shocked Allston's landlord, "Don Clark," who came to Jarvis, exclaiming with a funny simper, half way between horror and pleasure: "I have seen a picture, Sir, painted

³² Leonard Jarvis, letter of February 12, 1844.

by Mr. Allston. He has painted a woman, starked naked, going into the water to wash herself. It is as natural as life. Mr. Allston, Sir, is quite a genio."³³

"THE SLAUGHTER-BREATHING BRASS"

Allston relates that on late afternoons he would wander across the salt marshes that extended eastward along the Charles River till he came to a picturesque little pine wood. This was the spot where Washington had placed one of his batteries during the American Revolution and came later to be known as Fort Washington. Allston says this spot "used to be the favorite haunt of my younger days to which I used to saunter after college hours and dream sometimes of poetry and sometimes of my art."³⁴

It was to this little pine wood that more than thirty years later Allston was to return and build his house. His studio too was later built in the midst of that marshland. The romance that the region then had, the open land, the huckleberry pastures, the trees, is hard to recognize beneath the congested habitations of the Cambridgeport of today.

Near the mouth of the Charles River, at Hartt's Naval Yard, the famous Frigate "Constitution" was being built during Allston's first years at Harvard. This was in response to the orders from President Washington "to have a naval force organized and ready." Much of the timber out of which the "Constitution" was being constructed came from the live oaks of South Carolina, with which Allston had been so familiar in his childhood. He now delighted to watch the shipbuilders using them to build the new frigate. Mysteriously and wonderfully the copper sheathing and copper bolts and spikes were being forged according to a secret process invented by that ingenious metalsmith and patriot, Paul Revere.³⁵

On October 21, 1797, Allston may well have been present to watch the launching of the "Constitution," when she slid down the ways to start her glorious career. Possibly Allston was the author of a poem called "Thoughts on the Launching of the Constitution" which appeared in "The Fount," a poetic column on the last page of the *Columbian Centinel*,³⁶ for Jarvis tells us that many of the poems that appeared there were

³³ Leonard Jarvis, letter of February 12, 1844.

³⁴ Washington Allston, letter of June 8, 1830, to John S. Cogdell.

³⁵ Ira N. Hollis, *The Frigate Constitution*, Boston, 1900, pp. 47-49.

³⁶ *Columbian Centinel* for September 23, 1797.

written by Allston. Later, when Allston was in England during the War of 1812, he could not help feeling great pride in "Old Ironsides" as her "slaughter-breathing brass grew hot and spoke her name among the nations."³⁷

HASTY PUDDING CLUB

During Allston's Junior Year he was elected a member of the newly-founded Hasty Pudding Club on November 10, 1798, and at the following meeting on November 16, he was "initiated into the Sacred Mysteries of Ceres."³⁸ In due time he was elected Secretary, Vice-President, and Poet and was presented with the appropriate badges for these offices.

His duties as Secretary included posting "advertisements" on the Chapel door indicating the time and place of the next meeting. The time set was usually a Saturday evening, when the week's work was over and the students were ready for a lark. As the sun was sinking over the old burying-ground to the west, where the early Presidents of Harvard lay sleeping and where Allston himself was finally to be put to rest, the somewhat melancholy-sounding bell from the belfry on top of Harvard Hall could be heard calling the students to their rather scanty evening Commons. Then two members of the Hasty Pudding Club, chosen in alphabetical order, would appear in the Harvard Yard, bearing between them a horizontal pole from which was hanging a huge iron pot, steaming with mouth-watering Hasty Pudding — a dish mentioned in the song "Yankee Doodle" and itself the subject of a famous poem by Joel Barlow, "The Hasty Pudding" published in 1796, the year Allston entered Harvard. It was a mush made out of Indian corn, or maize, and was apparently called Hasty Pudding because it could be cooked in haste — and eaten in leisure! This "simple but filling fare" offered a welcome change from that of the College Commons. The members of the Club then followed the iron pot to the appointed room of one of the members, where they "unloosed the virgin zone" of the "Golden Goddess" and her votaries sat around and gorged themselves with large spoonfuls of the meal out of the huge kettle.

³⁷ Washington Allston, letter to William Dunlap, 1833.

³⁸ This and the subsequent passages are quoted from the manuscript *Records of the Hasty Pudding Club*, deposited in the Harvard College Archives.

During the meeting there were speeches interspersed with patriotic songs that became more and more patriotic and concluded with "sacred music" that became less and less sacred. These songs they sang as lustily as they could under the circumstances. On one occasion, September 27, 1798, the secretary records: "The voice of patriotism in most of us, was too much oppressed by the weight of pudding and to sing 'Adams and Liberty' was attempted in vain." On another occasion, December 2, 1798, we are told of the difficulties in "singing a 'Song of Zion' (voices being rather clogged with pudding)."

As Secretary, Washington Allston started a custom of keeping the records of the Hasty Pudding Club in rhyme, a custom which was the bane of all his successors, until one came along some forty years later, named James Russell Lowell, who had the same facility at this that Allston had.

The great event of the year in the Hasty Pudding Club at that time was the celebration of Washington's Birthday. At a meeting on November 24, 1798, Allston had been chosen as Poet to read the poem for that occasion and at a meeting early in February 1799, his artistic abilities were also called into play and he was chosen to construct a wooden staging — a "Mount Parnassus" — from which the Orator and Poet could spout in honor of "the father of Hasty Pudding" as they called George Washington.

When February 22, 1799, came it proved to be the last Birthday to be celebrated during Washington's lifetime. As Secretary, Allston records the event as follows:

Feb. 22^d

Washington's Birth day

Now had the clock announc'd the time,
And usher'd in the eve sublime,
When in the room of Horace Bean
The Hasty-pudding Club was seen.
And being seated every sage,
The Orator ascends the stage.

Allston goes on to describe in verse the oration of his classmate, Benjamin Welles. This was followed by the singing of the psalm, "Old Hundred," which we are told "made a glorious noise." Allston then

comes to his own poem which he describes in mock-heroic manner in the following doggerel:

Next on the wooden mount Parnassus
The Poet* jockeyed his Pegasus *M^r Allston
On whom with such a grace he rode,
That many took him for a God;
Now by trotting, ambling, pacing,
Now by galloping and racing,
Showing by each evolution,
The ways of virtue and pollution.
Then having from the stage descended,
The Club huzza'd and meeting ended.

Yet ended not the celebration
Of Washington on this occasion;
But soon, to prove of spunk not lackies,
Agreed to visit Mister Bacchus,
To Mister Porter's then all flocking,
We found a jolly supper smoking.

The rhymed account goes on to describe the groaning board at the famous Porter's Tavern — the roast pig in the middle with big turkeys on either side, the plum pudding, and the "bowl of punch and rosy glasses" — and concludes:

Around this shrine of social glee
Soon wak'd the song of revelry,
And each one to evince his spunk
Vied with his neighbor to get drunk.
Nor tedious was the mighty strife
With these trueblooded blades of life;
For less than hours two had gone,
When roaring made was every one.
Thus was the mighty evening spent,
And thus to bed we soaring went!

At the following meeting of the Hasty Pudding Club on March 7, 1799, Allston illustrated his rhymed minutes with a crude drawing that has often been reproduced representing a *Harvard Student Eating Hasty*

Pudding, seated on the ground before "the awful pot" and gorging himself with a large spoon.

ELEGY ON WASHINGTON

In the midst of his Senior Year, on December 14, 1799, an event occurred which made a profound impression upon Allston. This was the death of George Washington.

Two weeks later, on December 28, the President, Professors, and Tutors at Harvard met to plan commemorative services, "wishing in particular that the University in Cambridge, which in consequence of her being situated in the first scene of the American war, first shared the protection, may not appear forgetful of the Savior of our Country and the Patron of Science." The Records of the College Faculty go on:

Voted that the following exercises, being introduced and concluded with prayer, adapted to the mournful occasion and intermixed with sacred music, instrumental and vocal, be publicly performed in pious commemoration of the singular talents, eminent virtues and unparalled services of
— WASHINGTON THE GOOD

1. An Introductory Address in Latin By the President.
2. An Elegiac Poem in English By Allston, a Senior Sophister.

Washington Allston, because of the reputation he had already achieved for his verses and perhaps also because of his having been named for Washington, was selected by the Faculty to write a poem for the occasion.

The Commemoration of Washington's Death finally took place on February 21, 1800, the eve of what would have been Washington's 78th Birthday. The Academic Procession assembled in the Philosophy Chamber in Harvard Hall and moved from there across the Yard at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon to the Meeting House, which then stood on the other side of Massachusetts Hall. Allston marched with the Faculty in the procession. According to the Records, the President of Harvard first "delivered a Latin Address containing some prominent traits of the Character of the illustrious Deceased." In the latter part of his address he turned himself "in a short parental exhortation" to Washington Allston who was "to perform on this mournful occasion." Allston then delivered his *Poem on the Death of Washington*, in which performance

“a number of memorable transactions of the Hero and Patriot in his important Stations were handsomely commemorated and his private Virtues properly celebrated.”

The indulgent Jarvis gives the following account of the way in which Allston's poem was received by the audience:

The effect he produced was very great. I have never seen a public speaker whose appearance & gesture were so eminently graceful, & there was a peculiar sweetness, depth & plaintiveness in the tones of his voice. The audience had been cautioned, on account of the solemnity of the occasion, to abstain from the usual tokens of applause, but at several passages they could not be restrained.

When the official proceedings of this Meeting in Commemoration of Washington's Death were published in a quarto with black covers, the Latin Oration of President Willard was printed in full. Allston's Elegy, however, was omitted. A footnote after President Willard's reference to his name stated that “the young gentleman had modestly declined giving a copy of his performance for the press.”

The day after these exercises, February 22, 1800, Washington's Birthday, was the traditional day for the Hasty Pudding Club to hold its annual merry celebration. That year, however, the minutes read: “At length the day arrived . . . once joyful, but now how changed!” The advertisement posted on the Chapel door was bordered with black, and was worded: “Our Washington, the Father of Hasty Pudding, is no more.”

HARVARD COMMENCEMENT 1800

As a final honor, Allston was appointed to read the English Poem in the Harvard Commencement Exercises. Apparently President Willard had been rather nettled earlier in the year that his own Latin Oration on the Death of Washington should have been received with cold silence, while Allston's English Poem should have been greeted with warm applause. According to Jarvis, “The consequence was that at the following Commencement the government of the University took care to place our friend in the order of exercises so far from the orator of the day as not to suffer the poem to destroy the oration.”

In planning the Commencement Program, then, Allston's Poem was

placed No. 10 — at a good safe distance from the President's Oration. Commencement Day came on July 16, 1800, and according to the Records of the College Faculty, the "exercises were exhibited in the Meeting House before a respectable and polite audience." Allston had chosen as the subject of his poem "Energy of Character." Conscious of his own besetting sin of "procrastination," he emphasized the need of counteracting this with determination and energy. To make sure that the poem would be finished on time and would not unduly prolong an already long program, he wisely decided to limit it to one hundred lines. In spite of his position at the end of the program, or perhaps on that very account, he made a very favorable and lasting impression.

As his life at Harvard drew to a close he was confronted with the problem of what career to pursue. His classmate Jarvis says of Allston at Harvard: "He here gave himself up to painting & poetry; but it was only after a hard struggle that he finally determined to adopt the former for his future pursuit in life."

His stepfather, who was a physician, had tried to persuade him to give up both painting and poetry in order to study medicine. Many of Allston's friends backed up this plea. However, Jarvis tells us:

While filial duty urged him to comply, his genius was drawing him powerfully in the other direction. He imparted to me his struggle between duty and inclination, and I advised him not to hesitate but to signify at once to his friends his repugnance to the course which they had pointed out and his irresistible bias to the fine arts. This he at length determined to do and when the assent of his friends was given he seemed to walk on air.

Allston was reluctant to confide in everyone how high his ambitions were in art. To his mother, however, on August 12, 1800, a few weeks after his graduation, he wrote:

It is so long since I have mentioned anything about my painting that I suppose you have concluded that I had given it up. But my thoughts are far enough from that, I assure you. I am more attached to it than ever; and I am determined, if resolution and perseverance will effect it, to be the first painter, at least, from America. Do not think me vain, for my boasting is only conditional; yet I am inclined to think from my own experience that the difficulty to eminence lies not in the road, but in the timidity of the traveller. . . In a word, my dear mother, I feel a fortune in my fingers.

With what little skill I possess at present, I am persuaded, did my pride permit, I could support myself with ease and respectability; but I am content to remain poor as I am, until painting shall have been established as my profession. I have a few pieces by me which I intend sending on soon by water.

It was not going to prove quite as easy as Allston imagined for an American painter, at that time, to find "fortune in his fingers." Nonetheless, Allston shipped his pictures to his mother in South Carolina. Then after going to bid her farewell he sailed abroad, eager to see the great works of art there and filled with high aspirations for his own life work in art.

ALLSTON IN CAMBRIDGEPORT

1830 TO 1843

BY H. W. L. DANA

Read October 26, 1943

THE LINK BETWEEN ITALY AND AMERICA

IN 1830, some thirty years after Washington Allston's graduation from Harvard College, he returned once more at the end of his life to Cambridge and made his abode there. During the intervening years he had lived in England, had travelled through the Netherlands, France, and Switzerland, and had spent several wonderful years in Italy.

Allston, "in whose veins the South ran warm,"¹ had felt a special susceptibility to all that was lovely in Italian nature and Italian art. He became the first important artistic link between Italy and America.

In Italy he had formed a close friendship with the English poet Coleridge. This had been renewed and extended to the other English romantic poets during Allston's long stay in England. Allston, then, became also the first authentic intermediary between English romanticism and America.

Now, on his return to Cambridge, Allston brought back the aroma both of Italian art and of English romanticism into what was then a rather inartistic and unromantic New England. He hoped to make them thrive in a cold and indifferent atmosphere. He brought his enthusiasm for art and for romanticism into the very environment that needed them most and cared for them least. That was Allston's glory. That was Allston's tragedy.

In London his first wife, Anne Channing, the sister of William Ellery Channing, had died in 1815; and now, fifteen years after her death, Allston decided, after what he called a "patriarchal courtship," to marry her cousin, Martha Remington Dana. The wedding took place on

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¹ From William Wetmore Story's letter of Dec. 30, 1855, to James Russell Lowell. Quoted more fully later on.

June 1, 1830, in the Dana House² on the rising land in the corner of the Harvard Yard on Quincy Street, the next house but one to the Sewall House³ where Allston had spent his last three years at Harvard.

Immediately after the marriage, Allston and his wife went to live in a little house in the village of Cambridgeport, which was then separated from the village of Old Cambridge by almost a mile of open country.

His new house was situated near the Charles River, not far from Captain's Island with its Powder Magazine and not far from Fort Washington with its group of pines and its "Oyster Bank." It was a spot that he had loved to visit when a student at Harvard and now, just a week after moving there, he gave the following account of his new house and its environment:

It is a snug, commodious little mansion, prettily situated in a retired part of this village, and commanding a pleasant view of the adjacent country, taking in a part of the river and a picturesque little pine wood, which used to be the favorite haunt of my younger days, to which I used to saunter after college hours, and dream sometimes of poetry, and sometimes of my art. These youthful associations have an indefinite charm peculiarly pleasant to me at this time; they seem to bring together the earlier and later portions of my life, mingling them as it were into one, and imparting to the present some of that eloquent quiet of the past which my nature has always most loved. You may well suppose that such a home, with the woman of my choice, must have no ordinary value in my eyes, after the restless, wandering Arab life which I have led for the last ten years.⁴

Long afterwards the road upon which this house of Allston's was situated, came to be called Allston Street in his honor.⁵ In 1830, however, it ran through open marshland, dispersed with huckleberry pastures, and shaded here and there with pines, oaks, maples, and tupelo trees.

² See H. W. L. Dana, "In the Southeast Corner: A Little History of the Dana-Palmer House," *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, April 27, 1946, Vol. 48, pp. 575-579. A fuller account of this house will be given in the Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society for 1946.

³ See H. W. L. Dana, "The Stephen Sewall House, Cambridge, Massachusetts," *Old-Time New England*, April 1947, Vol. XXXVII, pp. 95-99.

⁴ Washington Allston's letter of June 8, 1830, to John Stephens Cogdell, a sculptor living in South Carolina.

⁵ According to Lewis Morey Hastings, "The Streets of Cambridge: Some Account of their Origin and History," Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society for 1919, Vol. XIV, p. 63, Allston Street was laid out in 1838 and 1847, and named "for Washington Allston, the painter." His house apparently stood near the corner of what would be today Pearl Street and Allston Street, on land that belonged previously to his wife, Martha Remington Dana.

In this snug little house of his, there was small space to paint pictures, especially Allston's notoriously large ones. Accordingly he soon made plans to build a separate studio, or "painting-room," as he called it. This was located about a third of a mile north of his house, near what is now Central Square, but what was then called the Haymarket, where the hay raked from the salt marshes was brought together and sold.⁶

At last, almost a year after his marriage, the new studio building was ready and on May 27, 1831, Allston was able to write:

I have but a few weeks since been established in my new painting-room, which I have built in this place . . . I am in better health and certainly in better spirits than I have been in ten years.⁷

Two months later he wrote proudly to a friend in South Carolina: "I am now in my new painting-room, which I believe has not its superior in Europe."⁸

From now on Allston could be seen each morning leaving his house dressed in "his bright blue body coat and buff pantaloons"⁹ walking towards his new studio, carrying with him a pitcher for drinking water. This he would fill at a little cascade that fell from a brook into a tiny pond and from there carried it the remaining half way to his studio.

The spacious studio itself was of his own design, especially "constructed to meet his requirements in painting large pictures."¹⁰ It was shaped like a Greek temple, for art had become for Allston a sort of religion and this was to be a "temple of art." It must have been about twenty feet wide and about forty feet long. There were pediments at the narrower eastern and western ends. Vines were allowed to grow all over the southern side and the two ends; but on the northern side there was a huge window, six panes of glass wide and fourteen panes high, running the whole height of the building and letting in the necessary northern light.

Crossing a garden filled with "small trees and bits of shrubbery,"

⁶ Allston's studio stood on the northwest corner of Magazine and Auburn Streets. Some time after Allston's death it was removed to Valentine Street, where it still stood in 1908, but since then it seems to have disappeared without leaving any trace.

⁷ Allston's letter to James McMurtrie of Philadelphia, May 27, 1831.

⁸ Allston's letter to John S. Cogdell, July 25, 1831.

⁹ Alfred Greenough's letter to Henry Greenough, August 30, 1830.

¹⁰ Jared B. Flagg, *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston*, New York, 1892, p. 347.

Allston could be seen walking along the path that led towards the doorway at the western end with its classical pilasters and pediment "enarched with climbing vines."¹¹

Opening the green-painted door Allston would enter his sanctum — the spacious studio itself. The interior seemed large enough to house any of the so-called "ten-acre" pictures so popular at that time. The walls of the interior were tinted a Spanish brown, so that his paintings might seem all the brighter with color, contrasted with the duller background. The eastern end of the studio, opposite the entrance, was reserved for the great mysterious unfinished picture — *Belshazzar's Feast*. At first this was rolled up so that none could see it; but even during the last four years of his life, when it was unrolled and stretched across the entire end wall, a large curtain of similar size could be pulled across in front of it, which, as Charles Sumner said, served as "the breakwater of our curiosity."¹² When the curtain was drawn aside and Allston was working on the great picture, no one was allowed to enter the studio.

On the other walls of the studio were hung the other paintings and outlines that Allston was working on. Along the north wall were cabinets and small closets where Allston kept his painting materials and his smaller pictures. Little by little he began covering the doors and walls of these cabinets with inscriptions — aphorisms indicating his ideals in art. To the left of the great northern window was a fireplace to heat the studio in winter months. There, when Allston laid down his palette and his brushes, he would sit and warm himself before the fire and smoke his cigars as in reverie he dreamed out his pictures.

From Allston's studio an inner light and warmth seemed to stream. It seemed to have "brought Italian sunshine into the gray little town."¹³ Ralph Waldo Emerson spoke of Allston at that time as "the solitary link as it seemed between America and Italy."¹⁴ This studio was a sort of projection of the European continent and above all of Italy into Cambridgeport:

Allston is *adamus ex veteri rupe*, chip of the old block; boulder of the European ledge; a spur of those Apennines on which Titian, Raphael, Paul

¹¹ Moses Foster Sweetser, *Allston*, Boston, 1879, p. 133.

¹² Letter of Charles Sumner, September 30, 1840, to Horatio Greenough in Florence.

¹³ Odell Shepard, *Pedlar's Progress: The Life of Bronson Alcott*, Boston, 1937, p. 178.

¹⁴ Emerson's letter to Margaret Fuller, July 11, 1843.

Veronese, and Michael Angelo sat, cropping out here in this remote America and unlike anything around it.¹⁵

Other Americans had been in Italy, but Allston with the Latin blood in his veins and his boyhood bringing up in South Carolina, had been peculiarly receptive to Italy. As James Russell Lowell put it:

Allston carried thither a nature open on the southern side, and brought it back so steeped in rich Italian sunshine that the east winds (whether physical or intellectual) of Boston and the dusts of Cambridgeport assailed it in vain. To that bare wooden studio one might go to breathe Venetian air.¹⁶

VISITORS TO ALLSTON'S STUDIO

Many and varied were the visitors that made their way to Allston's studio "to breathe Venetian air." Only a month after Allston had finished this new building, Thomas Sully, the charming portrait painter, came from Allston's native state, South Carolina, to visit him in Cambridge. He observed: "The walls of Allston's painting-room are colored with Spanish brown." Against this background Sully noticed the brilliance of the colors in Allston's paintings: his "Venetian red," his "madder lake," his "*terra rosa*." He quotes Allston as saying, "Never use brown drapery to a dark or yellow complexion; it will look like a snuff bag . . . Paint pure, decided tints." From then on, in the list of American painters, so Dunlap tells us, Sully always designated Allston as "Number One."¹⁷

The following year, in July 1832, came Washington Irving, who like Washington Allston had been named for the Father of his Country. At the beginning of the century, in Italy, he had formed what he called a "romantic friendship" with Allston, which had later been renewed in England when Allston was doing illustrations for Irving's "Knickerbocker History of New York." Now, at length, returning to America and recognized then as the foremost man of letters there, one of his first

¹⁵ Emerson's Journal, March 12, 1844. Emerson uses the same image in his letters of July 11, 1843, to Margaret Fuller, and of July 21, 1843, to his brother, William Emerson.

¹⁶ James Russell Lowell's letter to William Wetmore Story, Sept., 1853. Printed as "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago" in *Fireside Travels*, Boston, 1864, p. 53.

¹⁷ William Dunlap, *A History of the Rise and Progress of The Arts of Design in the United States*, Boston, 1918, Vol. II, pp. 281 & 296.

impulses was to make a pilgrimage to Cambridgeport to see Allston. Of this encounter he wrote:

I visited him at his studio at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, and found him, in the grey evening of life, apparently much retired from the world.¹⁸

Long afterwards Irving continued to speak of Allston, and just a week before Irving's death his last visitor at Sunnyside records:

I happened to mention the name of Washington Allston. It set his soul all glowing with tender, affectionate enthusiasm.¹⁹

In the same year as Irving's visit to Allston, 1832, Sophia Peabody, later the wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne, asked Allston's permission to copy some of his pictures and called him whimsically the "Tiger of the Age."²⁰ Her energetic sister, Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, who was then assistant to Bronson Alcott, the "Socrates of the Temple School," took him to see Allston and Alcott writes in his diary for January 5, 1835:

I walked with Miss Peabody to Cambridgeport to see Mr. Allston, the artist, a man whom I had long wished to see. We reached his home at an early hour after dark and remained with him until past midnight.²¹

Alcott went on to record the wonderful things that Allston told him about the great Coleridge; and Elizabeth Peabody from then on never ceased to sing the praises of Washington Allston.

In November 1837 the famous British art critic, Mrs. Jameson, to whom Allston had written one of his finest poems, made a special pilgrimage to see his studio in Cambridgeport. She was described at that time as having "auburn hair, light blue Scotch eyes, a clear complexion, pleasant easy manners, and an open, intelligent expression of countenance."²² She in turn gave her impressions of Allston:

¹⁸ Washington Irving, "Washington Allston" in *Cyclopaedia of American Literature* by Evert A. Duyckinck and George L. Duyckinck, New York, 1855, Vol. II, p. 16.

¹⁹ William G. Dix, November 22, 1859. Printed in *The Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, New York, 1864, Vol. IV, p. 325.

²⁰ Sophia Peabody's letter of May 12, 1832, to her mother.

²¹ Frank B. Sanborn and Walter T. Harris, *A. Bronson Alcott: His Life and Philosophy*, Boston, 1893, p. 206.

²² Richard Henry Dana, Jr., letter of November 23, 1837, to his brother, Edmund Trowbridge Dana.

I was struck by the dignity of his figure, and by the simple grace of his manners; his dress was rather careless, and he wore his own fine silver hair long and flowing; his forehead and eyes were remarkably good; the general expression of his countenance open, serious, and sweet; the tone of his voice earnest, soft, penetrating.²³

There were dinners at which Allston and Mrs. Jameson were joined by the President of Harvard, Josiah Quincy, Dr. William Ellery Channing, Jared Sparks, the William Minots, and others, and the brilliant conversation lasted late into the night. Mrs. Jameson speaks of herself as "*magnetized*" by Allston, by "the vivacity of his conceptions and the glowing language in which he could clothe them" and says that before she reached home "it was near three in the morning." She found even the unfinished outlines in his studio "*exquisitely poetical*" and declared that they made "an ineffaceable impression on my mind." She made a point of visiting all the houses in Boston which contained pictures by Allston and declared that "Whenever a picture left his easel, there were many to compete for it" — a sentence which helps dispel the illusion that Allston was at this time completely unsuccessful. She spoke of his "genius and grandeur of aim and purpose."²⁴ To Allston she wrote: "You do *satisfy* me more than any living artist I know."²⁵ To Otilie von Goethe in Germany she wrote that she would take care that the fame of Allston should be known in Germany.²⁶ To her mother in England, she wrote of Allston as "one of the finest painters *in the world*."²⁷

In the following year, in September 1838, Allston's nephew Robert Francis Withers Allston, later Governor of South Carolina, came in a chaise to see his "Uncle Washington" and gives a somewhat more sober picture of the studio:

Found him just warming his room (the weather was chilly and quite damp) with a coal fire-place and a stove previous to commencing his day's

²³ Mrs. [Anna Brownell Murphy] Jameson, "Memoir of Washington Allston, and his Axioms on Art", *London Athenaeum*, January 13, 1844, Vol. XV, p. 39. Reprinted in her *Memoirs and Essays Illustrative of Art, Literature and Social Morals*, New York, 1846, pp. 97-126.

²⁴ Mrs. Jameson, *Memoirs and Essays*, New York, 1846, p. 102.

²⁵ Letter from Anna Jameson to Washington Allston, November 22, 1837.

²⁶ Letter from Anna Jameson to her mother, December 6, 1837. Published in *Anna Jameson: Letters and Friendships*, edited by Mrs. Stewart Erskine, London, 1915, p. 160.

²⁷ *Letters of Anna Jameson to Otilie von Goethe*, edited by G. H. Needler, Oxford, 1939. (See letter of December 1837).

work. Tho he had just finish'd his segar, he brush'd a place for my hat (for every part of the room was cover'd with dust, as if it had not been swept in 12 months), drew a chair to the fire-side and commenced smoking again. After some conversation he said "I must shew you something but I have nothing but sketches." He accordingly shew'd me several heads which he kept for his own study and at length pull'd from the apparent rubbish the sketch of a storm and shipwreck at sea, very spirited, his seas are always fine, and another, Titania's Court, one of the most beautiful conceptions that I ever saw . . . He was grown much older since I saw him and lost much flesh, his head is quite white and venerable, but his noble countenance is placid, mild, and intelligent as ever.²⁸

Later on, Governor Allston was eager to buy whatever pictures he could of his Uncle Washington's.

Margaret Fuller, as a "youthful prodigy," had seen Allston's pictures when she was only sixteen and found in his art "sweet silvery music, rising by its clear tone to be heard above the din of life, long forest glades glimmering with golden light."²⁹ Now, some eleven years later, an opportunity came to meet Allston in his studio and she wrote to Emerson on January 7, 1839:

There was at last an interview with Mr. Allston. He is as beautiful as the town-criers have said . . . He got engaged upon his Art, and flamed up in a galaxy of Platonism. Yet what he said was not so beautiful as his smile of genius in saying it. Unfortunately I was so fascinated that I forgot to make myself interesting.³⁰

She and Emerson went together later in that same year to see the Allston Exhibition, of which she wrote a glowing account for the first number of *The Dial*. Emerson himself in his own "Essay on Art" in *The Dial* bases many of his ideas on these discussions among the Transcendentalists about Allston and even mentions Allston in the same breath with Homer and Shakespeare.³¹ To be sure he had some "reservations" — Elizabeth and Sophia Peabody called them "heresies" — but in picking his

²⁸ Letter of September 25, 1838, to Elizabeth Frances Blyth. Printed in *The South Carolina Rice Plantation, as Revealed in the Papers of Robert F. W. Allston*, edited by J. H. Easterby, Chicago, 1945, pp. 82-83.

²⁹ Margaret Fuller, "A Record of Impressions, Produced by the Exhibition of Mr. Allston's Pictures in the Summer of 1839," *The Dial*, July 1840, Vol. I, p. 74.

³⁰ Thomas Wentworth Higginson, *Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, Boston, 1892, p. 93.

³¹ Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Thoughts on Art," *The Dial*, January 1841, Vol. I, p. 372.

ideal faculty for his ideal college, it was the name of Washington Allston that led all the rest.³²

Other American authors — Holmes and Hawthorne, Lowell and Longfellow — also visited this same Allston Exhibition of 1839 and wrote their impressions, as did the artists and art critics, including some who came on from New York and from Allston's native state of South Carolina.

Holmes tells us that he had seen a man standing in a church gallery "who looked so like an angel of light that I knew him to be Allston, although I had never seen him before."³³ Holmes could not resist having his little joke about "Florimel in full flight on her interminable rocking-horse."³⁴ He did, however, write a most glowing account for the *North American Review*, in which, after taking up in turn the various American painters, he speaks of Allston as "the brightest and noblest of all."³⁵

Hawthorne, whose mood of dreamy thought, enveloped "with a veil of intermingled gloom and brightness" is closest to that of Allston, visited the gallery on June 15, 1839, and gazed silently on the Allston pictures.³⁶

Lowell, then only twenty years old, on one of his visits to the Allston Exhibition, seems to have paid more attention to a beautiful Southern damsel whom he saw there than to the pictures, but on another occasion, wrote a poem about Allston's *Miriam* and ended by paying a splendid tribute to Allston himself: "The beautiful old man! lovely as a Lapland night!"³⁷

Longfellow, who had recently come to Cambridge to teach modern languages at Harvard, soon made the acquaintance of Allston. In 1839, on the basis of Allston's account which he gave Longfellow of his days in Italy, Longfellow wrote an essay on "The Life of an Artist in Rome,"

³² Emerson's Journal, May 23, 1839.

³³ Oliver Wendell Holmes to Jared B. Flagg, quoted in Jared B. Flagg, *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston*, New York, 1892, p. 395.

³⁴ Oliver Wendell Holmes, "A Mortal Antipathy," Boston, 1885. Reprinted in *The Writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, Boston, 1893, Vol. VII, p. 3.

³⁵ Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Exhibition of Pictures Painted by Washington Allston," *North American Review*, April 1840, Vol. 50, pp. 358-381.

³⁶ Hawthorne visited the Allston Gallery on Saturday afternoon, June 5, 1839. See Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, *Memories of Hawthorne*, Boston, 1897, p. 29.

³⁷ James Russell Lowell, letters to G. B. Loring, April 29 and May 10, 1839; and *Fireside Travels*, Boston, 1864, p. 54.

describing a pilgrimage to Rome just such as Allston had made and ending with the sentence so applicable to the later Allston: "What wonder is it if dreams visit him in his sleep, — nay, if his whole life seems to him a dream!"³⁸ In January 1840, Longfellow wrote an enthusiastic review of Allston's *The Sylphs of the Seasons with Other Poems*, in which he said: "I love in him the man, the painter, and the poet. He still lives in retirement in Cambridge-port, the life of an artist, lapped in dreams Elysian."³⁹ In 1841, Longfellow's friend Professor Felton wrote an enthusiastic review of Allston's novel called *Monaldi*, the story of the rivalry of a painter and a poet in Italy.⁴⁰ It was to Professor Longfellow and to Professor Felton during the winter of 1841-1842 that Allston read aloud his *Lectures on Art* — lectures which were never delivered in public and were never published during his lifetime.⁴¹ Felton has described those delightful evenings:

His voice was the gentlest utterance that ever mortal spoke in. . . After making all his peculiar arrangements, — placing his lights each in a certain position, — setting his footstool between his chair and the fire, — warming his feet, — lighting his cigar, and reducing his manuscript to order, — read on, hour after hour, . . . describing a favorite masterpiece of painting with such feeling and pictorial skill, that sight itself could scarcely surpass the vividness of the impression his description made; his large, mysterious eye growing larger with the interest of his subject, his voice increasing in volume and strength, his pale countenance transfigured by his kindling soul to an almost supernatural expression, until, as he uttered passage after passage of harmonious and magnificent discourse, he seemed to become the inspired prophet, declaring a new revelation of the religion of art. . . . The listener sighed to think the night so short, so potent was the enchantment.⁴²

As Coleridge in his later years had gathered an enchanted circle about him at Highgate, so Allston now at the end of his life held his group of

³⁸ *New York Mirror*, January 19, 1839, Vol. 16, p. 236.

³⁹ "Poems by Washington Allston. (Extract from a letter to the Editors)", *The Evening Signal*, New York, Tuesday Noon, January 7, 1840. Reprinted in *The New World*, January 11, 1840.

⁴⁰ Cornelius Conway Felton, *North American Review*, April 1842, Vol. 54, pp. 397-419.

⁴¹ They were published seven years after his death in *Lectures on Art and Poems* by Washington Allston. Edited by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., New York, 1850. They consisted of Preliminary Note — Ideas; Introductory Discourse; and lectures on Art, on Form, and on Composition.

⁴² *North American Review*, October 1843, Vol. 57, pp. 396-399.

friends spellbound in Cambridgeport. The mantle of the Prophet Cole-ridge had fallen on the shoulders of the Prophet Allston. Passersby late at night could see the lights still burning in Allston's windows and hear the soft sound of voices. It was often late on the following day before Allston got up and during the early morning hours a ghost-like stillness haunted both his studio and his house. Longfellow in his journal for April 9, 1840, wrote:

On my way to town stopped at Allston's painting room. It stands in the Port, an awkward-looking house on the common, with one long window, looking North. Knocked at the green door. All silent, went over to his house. It was past eleven, and a lovely Spring morning. He was still in his chamber; and for aught I know in his bed. He keeps late hours. The parlor window was wide open and the smell of cigars still lingering there, showed how late the evening session had been.

"A FINE SPECIMEN OF A GLORIOUS OLD GENIUS"

It was in 1842, the year before that of Allston's death, that the English novelist Charles Dickens came to Boston and all of Allston's old love of England was kindled anew. Sick and feeble as Allston then was, he resolved to attend the great banquet that was to be given in honor of Dickens. With great effort, he donned his best green coat with large brass buttons and yellow waistcoat and high white stock, and took the stagecoach into Boston to Papanti's Hall and there he was presented to Dickens or, if you prefer, Dickens was presented to Allston. Mr. James Fields remembered seeing the "Immortal Boz . . . take a pinch of snuff from Allston's snuff-box."⁴³

At the fifteen-dollar banquet there were ten courses, innumerable wines, and no less than thirty toasts and thirty orations. Hillard, in his eloquent address, turning towards Allston, quoted Allston's poem "America to Great Britain" ending

Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech —
We are one.

⁴³ James T. Fields, *Yesterdays with Authors*, Boston, 1882, p. 129.

Dickens gave a corresponding toast which warmed Allston's heart:

"America and England: and may they never have any division but the Atlantic between them."

Finally the Chairman, Josiah Quincy, Jr., offered the toast:

"Washington Allston — He who unites the genius of the poet, the pencil of the painter, and the pen of the novelist; his name shall glow for ever upon the eternal canvass."⁴⁴

In reply Allston turned a graceful, if somewhat involved, compliment to Dickens. An indulgent nephew declared: "Mr. Allston's toast went off famously";⁴⁵ and Julia Ward Howe said later: "Of all the wits who made the feast one to be remembered, Allston shone a bright particular star."⁴⁶

Of this famous occasion Allston wrote:

What a dinner or rather coena it was! How bright every face — and all with the *same* light — as if radiant with an effluence from *the Genius* of the banquet. — You remember how feeble I was on the preceding morning. I then doubted if I were not preparing for a relapse; and I went to the Dinner *almost without legs*; but, strange to say, it seemed the next day as if I had as many as a centipede. Perhaps it was owing to my having imbibed the departing strength of a wine glass, whose leg I broke in applauding. . . The impression which Dickens left on me was a very rare one — that he was indeed worthy to be the author of his own books. . . *I took to him* instantly — and felt, though in so large an assemblage, as if I were talking to an old friend.⁴⁷

A few days later, on Friday, February 4th, on the eve of his departure, Dickens made his way to the picturesque ivy-studded studio in Cambridgeport to make a farewell call on Allston. Writing to a friend in England, Dickens said: "Washington Allston the painter (who wrote *Monaldi*) is a fine specimen of a glorious old genius."⁴⁸

Later in the same year, when Dickens published his *American Notes*,

⁴⁴ *Report of the Dinner Given to Charles Dickens in Boston, February 1, 1842*, Reported by Thomas Gill and William English, Reporters of the Morning Post, Boston, 1842, p. 34.

⁴⁵ Richard Henry Dana, Jr., Journal for February 1, 1842.

⁴⁶ Julia Ward Howe, *Reminiscences 1819-1899*, Boston, 1899, p. 231.

⁴⁷ Letter to Cornelius Conway Felton, May 12, 1842.

⁴⁸ Letter to John Forster, February 28, 1842. See also letter of Richard Henry Dana 1st to Mrs. James Arnold, February 14, 1842.

he inscribed one of the first copies to Allston and gave it to Longfellow, who was then visiting him in London, to take back to America to give to Allston.

During the last year of his life, Allston from time to time continued to take the coach into Boston. Lowell, who as a young man used to see him on such occasions, has given us the following charming description:

The stranger who took the "Hourly" at Old Cambridge, if he were a physiognomist and student of character, might perhaps have had his curiosity excited by a person who mounted the coach at the Port. So refined was his whole appearance, so fastidiously neat his apparel, — but with a neatness that seemed less the result of care and plan, than a something as proper to the man as whiteness to the lily, — that you would have at once classed him with those individuals, rarer than great captains and almost as rare as great poets, whom Nature sends into the world to fill the arduous office of Gentleman. . . A *nimbus* of hair, fine as an infant's, and early white, showing refinement of organization and the predominance of the spiritual over the physical, undulated and floated around a face that seemed like pale flame, and over which the flitting shades of expression chased each other, fugitive and gleaming as waves upon a field of rye. . . Here was a man all soul, whose body seemed a lamp of finest clay, whose service was to feed with magic oils, rare and fragrant, that wavering fire which hovered over it. You, who are an adept in such matters, would have detected in the eyes that artist-look which seems to see pictures ever in the air. . . As the stranger brushes by you in alighting, you detect a single incongruity, — a smell of dead tobacco-smoke. You ask his name, and the answer is, "Mr. Allston."

"Mr. Allston!" and you resolve to note down at once in your diary every look, every gesture, every word of the great painter . . . and then contrive to let your grandchildren know twice a week that you met him once in a coach, and that he said, "Excuse me, sir," in a very Titianesque manner, when he stumbled over your toes in getting out.⁴⁹

In the last winter before his death Allston still made these occasional trips into town. On November 6, 1842 he records having dined there with John Quincy Adams, former President of the United States, and says: "The old gentleman was exceedingly entertaining; his talk showed nothing of the infirmity of age."⁵⁰

⁴⁹ *Fireside Travels*, Boston, 1864, pp. 46-49.

⁵⁰ Letter to Richard Henry Dana 1st.

Later in that same winter he went to dine with his brother-in-law, the poet Richard Henry Dana. It may well have been this occasion which Julia Ward Howe describes when she says:

I encountered Mr. Allston in Chestnut Street, Boston, on a bitter winter day. He had probably been visiting his friend Mr. Dana, who resided in that street. The ground was covered with snow, and Mr. Allston, with his snowy curls and old-fashioned attire, looked like an impersonation of winter, his luminous dark eyes suggesting the fire which warms the heart of the cold season. The wonderful beauty of the face, intensified by age, impressed me deeply.⁵¹

Elsewhere Mrs. Howe describes the memory of this same "vision" of the "fragile figure," the "starry eyes," the "snowy curls" amid the snow. "Here was the winter of age; here the perpetual summer of the soul. . . Not long afterwards the silvery snows melted, and the soul which had made those eyes so luminous shot back to its immortal sphere."⁵²

"THE GRIM SYNTHETIC FACT OF CAMBRIDGEPORT"

There has been a tendency to argue that Allston accomplished nothing during these last thirteen years in his studio in Cambridgeport. A younger generation of artists and writers who themselves remained abroad and became more or less "expatriates" seemed to want to justify their own conduct by criticising Allston for having returned to America.

William Wetmore Story said:

Allston starved spiritually in Cambridgeport; he fed upon himself. There was nothing congenial without, and he turned all his powers inward and drained his memory dry. His works grew thinner and vaguer every day, and in his old age he ruined his great picture. I know no more melancholy sight than he was, so rich and beautiful a nature, in whose veins the south ran warm, which was born to grow to such height and to have spread abroad such fragrantcy, stunted on the scant soil and withered by the cold winds of that fearful Cambridgeport.⁵³

Horatio Greenough spoke of Allston in Cambridgeport as "an eagle tied to the roost."⁵⁴

⁵¹ Julia Ward Howe, *Reminiscences 1819-1899*, Boston, 1899, p. 430.

⁵² Julia Ward Howe, *Margaret Fuller*, Boston, 1883, p. 77.

⁵³ Letter to James Russell Lowell, December 30, 1855.

⁵⁴ *Letters of Horatio Greenough to his brother Henry Greenough*, Boston, 1887, p. 29. See

Henry James spoke of Allston as "the beautiful colourist . . . withering in a cruel air"; and blamed it all on what he called "the grim synthetic fact of Cambridgeport."⁵⁵

For Charles Eliot Norton, Cambridgeport was the "abomination of desolation" and was looked upon as "hanging on the verge of the continent."⁵⁶ Allston himself used to make fun of "Cambridge Port" as "this Sublime Porte." He said that trying to produce art in Cambridgeport was "like a bee trying to make honey in a coal-hole."⁵⁷

Thus grew up "the myth of Allston's failure." Because *Belshazzar's Feast* was unfinished, some have jumped to the unjustified conclusion that all of Allston's work during this period was left unfinished. "The Dictionary of American Biography" even goes so far as to say that with Allston's return to America, "his career as an artist terminated."

A more careful study of the exact chronology of Allston's paintings shows us at last that, on the contrary, much of Allston's very best work, his most finished smaller pictures, his most romantic landscapes, his most imaginative outlines, were done precisely during this last period of his life in this "romantic studio" in Cambridgeport. It should also be remembered that many of his best poems and his novel *Monaldi*, dealing with the life of an artist in Italy, were published at this time and that his very illuminating *Lectures on Art* were written during his last years.

ALLSTON'S DREAMY WOMEN

It was shortly after Allston opened his new painting-room in Cambridgeport in 1831 that he began painting that beautiful series of ideal figures bathed in calm "reverie" or "dreamerie" as Longfellow called it.⁵⁸ Since most of these were female figures, this series of romantic portraits has been called by Van Wyck Brooks "Allston's dreamy women."⁵⁹ In many cases, as Allston was in the process of putting his conception on to the canvas a poem came to him on the very same subject. Allston told

also Story's Three Sonnets to Allston, the lines beginning,

"Here in life's prose he seemed half out of place. . ."

⁵⁵ Henry James, *William Wetmore Story and his Friends*, Boston, 1903, Vol. I, p. 307.

⁵⁶ W. Glyde Wilkins, *Charles Dickens in America*, New York, 1912, p. 261.

⁵⁷ Letter to John S. Cogdell, January 31, 1841, and letter to Leonard Jarvis, June 24, 1836.

⁵⁸ Letter to Sam Ward, March 11, 1839.

⁵⁹ *The Flowering of New England*, New York, 1936, p. 184.

"ALLSTON'S DREAMY WOMEN"



"THE TUSCAN GIRL"

1831

See p. 49



"THE SPANISH MAID"

1831

See p. 49



"THE EVENING HYMN"

1835

See p. 50



"ROSALIE LISTENING TO THE MUSIC"

1835

See p. 50



At Dr. Waterhouse's from 1796 to 1797

See p. 15



At Professor Sewall's from 1797 to 1800

See p. 23



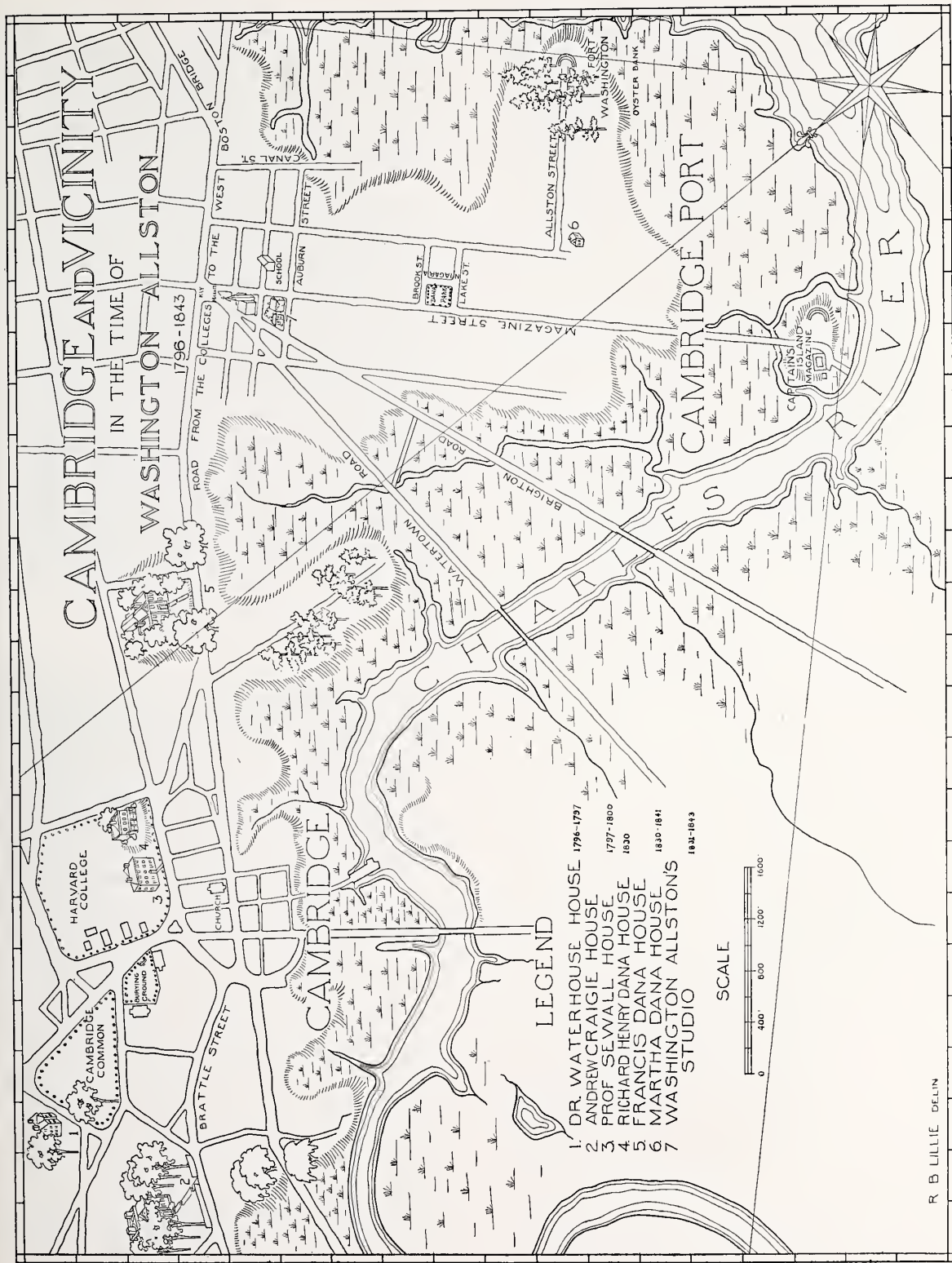
Allston's Studio from 1831 to 1843

See p. 36



Allston's Grave

See p. 65

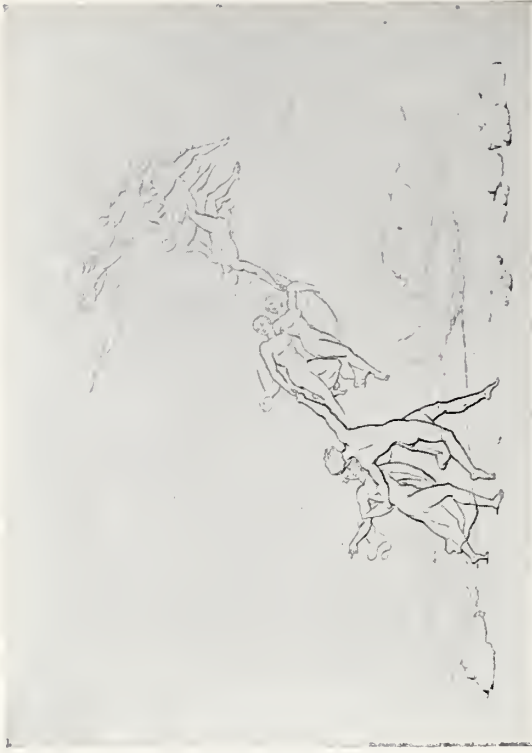


OUTLINE DRAWINGS BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON



"TITANIA'S COURT"

See p. 52



"FAIRIES ON THE SEA SHORE"

See p. 53



"HELIODORUS DRIVEN FROM THE TEMPLE"

See p. 52



"SHIP ON A SQUALL"

See p. 53

Mrs. Jameson that "as well as he could recollect, the conception of the poem and of the picture had been simultaneous in his mind."⁶⁰

Since only one of these pictures is in a public museum, and all the rest are privately owned, they are perhaps not as well known as they should be. Yet taken as a series they represent a most important achievement in romantic painting. Arranged chronologically they cover this last period of Allston's life and serve to show how much the statement that with his return to America "his career as an artist terminated" now needs to be challenged.

The Spanish Maid (1831), or Inez, as Allston calls her in the accompanying poem, is depicted as plucking a flower as she sits on a mossy bank by the side of a misty little lake into which a far-off cascade is falling from a mountainside almost hidden "amid the purple haze." She is dreaming of her lover Isidore who is away fighting in the wars, eagerly awaiting his return:

And, decked in Victory's glorious gear,
In vision Isidore is there.⁶¹

The Roman Lady (1831) was a noble Italian woman of the late sixteenth century reading from a volume of Tasso which she holds in her hands. She is so rapt in what she is reading that "a vital intelligence seems to pass from her eyes to the book."⁶²

The Tuscan Girl (1831), or Ursulina as she is called in the poem, was a young girl in Italian peasant clothing who has gone to a spring in a lovely forest to fill her pitcher. She is sitting on a beautiful bank idly watching in tranquil mood a "moth come twinkling by." She is of that sensitive age when

Every thought and feeling throw
Their shadows on her face.⁶³

⁶⁰ Mrs. Jameson, *Memoirs and Essays*, New York, 1846, p. 123.

⁶¹ Allston's poem "The Spanish Maid" was published in *The Knickerbocker*, August 1839, Vol. 14, pp. 169 & 170. The accompanying picture was exhibited in the Boston Athenaeum in 1831, No. 135. It was given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City in 1901.

⁶² This picture was owned by Edmund Dwight and exhibited in the Boston Athenaeum in 1831, No. 210.

⁶³ Allston's picture of *The Tuscan Girl* was inscribed with the date 1831, and was exhibited in the Boston Athenaeum in 1832, No. 141. It was painted for David Sears and now belongs to his great-grand-daughter, Mrs. Miriam Sears Minot of Boston. Allston's poem "The Tuscan Girl" was published in *The Charleston Book*, Charleston, S. C., 1845, p. 304.

Lorenzo and Jessica (1832), from that lovely last act of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, were seated side by side, hand in hand, in Portia's garden at Belmont, in the misty half-light listening to the music of the spheres. As Emerson said of this picture, "there is moonlight but no moon."⁶⁴ One can almost hear their whispered words:

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.⁶⁵

The Young Troubadour (1833) was a dreamy minstrel playing his guitar beside the Lover's Fountain with its marble Cupid and singing his love for Fair Isabel:

He loved the Muse because she came
Unasked, and gave him more than fame, —
The pure, sweet music of the heart.⁶⁶

The Evening Hymn (1835) depicted a beautiful young girl playing on a lute as she sings by twilight, while in the background the Doric columns of a ruined Roman palace seem milk-soft in the mist. It is as though the gentle hymn of early Christianity were first being heard amid the slowly crumbling ruins of the Roman world.⁶⁷

Rosalie (1835) was represented as playing with her golden chain and listening at the "dreamy hour of day" to music "that seems from other worlds to plain,"

As on her maiden reverie
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.⁶⁸

The Italian Shepherd Boy (1838), a new version of an earlier picture of Allston's, was seated on a bank in a forest, holding in his hand the shep-

⁶⁴ Emerson's Journal, June 12, 1839.

⁶⁵ Allston's picture of *Lorenzo and Jessica* was painted in 1832 for Patrick Jackson and exhibited in the Boston Athenaeum in that same year, Supplement No. 247.

⁶⁶ Allston's picture *The Young Troubadour* was painted for John Bryant, Jr., and exhibited in the Boston Athenaeum in 1835, No. 71. Allston's poem of the same name was published in his *Lectures on Art, and Poems*, New York, 1850, pp. 338-342.

⁶⁷ This picture was painted for Mr. Warren Dutton in 1835, and was exhibited at Harding's Gallery in 1839, No. 17. It now belongs to the Estate of Thornton K. Lothrop.

⁶⁸ Allston's picture of *Rosalie* was painted in 1835 for Nathan Appleton, was exhibited at Harding's Gallery, No. 35, and is now hanging in the Longfellow house in Cambridge. The corresponding poem was published with an engraving of the picture in the *Boston Book* for 1837, pp. 306-307.

herd's flute that he had been playing. It was as though he were still listening to the echoes of his music dying away among the trees and mingled with the sound of the waterfall dimly seen in the distance.⁶⁹

The Bride (1840) or "the almost bride, sweet Esther," as Allston calls her in his poem "The Betrothed," was seated in the silver sheen diffused by the pale light, meditating the word "Yes" that has passed her coral lips, till

The dull, dark ground beneath, the trees above,
And chiming breezes, all, breathe only love.⁷⁰

Amy Robsart (1840), the tragic heroine of Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*, the beloved of Queen Elizabeth's favorite, Leicester, was presented, dressed in fur collar and dark blue cloak, in all her soft golden beauty and weakness.⁷¹

In this series of dreamy women, Margaret Fuller saw "the capacity of emotion with a habit of reverie." She says: "They floated across the painter's heaven in the golden clouds of fantasy."⁷²

These figures bathed in mystical light were all painted in a single decade in Allston's studio in Cambridgeport. They represent perhaps the most remarkable examples of romantic portraiture to be found in the whole range of American art.

ALLSTON'S OUTLINES

At the same time that Allston in his Cambridgeport studio was painting this series of dreamy figures with blurred and hazy outlines, he was also preparing a series of outline drawings marked by precise, clear-cut lines. Different as was the technique of these outlines from that used in the romantic paintings, they showed an equal, if not indeed a still

⁶⁹ The later version of *The Italian Shepherd Boy* was sold to Robert C. Hooper, and was exhibited at Harding's Gallery in 1839, No. 22. It is now owned by Mrs. James R. Hooper of Boston.

⁷⁰ Allston's picture of *The Bride* is described by Margaret Fuller in *The Dial*, July 1840, Vol. I, pp. 83-84. She quotes two sonnets, "To W. Allston, On seeing his 'Bride'" signed "J.," and "To Allston's Picture, 'The Bride'" signed "O.," both sonnets having been written by Samuel Gray Ward. The picture was destroyed in the Boston fire of Feb. 24, 1862.

⁷¹ Allston's picture of *Amy Robsart* was painted for John A. Lowell. Charles Sumner in a letter of September 30, 1840 to Horatio Greenough speaks of it as "recently painted." It was exhibited in the Boston Athenaeum in 1850, No. 93. It is now owned by Mrs. Sumner Hollander of Boston.

⁷² Margaret Fuller, *The Dial*, July 1840, Vol. I, p. 79.

greater power of imagination. In place of the misty effects of color and chiaroscuro by sunset or moonlight, were sharp outlines, clean and clear and bold. Some were in black or umber lines upon a white background, while others were drawn in white chalk upon a black background. In these outlines there was a freedom, a courage, and a sweep of imagination, unlike anything Allston had shown before. In them he was constantly trying experiments of giving the figures of angels or fairies the appearance of floating in the air — a very difficult effect to produce.

The subjects were taken from the grandest, the most imaginative, and the most romantic themes to be found in the Bible or in the Apocrypha, in the Classics, or in Shakespeare and Milton.

The Angel Pouring out the Vial of Wrath Over Jerusalem was a daring attempt to depict one of the most awe-inspiring episodes of the Last Judgment, described in the Book of Revelation, or the Apocalypse. The Angel of Wrath was shown floating in the air holding a drawn sword in one hand and from the other pouring forth the golden vial filled with wrath.⁷³

Heliodorus Driven from the Temple was from the Second Book of the Maccabees and represented Heliodorus, the King's Treasurer, who was trying to steal the treasures from the Temple, crouching in fear, while the terrible apparition with shield and drawn sword, riding through the air on a huge horse, bore down upon him; and two other supernatural beings, flying through the air with scourges, descend upon him in wrath.⁷⁴

The Cumaean Sibyl, from the Sixth Book of Virgil's *Aeneid*, was represented in two different outlines, seated majestically by a cave in the forest, with one hand raised beside her forehead in meditation, while in the other hand she holds a stylus with which to write her Sibylline Leaves.⁷⁵

Titania's Fairy Court, from Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

⁷³ Leonard Jarvis in his letter of February 12, 1844, to Richard Henry Dana 1st says of this picture of Allston's: "The idea came to him while labouring under a severe attack of sickness in 1829." It was later obliterated and recommenced on July 9, 1840.

⁷⁴ This outline was included in the Allston Exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston in 1881, No. 257. It belongs to the Dana Collection and is now on loan at the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard University.

⁷⁵ There are two outlines of the *Cumaean Sibyl*, one a large outline in white chalk on a dark background and the other a small outline in black on an umber background. Both belong to the Dana Collection.

depicted the Queen seated on "a bank where the wild thyme grows," while her attendants bring petal-cups and flowers and shells to her, small cherubs fan her with their fairy wings, musicians play on lutes and pipes and harps, and in the foreground dancers, with arms interlocked and with leaves and flowers in their hair, form a circle or float away toward the distant waterfalls in the forest.⁷⁶

The Dance of Fairies on the Sea-shore Disappearing at Sunrise showed a line of beautiful Ariel-like spirits taking hands and dancing on the yellow sands with printless feet, while the leaders, at the approach of dawn, fly over the crest of the waves up towards the clouds.⁷⁷

The Archangel Gabriel Setting the Guard of the Heavenly Hosts was taken from the Fourth Book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. In the foreground Gabriel, with his back turned, directs the Guard. Uzziel, Ithuriel, and Zephon, with spears in hand, assist in setting the Guard, while

From their ivory port the cherubim
Forth issuing at the accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
To their night-watches in war-like parade,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.⁷⁸

A Ship at Sea in a Squall showed an old-fashioned three-masted ship with square sails, leaning under the rising storm, while another ship was dimly seen bending over in the distance. Mrs. Jameson says that this mere outline left "an ineffaceable impression on my mind":

There was absolute motion in the clouds and waves — all the poetry,
all the tumult of the tempest was there! ⁷⁹

This series of outlines, then, like the series of dreamy women which Allston was painting simultaneously, helps refute the charge that Allston was idle during all the period of his life in Cambridgeport. If he

⁷⁶ This outline was seen by Mrs. Jameson during her visit to Allston's studio in 1837. It was exhibited at the Boston Athenaeum in 1847, No. 136. It belongs to the Dana Collection and is loaned to the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard University.

⁷⁷ This outline was also seen by Mrs. Jameson in 1837. It was loaned by the Allston Heirs to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, but was reported in 1941 as having "disintegrated." Reproduced in *Outlines & Sketches*, by Washington Allston, Boston, 1850.

⁷⁸ There are five different outlines for different parts of this picture. These all belong to the Dana Collection.

⁷⁹ This marine sketch in white chalk on brown canvas was seen by Mrs. Jameson in 1837. It belongs to the Dana Collection and is on loan at the Fogg Museum of Art, Harvard University.

lacked physical energy, his thoughts were always at work, making, to use his own words,

The body's indolence
The vigor of the mind.⁸⁰

ALLSTON'S APHORISMS

As thoughts surged to Allston's mind while he was painting these pictures and drawing these outlines, he would pause and inscribe these ideas on the doors and walls of the cabinets in his studio. Little by little he accumulated a remarkable collection of aphorisms there, which attracted the attention of Mrs. Jameson and other visitors to his studio. As Allston explained, these were "texts for reflection before he began his day's work." They served to keep before him the ideals which he wished to have in mind while pursuing his art — ideals of originality, distinction, genius, fame, unselfishness. Here are some of the most striking of them:

Originality in Art is the individualizing of the universal.

Distinction is the consequence, never the object of a great mind.

The love of gain has never made a Painter; but it has marred many.

The painter who seeks popularity in Art closes the door upon his own genius.

Genius stands forever relieved against its own imperishable glory.

Fame is the eternal shadow of excellence.

A man may be pretty sure that he has not attained excellence when it is not all in all to him.

An Artist will delight in excellence wherever he meets it, as well in the work of another as in his own.

Selfishness in Art is sensibility kept at home.

No one can see anything as it really is through the misty spectacle of self-love.

In the same degree that we overrate ourselves, we shall underrate others.

There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of anyone.

The only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself.⁸¹

Art must be sufficient for the Artist.⁸²

⁸⁰ Washington Allston, *The Sylphs of the Seasons*, London, 1813, p. 31 40th stanza.

⁸¹ *Lectures on Art, and Poems* by Washington Allston, New York, 1850, pp. 167-177, gives 41 of these "Sentences Written by Mr. Allston on the Walls of his Studio." Mrs. Jameson, *Memoirs and Essays* quotes twenty of Allston's "Axioms on Art."

⁸² Emerson's Journal, October 6, 1837.

THE END OF ROMANTICISM

To a remarkable degree Allston really lived up to the principles expressed in his own Aphorisms. During the last years of his life he remained remarkably tranquil in spirit and undisturbed by envy, as he saw one by one so many of the things he held dear challenged, changing, and disappearing, and new and alien things forging to the front. As the nineteenth century wore on, a new commercial spirit seemed to be taking the place of the ideals of chivalry with which Allston had been brought up. He said wistfully to his nephew: "In eighty years there will not be a gentleman left in the country."⁸³

Shortly before his own death, came the death of his saintly brother-in-law, William Ellery Channing, and Allston designed the monument for him in Mount Auburn Cemetery. One by one many of the men to whom he had looked up to with admiration had died.

By the eighteen forties "the delicate poetry of introspection, the dreamy quietism of the 1820s and 1830s, had vanished and could not be recaptured."⁸⁴ Science in America was beginning to take the place of art. Allston saw his favorite pupil, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, gradually leaving the field of art and turning to that of science. Discouraged with the ill-success of his large historical paintings, Morse had taken up the daguerreotype, trying to console Allston with this argument: "Art is to be wonderfully enriched by this discovery."⁸⁵ Then Morse turned his attention towards the discovery of the telegraph and of that Morse Code which has made his name known throughout the world. Yet Allston never reproached him for abandoning art. On the contrary, on March 24, 1843, only a few months before Allston's death, he wrote to Morse, rejoicing at the Act of Congress appropriating money "towards carrying out your Electro-Magnetic Telegraph." As a boy of eighteen Morse had gone to Allston to study art, saying "I go to him as to the sun to imbibe life." Now it was Allston's turn to look toward Morse in his triumph in a new field and write, "I congratulate you with all my heart," adding with a sort of wistful significance "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."⁸⁶

⁸³ Richard Henry Dana, Jr., *Journal* for April 22, 1843.

⁸⁴ Edgar P. Richardson, *Washington Allston: A Study in Romantic Painting*, Chicago, 1948.

⁸⁵ Samuel Finley Breese Morse letter to Washington Allston, May 1839.

⁸⁶ Letter to S. F. B. Morse, March 24, 1843, only a few months before Allston's death.

Among those who remained artists, Allston saw a gradual turning away from the technique of painting on canvas towards the more solid medium of sculpture. Horatio Greenough had said that Allston "was to me a father in what concerned my progress in every kind. He taught me first how to discriminate — how to think — how to feel."⁸⁷ Now Greenough in the realm of sculpture had come to rival the reputation that Allston had held in the realm of painting. Yet, far from being jealous, Allston rejoiced in his success and wrote an enthusiastic poem "On Greenough's Group of the Angel and Child." When Greenough's "Chanting Cherubs" with their nude limbs shocked Bostonian prudes, Allston came to Greenough's defence. In the year before Allston's death, Greenough received twenty thousand dollars for his Washington, while Hiram Powers, Thomas Crawford, and other American sculptors were getting forty, fifty, or even seventy-five thousand for their statues, prices far higher than Allston ever received for any of his paintings. Allston, however, was without jealousy and remained true to the principle he had inscribed on the wall of his studio that an artist should "delight in the work of another as in his own."

Even within the special field of painting, Allston viewed with equanimity the tendency to turn away from romanticism towards realism. Allston had urged the young painter William Sidney Mount to take Van Ostade and Steen for his models, recognizing "the realistic vein in which the young man's strength lay."⁸⁸ Allston went to see Mount's pictures in the Athenaeum and gladly declared that they "showed great powers of expression."⁸⁹

Similarly Allston accepted calmly the shift in literature from romanticism towards realism. His own novel *Monaldi* was a belated romantic tale in the manner of the Gothic romances of Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis.⁹⁰ Yet he gladly welcomed the triumphs of Dickens in the field of the realistic novel. Allston also saw his own highly imaginative *Monaldi* far surpassed in popularity by the mere straightforward realistic account of his young nephew's *Two Years Before the Mast*, which appeared in print at about the same time. He was only too glad to welcome its success.

⁸⁷ Horatio Greenough letter to William Dunlap, Dec. 1, 1833.

⁸⁸ F. O. Matthiessen, *American Renaissance*, New York, 1941, p. 598.

⁸⁹ Allston letter to William Dunlap, August 18, 1834.

⁹⁰ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow letter to Sam Ward, November 20, 1841.

This nephew, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., indeed enjoyed a very intimate friendship with his "Uncle Washington." It was Allston who had urged him to publish the account of his voyage. It was Allston too who suggested that as an engagement ring reminiscent of his sea voyage he use a large emerald set in gold. At the end of Allston's life this nephew went constantly to see him and has left us this beautiful account of Allston's last days:

It was my habit to spend there one evening every week. I walked down about dusk, for his dinner hour was after dark. He had closed his painting room after a day of exquisite or tormenting, lacerating or soothing labor, the candles in their silver sticks were shining over his table covered with a pure white cloth, decked with a few dishes, his never failing decanter of Madeira, and after the warm salutation we sat down at table. His dress was a blue coat with gilt buttons, drab pantaloons, a rich brown or buff waistcoat, and a white cravat; while his hair, beautiful even in age with the various tints of gray and waving curls, crowned the exquisite beauty of his regular but animated features. His day's work, be it fortunate or unfortunate, is over. There is nothing more for him to do but to enjoy ease and pleasant society . . . No picture is more pleasing to my heart and fancy than to see Mr. Allston seated at his parlor fire in the evening, after a day spent in his studio, his eye resting meditatively upon the fire . . . when the dinner is removed, the glasses remain, and a small plate containing his evening cigar. When this was lighted, and he had leaned back in his chair, and the wreathed smoke arose like a halo about his curling hair, so close to it in color and form and lightness that you hardly knew which was ascending into the air, — then the beauty and the dream of life seemed truly to have begun.⁹¹

In his journal for May 19, 1843, this nephew tells us how he went to bring Allston the good news that Professor Longfellow, after many years of waiting, was at last engaged to Miss Fanny Appleton:

To Cambridge Port. Mr. Allston very much interested in Longfellow's engagement, liking him and having always admired the beauty and character of his promised lady. He burst out saying "I have a vision!" We all looked around and saw his face raised, with a mock heroic expression, and he went on "I see Longfellow up to his knees in golden clouds with his head knocking against the stars."⁹²

⁹¹ Richard Henry Dana, Jr., Journal for August 20, 1852.

⁹² Richard Henry Dana, Jr., Journal for May 19, 1843.

With such roseate visions as this, Allston's last days might have been spent in calm serenity, had he not been haunted by an incubus that weighed more and more heavily upon him. This was his great unfinished picture of *Belshazzar's Feast*.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

Twenty-six years earlier, in April 1817, while still in London, Allston had begun what he hoped might prove to be his great masterpiece. It was to be a picture sixteen feet wide and twelve feet high. The subject was a grandiose one, taken from Allston's favorite field — the Old Testament — and dealing with his favorite theme — that of the supernatural manifestation of some great impending doom. It was to represent *Belshazzar's Feast* as described in the fifth chapter of the Book of Daniel.

To the left, the King of Babylon, Belshazzar, was to be seen cowering in terror upon his throne in the midst of his great feast, surrounded by his wife and his concubines and courtiers and the vessels and seven-branch candlestick he had stolen from the Temple. To the right of the picture were to be seen the astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers, the wise men of Babylon, struck dumb and impotent. In the center of the picture towered the commanding figure of the Prophet Daniel, turning toward Belshazzar, and with left arm outstretched pointing towards the "Handwriting on the Wall" with its appalling message:

"MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN"

This message Daniel is interpreting to the King as follows:

"God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

For Allston, this theme was the great prototype of God throughout the ages putting down the mighty from their seats. It was the terrible warning which foretold the impending doom of the Caesars and the fall of Rome, and of all the despots and tyrants, of all the Tamberlanes and Napoleons of later history.

During the quarter of a century that Allston was working on this great picture, the treatment of it grew and changed and expanded in his mind. In addition to the innumerable sketches of heads and hands and

drapery and the perspectives of the building that have come down to us, there are three different versions of the complete picture: two on a smaller scale; and the final one on the large scale, forever unfinished and forever unfinishable.

In the first sketch, made in sepia to give him a chance to work out the light and shade, the chiaroscuro, for the larger picture, there were several defects which were later remedied. The seven-branch candlestick, which should have been an important part of the story, was rather obscurely shown above the throne of Belshazzar. The gold and silver holy vessels, stolen from the Hebrew Temple, were largely concealed by two boys in the foreground who tended to distract the attention. Moreover, behind the back of the Prophet Daniel, a woman was pointing in the opposite direction so that this unfortunately drew one's eye towards a meaningless void.

In the second sketch, which was in color to enable him to work out the color scheme for the bigger canvas, the seven-branch candlestick was made to shine forth clearly and the boys were removed so that the holy vessels could now be seen more fully. The woman's hand was no longer pointing but was hanging by her side. There were still, however, many defects that needed to be remedied. There was still that awkward void between Daniel and the soothsayers. Belshazzar's clothes were too orderly about his throat and neck and his hands too limp. Gilbert Stuart pointed out that whereas Daniel's left hand was pointing towards the supernatural light upon the wall, his right hand was hanging loosely by his side; and accordingly he urged Allston to paint the Prophet's right hand clenched to express more intensity of feeling. He also encouraged Allston to change the perspective in the larger picture — a change which forced Allston, as he said, "to make more than twenty thousand distinct lines in chalk, in circles and segments of circles, in order to bring the whole picture into correct perspective."⁹³

The third and final version was to be that on the large canvas and here Allston tried to remedy all these defects. Into the empty space behind the Prophet, he introduced the figure of a kneeling woman, the one person in all the assemblage who recognizes the greatness of the Prophet and falls to her knees at his feet. Allston attempted to repaint Daniel's right

⁹³ William Ware, *Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston*, Boston, 1852, p. 111.

hand as clenched and represented the garment about King Belshazzar's neck as torn asunder, revealing the tensely drawn muscles of his throat and neck and shoulder. The feeble hands of Belshazzar he half blotted out, and, as studies on separate sheets of paper, made magnificent drawings of both the right and the left hand clutching at the robe on his knees. Indeed all these changes made during the last years of Allston's life show such an improvement, such an increased dramatic sense, and such a mastery of draftsmanship, that we begin to realize the fatal mistake of supposing that Allston's powers were waning.

Why then was the picture never finished? Gilbert Stuart, who died fifteen years before Allston, had prophesied that *Belshazzar's Feast* would never be completed. But the reason he gave for this was not Allston's indolence or sloth. On the contrary, for Stuart the reason was "the rapid growth of the artist's mind, so that the work of this month or year was felt to be imperfect the next, under the better knowledge of more time, and must be done over again or greatly altered, and therefore would never come to an end."⁹⁴

This perpetually being unsatisfied with what he had done was both Allston's greatness and his undoing.

It is a mistake to suppose that throughout these twenty-six years Allston had been perpetually pottering over this picture. It must be remembered that through changes from one studio to another he had been forced to roll up and then unroll the picture again some five times. After he had been obliged to leave his large studio in a barn near Fort Hill in Boston and go to a smaller studio, there was not room for him to hang up the picture at all. For thirteen years after that, it lay rolled up and it was only during the last four years of his life that it was unrolled again and stretched across the eastern end of his studio. On December 5, 1839, he wrote to his fellow-artist in South Carolina, Cogdell:

The "King of Babylon" is at last liberated from his imprisonment, and is now holding his court in my painting room . . . I feel that in returning to my labors upon it as if I had returned to my proper element . . . I do not now admit even my friends into my room and so nobody can know anything about my picture.⁹⁵

⁹⁴ William Ware, *Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston*, Boston, 1852, p. 113.

⁹⁵ Washington Allston letter to John S. Cogdell, December 5, 1839.

Each day as he finished work upon it, he drew the great curtain across the face of the picture, so that no intruder might penetrate the secret that was there enshrined.

Back in 1827 Allston had signed a complicated Tri-Partite Indenture with some wealthy Boston gentlemen, for whom the picture was being painted. Under the weight of this obligation, the picture became a sort of nightmare. The finishing of it was a Herculean task and the canvas was a sort of Nessus shirt, like that in which Hercules became enmeshed.

As Allston in the remaining years of his life entered his studio in Cambridgeport day after day, his great unfinished picture there became for him a sort of "Handwriting on the Wall." He felt that he was himself being weighed in the balances and found wanting.

Shortly before the end came he said to his wife's sister: "I am growing old and losing my physical powers. I am ready to go. I only ask time and strength to finish 'Belshazzar.'" ⁹⁶

On July 4, 1843, just five days before his death, Allston wrote what was probably his last letter. This was to the widow of his old friend William Ellery Channing:

I have been troubled of late by a wearing, dull pain in my side. Occasionally it becomes very acute, so much indeed, as to force me, while painting, to suspend my labors until the paroxysm has passed

Speaking of *Belshazzar's Feast*, he said that he could undertake no other pictures "until relieved of this burden," and added: "Once freed of this importunate, heavy load, I shall be, I trust, another man." ⁹⁷

Five days later he was at last "freed" from this intolerable burden — but it was only by his death.

THE BREAKING OF THE SEAL

On Saturday, July 8, 1843, just before the night of his death, Washington Allston had worked for many long painful hours on his unfinished picture, suffering from "the apprehension that he should not have the strength to finish what he was about." ⁹⁸

⁹⁶ Jared B. Flagg, *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston*, p. 425.

⁹⁷ Washington Allston letter to Mrs. William Ellery Channing, July 4, 1843. Allston was planning to do another portrait of her late husband, but never lived to complete it.

⁹⁸ Moses Foster Sweetser, *Allston*, p. 150.

He was attempting to enlarge the head of one of the soothsayers in the righthand foreground of *Belshazzar's Feast* and he had continually to ascend a tall ladder to reach that elevation and then descend from time to time to view from below the effect of what he had painted. The arteries that fed his heart were hardening and the constant climbing up and down the ladder became painful. He wanted to finish as much as possible before the coming of Sunday, his day of rest. The light that July afternoon lingered long and it was after seven o'clock in the evening before he left his studio and crossed the garden to his house.

For, since 1841, Allston had been living in a new house which he had built just across the garden from his studio. This house he had designed for his own simple needs. Emerson said "Mr. Allston would build a very plain house and have very plain furniture, because he would hold out no bribe to any who had not similar tastes to his own — a good ascetic."⁹⁹ Allston himself wrote to his friend Cogdell in South Carolina:

I have at last, in my old age, got into a house of my own . . . Having the control over the design, the house was constructed not only according to my notions of convenience and comfort, but in some degree to suit my taste. It is in somewhat a different style from our dwelling houses here, and I should not have been surprised if much fault had been found with it by others; but people seem to be generally pleased with it. At any rate it has one great advantage — it is but 50 feet from my present Painting Room.¹⁰⁰

It was in this new house that Allston, with his wife and her sister and niece, spent the last evening of his life. This niece, Miss Charlotte Dana, had posed for the kneeling figure that he had introduced into *Belshazzar's Feast*. He had become devoted to her as though she were his own daughter and his last words were those which he addressed to her as they sat together by the fireplace. "God bless you, my child. I want you to be perfect."

Between midnight and one o'clock his wife came downstairs. "She found him sitting in his usual place, with his writing apparatus which he had just taken out, near him, his feet on the hearth, and his head resting on the back of the chair."¹⁰¹ He was dead.

⁹⁹ Emerson's Journal, June 1, 1835.

¹⁰⁰ Letter to John S. Cogdell, September 26, 1842.

¹⁰¹ Jared B. Flagg, *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston*, p. 330.

The end had come "with a touch as gentle as the breaking morning light." His wife's brother, the poet Dana, said:

So beautiful an expression as was on his face I never saw on the face of man. Spirits were with his spirit . . . So beautiful was the countenance after death, so softened the muscles and rounded and smooth the face, that he looked as he did years back, before disease and distress of mind had so preyed upon him.¹⁰²

They looked upon him as he sat there in the chair from which he had so often delighted his friends in conversation, with wonder and admiration, as though he were a being from another sphere, much as they had looked upon him half a century earlier when he first came to New England from the South and they had regarded him "as belonging to a race somewhere between us and the angels."

A man was then sent from Cambridge to bring the news of Allston's death to his nephew, the younger Richard Henry Dana, who was then living at 43 Chestnut Street on Beacon Hill in Boston. He wrote in his journal:

July 9. Sunday. This morning, at about 2 o'clock, we were waked by a violent & continued ringing of the street doorbell, & a pounding upon the wall . . . It was dark & there in the street stood an empty chaise & a man upon the doorstep. "Who's there?" — "We want Mr. Dana to go to Cambridge immediately, — *Mr. Allston is dead!*"

It went to my heart like a clap of thunder. For the first time in my life I was confused upon an alarm. I could hardly breathe. In time I was dressed and in the street. The night air was very chilly, and the streets were as chill as death . . . We got into the chaise & rode out, with hardly a word spoken . . .

We reached the house. I saw a light in the back parlor, where he always sat, but none up-stairs. Where can he be? Where did he die? . . . I went to the door & just saw his body lying along the rug in front of the fire . . . There he lay . . . Excepting that his neckerchief had been removed, he was dressed as usual, his gray and white curls lay about his forehead and shoulders, and his sublime countenance with closed eyes was turned upward. His candles were burning upon the table, by the side of

¹⁰² Richard Henry Dana 1st, letter to S. F. B. Morse, quoted in M. F. Sweetser, *Allston*, p. 152.

them lay his spectacles, the remnant of his last cigar was upon the corner of the mantelpiece . . .

The day was now broken, & there were the first twitterings of birds & the sounds of returning motion to the world. No rising sun was to awaken him from his rest, his spirit was in an eternal day to which no night cometh.

The light being fully returned we could contemplate his sublime countenance. There was the highest grandeur of intellect, with the purity & peacefulness of one in the world, but not of the world . . . It was rising, soaring, from one elevation to one higher, & expanding into infinite space . . .

He had escaped that terrible vision, the nightmare, the incubus, the tormentor of his life — his unfinished picture.¹⁰³

On Monday evening Allston's funeral took place. The younger Dana wrote in his journal:

July 10. The funeral services began at half past seven in the evening, being put late that we might have a veil of evening.

The family, Cambridge friends, and a few like Morse who had come from a distance, gathered together as the evening shadows fell, in Allston's new house. From the windows they could look across the garden to the empty vine-covered studio.

After a brief service at the house, the funeral procession made its way toward the setting sun. The full moon, half-hidden in a bank of clouds, was rising behind them in the east. They passed the house on the rising land in the corner of the Harvard Yard where Allston had been married in 1830, and the old Sewall House where he had lived while in college from 1797 to 1800, and so, slowly progressing, came at last to the Old Cambridge Burying Ground between the two churches which, like Sentinel and Nun, kept watch over the dead that lay between. There in the growing darkness could dimly be seen the tombstones marking the graves of the early settlers of Cambridge and of the Harvard Presidents of two centuries. They came to the large, unmarked, underground vault of the Dana family where Allston was to be buried.

The younger Dana continues the story in his journal:

¹⁰³ Richard Henry Dana, Jr., Journal for July 9, 1843.

When we reached the ground it was half past eight. There were a great many assembled in the Yard about the tomb, and the Sexton stood with his lantern. The moon was struggling through the clouds and making deep shadows from the gravestones and monuments. The whole was a most impressive scene. The coffin was placed at the grave's mouth, the mourners gathered about it, the men stood uncovered, and the solemn service of the church was read . . . At the words, "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," some earth was dropped upon the coffin and sounded fearfully and ominously to our ears . . . At the "Amen," the bearers raised the coffin and entered the tomb, and we left the yard. The moon was shining brightly when we reached home.¹⁰⁴

Others have described how Harvard students appeared bearing torches and how the Burial Service was read by the light of lanterns.¹⁰⁵ Still others described how finally the overshadowing clouds opened, "as if to let inhabitants of other spheres contemplate the scene,"¹⁰⁶ and how the moon and stars looked down with their consecrating light, the white moonlight streaming on the statuesque face of the dead master. Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote:

Mr. Allston was buried the night of the full moon and I know not by what chance the funeral was so belated that when they came to the tomb it was evening & the moon shone full on the white statue.¹⁰⁷

For fifty years thereafter the Dana vault where Allston lay buried remained unmarked; but at the end of the nineteenth century, a large recumbent stone cross was placed on the tomb, and there, on the end, close to the fence opposite the entrance of the Harvard Yard, we can read today in large letters carved in the granite:

WASHINGTON ALLSTON 1779-1843

On the third day after Allston's death and burial, the three Danas — the poet Richard Henry Dana, with his brother Edmund Trowbridge Dana, and his son Richard Henry Dana, Jr., — unsealed the door of Allston's studio, that living tomb in which the unfinished picture of *Belshazzar's Feast* was hidden from the eyes of men, and entered the silent

¹⁰⁴ Richard Henry Dana, Jr., Journal for July 10, 1843.

¹⁰⁵ Moses Foster Sweetser, *Allston*, p. 155.

¹⁰⁶ Jared B. Flagg, *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston*, p. 333.

¹⁰⁷ Emerson letter of July 21, 1843 to his brother William Emerson.

sanctuary. There the journal of the younger Dana takes up the story as follows:

July 12, 1843. At 4 P.M. we assembled to enter the painting room & "break the seal" of the great picture. An awe had been upon my mind as though I were about to enter a sacred & mysterious place. I could hardly bring my mind to turn the key. We tried to prepare for the worst, so that nothing could disappoint us. But to enter this solemn place, so long & so lately filled with his presence & the home of his glorious thoughts & his painful emotions, the scene of his distresses which no human eye saw, & no human spirits can comprehend!

I turned the key & opened the outer door . . . There before us was spread out the great sheet of painted canvass — but dimmed, almost obscured by dust & marks & lines of chalk. The eye ran across the picture for the main figures. Daniel stood erect. The queen was there. But where the king should have been, where Daniel's eyes were fixed, was a shroud, a thickly painted coat, effectually blotting out the whole figure. We stood for some minutes in silence . . . Father looked at it and said, "That is *his shroud*". It was indeed a most solemn tragedy that this revealed. We felt that this had killed him. Over this, he had worn out his enfeebled frame & his paralyzed spirit, until he had sunk underneath it. The agonies he had endured here, no tongue can tell . . . The steps upon which he painted were placed so as to bring him against the face of the magician, and by looking carefully we saw marks of fresh paint recently laid on upon the face of the magician nearest Daniel. There then had been his last work. To the latest moment he had labored upon his great work. He had almost died with his pencil upon it.¹⁰⁸

"THE QUINCE IN THE DRAWER"

When the news of Allston's death spread abroad, America and England and Europe united to do him honor.

In this country, Emerson wrote: "A little sunshine of his own has this man of Beauty made in the American forest."¹⁰⁹ In England, the Poet Laureate, Wordsworth, wrote: "He stood, in my estimation, much above any artist of his day."¹¹⁰ In Italy, artists spoke of Allston as the "American Titian."¹¹¹

¹⁰⁸ Richard Henry Dana, Jr., Journal for July 12, 1843.

¹⁰⁹ Emerson letter of July 11, 1843, to Margaret Fuller.

¹¹⁰ William Wordsworth letter of October 3, 1843, to Richard Henry Dana 1st.

¹¹¹ Moses Foster Sweetser, *Allston*, p. 50.

Little by little, however, with the coming of the second half of the nineteenth century, as realism took the place of romanticism and science in America took the place of art, the glory of Allston's fame began to fade. His reputation passed through a century of dispraise until at last, with the revival of interest in early American romantic art, came a revival of an interest in Allston, who was no longer looked upon as the last and least of the old masters, but as one who in many ways anticipated many movements in modern art.

For many years a mystery seemed to hang about that ivy-covered studio in Cambridgeport. It was like a haunted chamber of which men spoke with awe. "The children of the vicinity had many a ghostly theory about this lone studio in New England."¹¹² On December 30, 1855, one of Allston's friends, William Wetmore Story, wrote of Allston: "I look at his studio, whenever I pass, with a heart pang. It is a terrible ghost — all is in fact ghost-like here."¹¹³

Little by little, like Allston's own fame, the building itself began to disintegrate like the baseless fabric of a vision and leave not a rack behind.

Nonetheless for those who knew the story and had hearts to remember, the charm and melancholy of Allston still seemed to haunt the neighborhood. On October 26, 1860, Longfellow wrote:

One man may sweeten a whole town. I never pass through Cambridgeport without thinking of Allston. His memory is the quince in the drawer and perfumes the atmosphere.

¹¹² Moses Foster Sweetser, *Allston*, p. 133.

¹¹³ Letter to James Russell Lowell, December 30, 1855.

AN EXCOMMUNICATION IN HARVARD SQUARE

BY WILLARD REED

Read April 27, 1943

IT is incumbent on me to say, at the outset, that my title, "An Excommunication in Harvard Square" is inexact. The fact is, that when I looked into the occurrence in 1809 that first attracted my attention I found there was a similar action in 1814, and that there had been in 1805 an incident of church discipline based on the same principle. Therefore the three cases may properly be considered together under the same title.

Those of you who have read the Rev. Mr. Paige's "History of Cambridge," published in 1875, will easily transport yourselves to the Cambridge of this first decade of the nineteenth century. But it may be worth while to recall to you that settlement really stopped at that time at Quincy and Bow Streets. Beyond that you soon came to the big farm of Chief Justice Dana and could look off to Boston over land included in only about four more farms. It was all marsh, or swamp, or pasture, or woodland.

Even the settlement in the vicinity of Harvard Square was far more open than we are likely to conceive of it. The Common ran to Linnaean Street. Brattle Street stopped at Fayerweather Street, and the John Vassall house which Andrew Craigie bought in 1791 had a "house lot" of some hundred and forty acres, all acquired for little more than fifteen thousand dollars. Its land ran to the river, since Mt. Auburn Street was not laid out till 1808. The town had recently suffered the loss of three-quarters of its territory and half its population by the cutting off in 1807 of the Parishes of West Cambridge and Brighton.

In this town the only predominant, pervasive organization was the First Parish Church. It was the only church, for no other sect was organized till 1817, when the Baptists started, the next year the Methodists, and four years later the Universalists. Christ Church had been built, to be sure, in 1760, but at the time with which we are concerned all Episco-

palian churches were in eclipse, for two reasons: in the first place, everything connected with England was anathema after the Revolution started. King's Chapel, for example, for a generation had to be referred to as "Stone Chapel." Furthermore, a large part of the members of Episcopalian churches had left as Tories with Howe for Halifax.

The First Parish was housed in its fourth building, then still used as the Town House and Court House of Cambridge, on the site later occupied by Dane Hall, the Law School, and now by Lehman Hall, the college business office. In that fourth building Washington had often worshipped, the Massachusetts state government had been adopted, and the United States Constitution had been ratified in 1788. It was the only large auditorium, holding about five hundred.

For our present purpose, indeed for all purposes, it is essential to increase our realization of the prestige of this organization. The Parish, as throughout New England, included theoretically all people within its boundaries. But in Cambridge the connection with the College, so close as to approach identification, added so much to its influence as to make it probably the outstanding example about 1800 of the power of the Puritan hierarchy, then at its zenith.

The history of the church showed a succession of vigorous ministers, though, curiously enough they had all, with one exception, died young. The first minister, Hooker, had a short term, because he soon led the migration of a large part of the church to Connecticut. Thomas Shepard was the first permanent influence, and he converted the man who was to be his successor, Mr. Mitchel, a strong enough man to lead in the dismissal of President Dunster for his heretical rejection of the dogma of Infant Baptism. In addition to this evidence of the connection of College and Parish is the fact that President Chauncy served as minister for some three years and the Rev. Mr. Oakes was Acting President, and later President, of the College.

The only long ministry was that of Mr. Appleton from 1717 to 1784. This of course covered the stirring times of the Revolution and the organization of the Massachusetts government, but his temperament was that of a tranquil man, and his ministry was calm, though he did join the College in a vigorous "No" when Whitefield applied for permission to speak in Cambridge.

His successor was again a man whose ministry was cut off by untimely death, Rev. Timothy Hilliard, from Kensington, N. H.

The next succeeding minister was the one in whose time the incidents that we are to consider occurred, — Rev. Abiel Holmes, usually referred to as the father of Oliver Wendell Holmes, but decidedly a person of interest in his own right. He was called to the church in 1792 and remained in the same organization until 1829 and in the organization that was separated, — the Shepard Memorial Church, — until his death in 1837. It might be said that he was ousted in 1829 because he was a Yale man. By this I imply no petty prejudice in Harvard circles, but I am referring to the fact that he grew up in the stiffest kind of Connecticut theology which developed Calvinism to the extreme in the eighteenth century. He married the daughter of Ezra Stiles, the most prominent minister in Connecticut, and President of Yale College through the Revolution. His beginnings of literary work concerned his father-in-law, for he wrote "The Life of Doctor Stiles" in two volumes, and was led on from that to his "History of America from 1492" which came out in 1804 and in a later edition in 1829. He is spoken of affectionately by his son "The Autocrat" as distinguished by beauty and charm, but he proved himself on many occasions a very stout party.

He called himself "a moderate Calvinist," and he was certainly not as extreme as his Yale classmate, Rev. Jedediah Morse who in 1805 sued the Harvard Corporation for breach of trust when they appointed as Bussey Professor Henry Ware, alleged to be an Arian. But Holmes was of the school of Hopkinsian divinity, the culmination of Jonathan Edwards' powerful exposition of Calvinism. Their argument ran: "Are you willing to be damned for the glory of God? If so, then you are of the elect." But they added the shrewd proviso: "If you are willing to be damned for the purpose of being among the elect, then you are damned."

There are some figures that must come before us a little before we recount the incidents of excommunication, particularly the figure of William Hilliard. He was a son of the minister who preceded Abiel Holmes, and was an important man all his life as a printer and publisher, the first to use the term "University Press," and a member of firms in Boston that ultimately developed the house of Little Brown and several other publishing establishments. He came to Cambridge in 1800, was married there in 1802 to his cousin, Sarah Hilliard, from Kensington, N. H., and was

chosen deacon in the First Parish in 1804. He was inclined to decline the office because he was so young, but the choice was by fourteen out of fifteen votes, and he did enter upon his duties and continued to the end of his life in 1836. He built, in 1809, the large brick house still standing on the corner of Brattle and Hilliard Streets, notable later as the home of Hon. Joseph Story. He was conspicuous in the town affairs, was in the General Court for ten years, selectman thirteen years, and town clerk, assessor and treasurer for shorter terms. These services came in the years 1806 to 1834. He supported Abiel Holmes at the time of the division when the church wanted him to stay on account of his opposition to the development of Unitarian theology but the parish, the legal voters, dismissed him by a vote of thirteen to two, overwhelming and yet rather small in actual practice. Later, however, William Hilliard had dissatisfaction with Abiel Holmes and led opposition to him in the Shepard Memorial Church. He was very active in the stirring petition to improve the Common in 1830, out of which developed incidentally the shift of center to the Cambridgeport region.

This was because the controversy raged so heatedly that "some members of the parish expressed a natural unwillingness to have their house of worship used for the transaction of secular business, and especially for the indulgence and expression of angry passions." Hence the new court house in Cambridgeport with a large auditorium became the center of the town business.

In 1852 Hilliard Street was named for this prominent Cambridge man. In the '40's it had been called "Woodbine Lane" and before that Appian Way was a name that ran through down to Mount Auburn Street.

Another prominent person of this period was Andrew Craigie, who had been the first Apothecary General of the United States in the Revolution and had developed a remarkable fondness for an adventurous life, particularly in finance. He was an early American plunger. He and his wife both had Nantucket origins, and had unfortunately some embarrassing tangles with earlier love affairs, causing "marital infelicities." He had a hectic life, although a brilliant one, in Cambridge where they settled in 1791 in the Vassall House, — which had been Washington's headquarters.

Craigie opened the Canal Bridge as one of his financial adventures in

rivalry with the already established West Boston Bridge. By getting hold of most of the real estate that was affected by this bridge he did acquire considerable property, but he never was in an assured financial condition even at his death in 1819. His widow continued to live on in the Craigie House, as it was now called, until her death in 1841, taking "paying guests," the last of whom was the young Professor Longfellow, who afterwards bought the house.

The other large house, possibly visible then across open country, was that of Elbridge Gerry, Governor of Massachusetts 1810 to 1812, and Vice-President of the United States from 1813 to his death in 1814. It was later the birthplace and home of James Russell Lowell.

Some light is thrown on this group of people from the letters of Susannah Hill that were printed in the proceedings of your society some thirty years ago in a paper by Mrs. Gozzaldi. It will be worth while to give some of the references to the Hilliards in these letters to provide a setting for the incident that is most important for our consideration: —

"Deacon Hilliard has had a ball at his house, all the young people of the town there." . . . "We yesterday drank tea with Mrs. Deacon Hilliard." . . . "Your sister Judith spent a day with Mrs. Hilliard." . . . "Mrs. Hill saw Mrs. Gerry at Mrs. Hilliard's." . . . "Was at Mrs. Foster's party, Deacon Hilliard and Mrs. Hilliard there." . . . "Mrs. Hilliard has a very lame hand, an old complaint she will never get rid of." . . . "Deacon Hilliard is building a house." (1809) . . . "Mrs. Hill was at the Hilliards' Monday, a Russian who is now here at Harvard College and knows some medicine says he can cure her hand." . . . "Professor Peck is forty-two years old, married Harriet Hill who is twenty-three." (1810) . . . "Deacon Hilliard has gone to Canada, poor man, he meets with his afflictions." (1810) . . . "Mrs. Hilliard is living with him in their new house, how long that will last I do not know." . . . "Deacon Hilliard's wife (1813 October 11) has reformed and has desired to be admitted into fellowship with the church again. Most of the Ladies in town have called on her and everything is forgotten, some think it is too good to last." . . . "Sarah L. Hilliard is in the Cambridge Female Humane Society just started." (The ancestor of the Paine Fund.)

With this setting let us now have an account of the three incidents

that exemplify the predominant position of this church in the community in the opening years of the nineteenth century: —

The first was a case of discipline on moral grounds in 1805 on January 4 when a member of the church, having been guilty of sin and having been repeatedly conversed with by the Pastor and admonished, having also uniformly expressed penitence for the offence, was at length encouraged to offer a confession to the Church. The following confession was accordingly presented at a meeting called primarily to elect a Deacon, and was voted to be satisfactory: —

“I desire with shame and deep humiliation to confess before God, that I have not guarded as I ought against indulgence, but have violated the laws of Christian purity, and have given just cause of offence to the Church of which I am a member, as well as exposed myself to the displeasure of a holy God. Truly sensible, as I trust, of my folly and sin, I humbly ask forgiveness of my Maker, and intreat you to restore me to your charity and fellowship and ask your prayers for me that I may be saved from sin in future and enabled by God’s grace to adorn the doctrine of my Saviour.”

The second and by far the most important case in detail was the excommunication of Sarah L. Hilliard, wife of Deacon William Hilliard, which took up the attention of the church from July 1808 to November 1809 and, in fact, had its repercussion in November 1813. A transcript of the records of this extraordinary case follows: —

1808 — July 10:

At a meeting of the Church, called by the Pastor, (Abiel Holmes) a letter from Sarah L. Hilliard was read, requesting the Church “to dismiss Mr. Hilliard from the office of a deacon.”

Whereupon, *voted*, that a committee of five brethren be appointed to confer with Mrs. Hilliard for the purpose of ascertaining the grounds and reasons of her request, and make report to the Church.

voted, that brothers Caleb Gannett, John Mellen, Levi Hedge, and deacons Walton and Moore, be said committee.

Adjourned.

July 26:

Met according to adjournment — 18 present.

The committee appointed to confer with Mrs. Hilliard made a report, which concluded thus: “Considering the nature of the request, as tend-

ing to diminish respect for an important office, as affecting the interest and order of the Church and the honor of our holy Religion, the Committee are unanimously of the opinion, that no reasons have been offered by the applicant that would justify the Church in complying with her request."

Voted, unanimously, that the petition of Mrs. Hilliard be dismissed. Also, *voted*, unanimously, that the Pastor be requested to advise Sarah L. Hilliard of the improper dispositions discovered in her petition, and of its disorderly tendency; and to admonish her to cultivate a more Christian temper hereafter.

Meeting dissolved.

1808 — Nov. 4th

At a meeting of the Church, duly notified (12 members present) the Pastor stated, that he had not been able to give advice and admonition to Sarah L. Hilliard, conformably to the vote of the Church at its last meeting, on account of her peremptory refusal to see him when he called at Deacon Hilliard's house, although she was made duly acquainted with the special design of his visit, and warned that, if she persisted in such refusal, it would be at her peril.

Whereupon voted, That, in consideration of the contemptuous manner in which Sarah L. Hilliard has treated the Pastor and Church, in refusing to receive a pastoral admonition, in conformity to a vote of the church; also, in consideration of her general contumacious behavior since the presentment of her petition; she be suspended from the privilege of communion with the church.

Voted, that the Pastor be requested to communicate the transactions of the Church at this meeting to Sarah L. Hilliard.

Voted, that this meeting be adjourned to the Friday immediately preceding the first Lord's day in May next; unless it should appear expedient to call a meeting previous to that time.

Adjourned.

1809 — May 5th:

The Church met according to adjournment.

The transactions of the Church relative to Sarah L. Hilliard were read. The Pastor then stated, that, being unable to obtain an interview with Mrs. Hilliard, he communicated the transactions of the Church of November 4th to her in writing the next day, November 5th, since which time he had neither seen her nor received any communication from her.

Voted, that the further procedure of the Church in the case of Mrs. Hilliard, be postponed until the next Lecture day; * and that this meeting be adjourned until that time.

1809 — *June 30*:

The Church met according to adjournment.

The number of members present being small, it was

Voted, to adjourn this meeting to the day of the Lecture preceding the communion in November.

Adjourned.

1809 — *Nov. 3rd*:

The church met according to adjournment. (11 present)

The transactions of the church relative to Sarah L. Hilliard were read. The Pastor then stated, that he had given her written notice that the Church have it in contemplation to proceed to a still higher act of censure, and that he had required her attendance at this time and place, that she might have an opportunity to express her repentance, or to offer any reasons against such procedure of the Church; but that she returned the letter of notice with signs of contempt and defiance. Whereupon, after serious deliberation, the following Vote passed unanimously:

Whereas Sarah L. Hilliard in July 1808 requested the Church to dismiss her husband from the office of deacon, without offering any satisfactory reason for so extraordinary a request, which was considered by the Church as "tending to diminish respect for an important office, affecting the interest and order of the church, and the honor of our holy religion;" and whereas, in consideration of the contemptuous manner in which the said Sarah L. Hilliard treated the Pastor and the Church, in refusing to receive a pastoral admonition, in conformity to a vote of the Church, also, in consideration of her general contumacious behavior after the presentment of her petition, she was in November 1808 suspended from the privilege of communion with the Church; and whereas, after all the endeavors of the Church to bring her to a sense of her sin and folly, and to recover her again to repentance, she has given no evidence of contrition, but, on the contrary, together with her refusal to hear the Church, has given additional and increasing proofs of obduracy, and of an impious contempt of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and of the discipline of the Church:

* The Lecture Day was a meeting-day of the church on some weekday, oftenest Thursday. There was no exact time for its occurrence, but it was usually preparatory to some church ceremony.

Voted, That Sarah L. Hilliard be excommunicated.

Voted, That the Pastor be requested to pronounce the sentence of excommunication in presence of the Church, after the communion service on the next Lord's day.

1809 — *Nov. 5th*:

Lord's day. After communion service, the Pastor gave a brief account of the case of Sarah L. Hilliard and stated the obligations of ministers to endeavor to preserve the purity of the church:

Therefore thus saith the Lord. If thou return, then will I bring thee again that thou mayest stand before me; and if thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth; they shall return unto thee, but thou shalt not return unto them. — *Jeremiah XV, 19*

And they (the Levites) shall teach my people the difference between the holy and the common, and cause them to discern between the unclean and the clean. — *Ezekiel XLIV, 23*

He then showed the treatment required in case of an offence in the church —

And if thy brother sin against thee, go, show him his fault between thee and him alone: if he hear thee thou hast gained thy brother. But if he hear thee not, take with thee one or two more, that at the mouth of two witnesses or three every word may be established. And if he refuse to hear them, tell it unto the church: and if he refuse to hear the church also, let him be unto thee as the Gentile and the publican.

18 Verily I say unto you, what things soever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and what things soever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

19 Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. — *Matthew XVIII, 15-19*

He observed: From this and other passages of the New Testament it appears that, after admonitions and rebukes, if the offender appears incorrigible, he is to be cast out of the Society, and avoided as a person with whom to have any intercourse, except in the offices of humanity, would be dangerous. It is accordingly stated in the Platform of our Churches that "while the offender remains excommunicate the church is to refrain from all member-like communion with him in spiritual things, further than the necessity of natural or domestic or civil relations do require; and are therefore to forbear to eat and drink with him, that he may be ashamed."

He then recited the transactions of the Church at its last meeting on

the case of Mrs. Hilliard, as recorded under date of Nov. 3rd; and appealed to the Church for a confirmation of the vote of Excommunication, which was now signified (as it was in the first instance) by a silent vote. He accordingly pronounced, with pathos and solemnity, the following sentence of EXCOMMUNICATION:

In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, the divine head of the Church, I declare Sarah L. Hilliard to be excluded from the Church of Christ, and cut off from the privileges of those who are steadfast in the covenant. I declare her to have broken the vows of God, which were upon her, and her sacred promises to his covenant people, and to be unworthy of Christian society and fellowship. I pronounce her to be a person from whom the followers of Christ are to withdraw, as from one who walketh disorderly. What is bound in the church on earth, according to the Gospel, will be bound in heaven. The sentence now passed is but a representation of a sentence inconceivably more awful, to be passed on the transgressor at the judgment seat of Christ, unless it be prevented by a seasonable repentance. That it may be thus prevented, may God who hath the residue of the Spirit, of his infinite mercy grant, through Jesus Christ.

Amen.

A prayer was then made, adapted to the affecting occasion; and the usual benediction closed the solemnity.

Four years later:

1813 — *Nov. 5th*:

At a meeting of the brethren of the Church a confession in writing, signed by Sarah L. Hilliard, having been communicated, the following Vote was passed unanimously:

"Whereas the members of the Church were, for reasons apparent in their Records, reduced to the sorrowful necessity of passing a vote of excommunication against Mrs. Sarah L. Hilliard, which was solemnly declared by the Rev. Pastor Nov. 5th, 1809; and whereas the said Sarah L. Hilliard has since given satisfactory evidence of her contrition and repentance, and expressed her earnest desire of forgiveness and re-admission to our communion, as declared in her Confession this day communicated.

Voted, That the said Sarah L. Hilliard be and hereby is restored to the fellowship and privileges of the Church."

The Pastor then solemnly declared her restoration to the fellow ship

and privileges of the Church, and exhorted the members to conduct [themselves] toward her accordingly.

There seems to be no evidence throwing light on the cause of Mrs. Hilliard's action, but a medical authority who has recently considered the case thinks it probable that the lady was afflicted with a psychosis temporarily. She appears to have carried on a normal life thereafter to her death in 1848, surviving her husband by twelve years.

The first and second instances of church authority to exercise its power over morals and insubordination were thus successful. But the third instance, that dealt with heresy, had an inconclusive result; the church took action, but did not succeed in enforcing its decision of excommunication.

This action was directed against George Bethune English, a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1807. If you were to look him up in the Dictionary of American Biography, you would think you had picked up a volume of Oppenheim by mistake. "Writer, soldier (in Algiers and Abyssinia) diplomat (chiefly in Turkey) marvellous linguist, protégé of John Quincy Adams, served in the Marines in Algiers, went to Alexandria, turned Mohammedan, joined the Pasha in an expedition to Abyssinia, passed as a Turk in secret trade-negotiations in Constantinople, back to Washington, where he dealt with a Cherokee delegation in their own language, was charged with certain irregularities (he had always been in financial difficulties) lost the confidence of Adams, and finally died, at the early age of fifty-one." What a life! Hardly a justification of James Russell Lowell's later remark that "Cambridge is a place where emotions are unrecognized and events never occur."

The occasion for action of the church against English was his publication entitled, "The Grounds of Christianity examined by comparing the New Testament with the Old." This publication was not based on the increasingly left wing theological heresies of the time. It was subversive of the whole Christian religion and so drew a broadside not only from Edward Everett but also from the leading liberal, William Ellery Channing. The steps of procedure in the action appear on the church records as follows:

1814 — Jan. 16.

A letter of the Pastor to brother Geo. B. English, and his answer, having been communicated to the Church, it was

Voted, that brethren Professor Ware [Henry Ware, Sr.] Caleb Gannett, Professors Willard and Hedge, with the Pastor, be a *Committee* to confer with brother English on his recent Publication entitled, "The Grounds of Christianity, examined by comparing the New Testament with the Old," and to ascertain, whether he adheres to the sentiments advanced in that publication, or whether he is disposed to reconsider or retract them; and to report to the Church a suitable form of procedure.

1814 — July 1.

At a meeting of the Church the Committee appointed to confer with George Bethune English, respecting his recent Publication, made report: [summarized]

The committee interviewed Mr. English. He received them with civility and respect, but did not retract his opinions. He allowed his views to be a renunciation of Christianity, and incompatible with his continued relation to this church. The only concession he made was, that he did not justify some contumelious expressions that he had used.

The committee stated to brother English the peculiar aggravation of his offense — that while connected with the Church of Christ and under bonds of voluntary covenant, he had devoted his talents to subverting Christianity and bringing the Church into contempt.

"They also faithfully and tenderly declared to him the serious offense taken at his conduct by the members of the church, their solicitude for his recovery to their charity, and the serious consequences of his opposition."

At the end, the Committee asked if he would consider further and confer with them. He readily agreed.

Although several months later he was still here no call or communication came from him. The Pastor went to his father's home in Brighton to get him. He had gone to Virginia, leaving no word.

The Committee hold he voluntarily separated from the Church, but still remained subject to its discipline. Therefore the honor and interests of religion render further procedure expedient, and they ask the Church to decide upon a course.

After some discussion, it was

Voted, That the further consideration of the Report be *postponed* until the Friday preceding the first Lord's Day in November; and that the Committee be requested to resume their communication with Mr. English and ascertain whether he has any communication to make to this Church.

1814 — Nov. 4.

The Committee having at a previous communication of this Report (at a meeting of the Church July 1st) been requested to resume their communication with Mr. English, further communicated the copy of a letter from the Pastor to him dated 25 July to which no answer had been received.

After a deliberate and serious discussion, it was Voted, that the Report be accepted.

The question referred, at the close of the Report, to the consideration and decision of the Church, was then put, and passed in the affirmative.

The following Vote of excommunication was then passed:

Whereas George Bethune English, by a recent publication, entitled "The Grounds of Christianity examined by comparing the New Testament with the Old" has publicly and opprobriously assailed our holy religion, not less to the scandal of the Christian community, than to the grief and scandal of this church; and whereas by this conduct he has violated his own solemn covenant engagements, renounced his Christian profession, scandalized the Christian name, and proved himself to be, not merely an apostate from the Christian church, but an enemy to the Christian religion. And whereas the faithful endeavors of the church to reclaim him have proved ineffectual:

Voted that George Bethune English be excommunicated.

So Mr. English was excommunicated. But the enforcement was another matter. After going to Virginia he went to Ohio, edited a paper for a while, and joined a Communistic movement on the order of the later Brook Farm. Soon he was off to the Mediterranean, and after he joined Islam it was probably beyond the ability of the best legal talent of Massachusetts to serve a writ of excommunication on a Mohammedan.

Now these three incidents involving the power of the Calvinistic hierarchy may be dismissed as historical curiosities, yet they raise some fundamental questions, ecclesiastical and theological, that can hardly be discussed here, but your President, Judge Walcott, assures me that it is relevant to propound them for your reflection.

First, what is a Church, in its relation to its members who are under censure? Has it responsibility to the community to discipline them? There is need of such action in some cases. A Federal Secret Service agent, long active in Chicago against the Capone gang, has stated that four of the very pernicious bondsmen who bailed out criminals were

deacons in Chicago churches. That implies no self-respecting form of organized Christianity.

Next, how far can the terrifying text, "whatsoever things ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven" be entrusted to the decision of fallible men? There is no evidence that Abiel Holmes felt himself a tyrant when the words were applied to Sarah Hilliard, but he felt a solemn responsibility, one that few ministers of today would care to assume.

Again, how well organized is a church to conduct such actions? These meetings were all small, and decisions were reached by a few, with results that affected human lives. We are inclined to leave serious cases to the law, and to let others alone. But the three incidents do leave us wondering whether we have not lost something wholesome in the care for the moral fiber of society.

ANNUAL REPORTS

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1942

DURING THE YEAR the Society has held four regular meetings. For the Annual Meeting, held in the Brattle House on January 23d, the hostesses were Miss Mary E. Batchelder, Miss Frances Fowler, Mrs. Arthur B. Nichols, and Mrs. C. H. C. Wright. Mr. Arthur B. Nichols read a paper on Thomas Fuller and his descendants. At the Spring Meeting, April 28th, the members were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. G. Nichols; Mr. Roger Gilman and Dr. Samuel A. Eliot read papers on "Cambridge Pioneers of the Oregon Trail." At the Garden Party, which was held on June 2nd at the home of Mrs. Arthur L. Jackson, Mr. H. W. L. Dana read a paper entitled "When Dickens Came to Cambridge in 1842." The hostesses for the Autumn Meeting, held in the Parish House of the First Parish Church on October 27th, were Miss Marion Abbot, Mrs. Frank B. Hawley, Mrs. Frank B. Sanborn, and Mrs. Henry J. Winslow; Miss Lois Lilley Howe read a paper on the history of the Book Club, written by the late Dr. Francis G. Peabody, but with additions of her own that brought the account up to date.

The Society is deeply indebted to these various members who have so generously contributed to the success of the year's activities.

Since our last Annual Meeting we have lost through death the following members: Dr. Worthington C. Ford; Mrs. Edward Burlingame Hill; Professor Kenneth Grant Tremayne Webster; President Abbott Lawrence Lowell; our beloved Vice-President, Professor Joseph Henry Beale; and our only honorary member, Mrs. Frances Rose-Troup of England.

We regret the resignation of Mr. and Mrs. Donald H. Menzel, Mr.

and Mrs. Bruce Lancaster, Mrs. George W. Cram, Mr. Eric Schroeder, Rev. Francis B. Sayre, Mr. E. Raymond Ellis, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Corcoran.

We have welcomed to membership Mrs. James Lowell Moore, Mrs. Ingersoll Bowditch, Miss Bernice M. Cannon, Miss Constance Williston, Mrs. Charles Walcott, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard DeVoto, Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Edmonds, Miss Harriet Peet, Miss Gertrude Peet, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Peirce Ellis, Mrs. Richard M. Gummere, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hopkinson, Mr. Alvin Clark Eastman, and Mr. Francis E. Frothingham.

The Council has held seven meetings. At the meeting of October 9th, the Council regretfully accepted the resignation of Professor Eldon R. James, who has gone to Washington to engage in war work. Few members of our Society can adequately realize how much we owe to Mr. James for the accuracy and neatness with which he kept our records and for the promptness and genial good humor with which he attended to the many other duties of the Secretary's office. The Council has considered, and is still considering, the possibility of printing a list of the burials in the Old Burying Ground, this list forming a section of a complete manuscript written by WPA workers. The Council is carrying out the request of the United States Government by selling as scrap the electrotpe plates of earlier volumes of Proceedings. We have on hand a good stock of all volumes except 4, 7, and 13. We shall be grateful to any member who will return copies of these three volumes that he may no longer wish to keep. Copies may be sent to the Secretary.

During the year the Society has taken up with the City Manager and with Mr. Marcus Morton, Jr., of the City Council the matter of the unsatisfactory conditions at the Old Burying Ground in Harvard Square and the question of returning the General Knox cannon to its position north of the Civil War monument on the Common. Some slight progress can be reported.

Respectfully submitted,
DAVID T. POTTINGER,
Secretary.

January 26, 1943

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1942

RECEIPTS — 1942

Cash on Hand, Jan. 1, 1942		\$ 427.27
Dues and Initiation Fees	\$662.00	
1943 Dues paid in advance	3.00	
Unidentified Dues	6.00	
Sale of Proceedings	4.00	
Contribution to Map of Burying Ground	1.00	
Dr. Pratt, his share of cost of Vol. 27	35.75	711.75
		<u>\$1,139.02</u>

Printing and Postage	\$ 85.81	
Court House Work	29.27	
Clerical Service and Supplies	65.43	
Society's Collections	24.00	
Cost of Proceedings Vol. 27	464.58	
*Miscellaneous	46.35	\$ 715.44

Cash on Hand Dec. 31, 1942 423.58

\$1,139.02

*Chairs	\$15.90
Drafting & Blue Prints Burying Ground	20.45
Safe Deposit Box	6.00
Dues Bay State Historical Society	4.00

\$46.35

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS,
Treasurer.

Maria Bowen Fund

<i>Investments</i>	<i>Cost</i>	<i>1/1/42 Book Value</i>	<i>Cash Income Received 1942</i>	<i>12/31/42 Book Value</i>	<i>Account to Which Income was Credited</i>
U. S. Savings Bonds	\$ 5,250.00 (1)	\$ 5,250.00	0	\$ 5,250.00	None
Cambridge Savings Bank	2,241.32	3,150.58	\$ 79.76	3,430.34	Camb. Sav. Bank
Cambridgeport Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,607.44	32.30	1,639.74	Camb'port Sav. Bank
E. Cambridge Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,624.79	32.65	1,657.44	E. Camb. Sav. Bank
50 sh. 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston)	1,868.75 (2)	1,868.75	100.00	1,868.75	Camb. Sav. Bank
5 sh. State St. Tr. Co. (Bos.)	1,295.00 (3)	1,295.00	40.00	1,295.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
5 sh. Merchants Nat'l (Bos.)	1,715.00 (4)	1,715.00	60.00	1,715.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
	<u>\$15,370.07</u>	<u>\$16,511.56</u>	<u>\$344.71</u>	<u>\$16,856.27</u>	

George G. Wright Fund

	<i>Date a/c opened</i>	<i>Bal. when opened</i>	<i>Bal. 1/1/42</i>	<i>Int. Rec.</i>	<i>Bal. 12/31/42</i>
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/29/38	\$ 200.00	\$ 218.15	\$ 5.48	\$ 223.63
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/10/34	\$ 760.22	\$ 844.33	\$ 21.23	\$ 865.56
Cambridge Savings Bank	5/ 3/40	\$2,149.82	\$2,231.42	\$56.13	\$2,287.55
Cambridge Trust Company	2/ 7/40	\$ 60.00	\$ 205.72	\$ 3.09	\$ 208.81
		<u>\$3,170.04</u>	<u>\$3,499.62</u>	<u>\$85.93</u>	<u>\$3,585.55</u>

Book Value of all Funds 12/31/42 — \$20,441.82
Total Income — \$430.64

(1) Market Value 12/31/42	Appreciation \$975.00
(2) Market Value 12/31/42	\$1,765.60 Appreciation 50.00 \$38.375 per share
(3) Market Value 12/31/42	1,465.00 Appreciation 145.00 \$230 per share
(4) Market Value 12/31/42	1,350.00 Appreciation 165.00 \$310 per share
	<u>\$715.00</u>

LIST OF MEMBERS

ACTIVE MEMBERS

<i>Marion Stanley Abbot</i>	<i>Chilton Richardson Cabot</i>
<i>Annie Elizabeth Allen</i>	<i>Miriam Shepard (Mrs. C. R.) Cabot</i>
<i>Sarah Cushing (Mrs. G. M.) Allen</i>	<i>Bernice Cannon</i>
<i>Mary Almy</i>	<i>Carroll Luther Chase</i>
<i>Dwight Hayward Andrews</i>	<i>Louise Fletcher (Mrs. C. L.) Chase</i>
<i>Matilda Wallace (Mrs. D. H.) Andrews</i>	<i>Philip P. Chase</i>
<i>Helen Diman (Mrs. I. W.) Bailey</i>	<i>Frances Snell (Mrs. H. L.) Clark</i>
<i>Florence Besse (Mrs. E.) Ballantine</i>	<i>Margaret Elizabeth Cogswell</i>
<i>Elizabeth Chadwick Beale</i>	<i>Ada L. Comstock</i>
<i>Joseph Henry Beale</i>	<i>Kenneth John Conant</i>
<i>Mabel Anzonella (Mrs. S.) Bell</i>	<i>Marie Schneider (Mrs. K. J.) Conant</i>
<i>Stoughton Bell</i>	<i>Frank Gaylord Cook</i>
<i>Annie Whitney (Mrs. J. C.) Bennett</i>	<i>Julian Lowell Coolidge</i>
<i>Alexander Harvey Bill</i>	<i>Theresa Reynolds (Mrs. J. L.) Coolidge</i>
<i>Caroline Eliza Bill</i>	<i>Paul Reid Corcoran</i>
<i>Marion Edgerly (Mrs. A. H.) Bill</i>	<i>Katharine Driscoll (Mrs. P. R.) Corcoran</i>
<i>Albert Henry Blevins</i>	<i>J. Linda Corne</i>
<i>Beatrice (Mrs. A. H.) Blevins</i>	<i>Bernice Brown (Mrs. L. W.) Cronkhite</i>
<i>Mary Frances (Mrs. E. H.) Bright</i>	<i>Leonard Wolsey Cronkhite</i>
<i>Jessie Waterman (Mrs. Wm. F.) Brooks</i>	<i>Sally Adams (Mrs. C. F.) Cushman</i>
<i>J. Frank Brown</i>	<i>Bernard DeVoto</i>
<i>Martha Thacher Brown</i>	<i>Avis MacVicar (Mrs. B.) DeVoto</i>
<i>Josephine Freeman Bumstead</i>	<i>Mary Deane Dexter</i>
<i>Bertha Close (Mrs. G. H.) Bunton</i>	<i>Laura Howland Dudley</i>
<i>George Herbert Bunton</i>	<i>Frances Hopkinson (Mrs. S. A.) Eliot</i>
<i>David Eugene Burr</i>	
<i>Eleanor Sheridan (Mrs. D. E.) Burr</i>	

- Samuel Atkins Eliot*
Benjamin Peirce Ellis
Elizabeth Gardner (Mrs. B. P.) Ellis
Emmons Raymond Ellis, Jr.
William Emerson
Frances White (Mrs. Wm.) Emerson
Pearl Brock Fabrney
Claire (Mrs. P.) Faude
Charles Norman Fay
Allyn Bailey Forbes
Lois Whitney (Mrs. A. B.) Forbes
Edward Waldo Forbes
Frances Fowler
Francis E. Frothingham
Alice Howland (Mrs. H. G.) Garrett
Jane Bowler (Mrs. R.) Gilman
Roger Gilman
Josephine Bowman (Mrs. L. C.)
Graton
Louis Lawrence Green
Virginia Tanner (Mrs. L. L.) Green
Helen McQuesten (Mrs. P.) Gring
Paul Gring
Christine Robinson (Mrs. R. M.)
Gummere
Lillian Helen (Mrs. T.) Hadley
Franklin Tweed Hammond
Mabel Macleod (Mrs. F. T.) Ham-
mond
Charles Lane Hanson
Mary Davis (Mrs. F. B.) Hawley
Florence Wilhelmina (Mrs. N.)
Heard
John Heard
Nathan Heard
Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey
George Milbank Hersey
Georgiana Ames (Mrs. T. L.)
Hinckley
Leslie White Hopkinson
- Lois Lilley Howe*
Eda Woolson (Mrs. B. S.) Hurlbut
Edward Ingraham
Elsie Powell (Mrs. E.) Ingraham
Pauline Fay (Mrs. A. L.) Jackson
William Alexander Jackson
Dorothy Judd (Mrs. W. A.) Jackson
Eldon Revare James
Phila Smith (Mrs. E. R.) James
Mabel Augusta Jones
Wallace St. Clair Jones
Ethel Robinson (Mrs. W. S.) Jones
Frances Ruml (Mrs. W. K.) Jordan
William Kitchener Jordan
Albert Guy Keith
Edith Seavey (Mrs. A. G.) Keith
Justine Frances (Mrs. F. S.) Kershaw
Rupert Ballou Lillie
Ethel May MacLeod
George Arthur Macomber
Ella Sewell Slingluff (Mrs. G. A.)
Macomber
Edward Francis McClennen
Mary Crane (Mrs. E. F.) McClennen
Winifred Smith (Mrs. M. W.)
Mather
Louis Joseph Alexandre Mercier
Keyes DeWitt Metcalf
Elinor Gregory (Mrs. K. D.) Metcalf
Hugh Montgomery, Jr.
Helen Bonney (Mrs. H.) Montgom-
ery
Jane Hancock (Mrs. J. L.) Moore
James Buell Munn
Ruth Crosby Hanford (Mrs. J. B.)
Munn
Helen Whiting Munroe
Mary Liscomb (Mrs. H. A.) Nealley
Arthur Boylston Nichols
Gertrude Fuller (Mrs. A. B.) Nichols

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| <i>John Taylor Gilman Nichols</i> | <i>Mary Parkman Sayward</i> |
| <i>Emily Alan Smith (Mrs. J. T. G.) Nichols</i> | <i>Gilbert Campbell Scoggin</i> |
| <i>Albert Perley Norris</i> | <i>Susan Child (Mrs. G. C.) Scoggin</i> |
| <i>Grace Wyeth (Mrs. A. P.) Norris</i> | <i>Edgar Viguers Seeler, Jr.</i> |
| <i>Margaret Norton</i> | <i>Katherine Per Lee (Mrs. E. V.) Seeler</i> |
| <i>Ada Louise (Mrs. W.) Notestein</i> | <i>Martha Sever</i> |
| <i>James Atkins Noyes</i> | <i>Joseph Edward Sharkey</i> |
| <i>Penelope Barker Noyes</i> | <i>Philip Price Sharples</i> |
| <i>Mary Woolson (Mrs. J. L.) Paine</i> | <i>Eugenia Jackson (Mrs. P. P.) Sharples</i> |
| <i>William Lincoln Payson</i> | <i>Willard Hatch Sprague</i> |
| <i>Frederica Watson (Mrs. Wm. L.) Payson</i> | <i>Eleanor Morland Gray (Mrs. H. C.) Stetson</i> |
| <i>William Hesseltime Pear</i> | <i>Horace Paine Stevens</i> |
| <i>Fanny Carleton (Mrs. Wm. H.) Pear</i> | <i>Emmé White (Mrs. H. P.) Stevens</i> |
| <i>Harriet Emma Peet</i> | <i>Dora Stewart</i> |
| <i>Leslie Talbot Pennington</i> | <i>Alice Allegra Thorp</i> |
| <i>Elizabeth Bridge Piper</i> | <i>Mary Wellington (Mrs. K. S.) Usher</i> |
| <i>Bremer Whidden Pond</i> | <i>Mabel Henderson (Mrs. W. E.) Vandermark</i> |
| <i>Lucy Kingsley (Mrs. A. K.) Porter</i> | <i>Bertha Hallowell Vaughan</i> |
| <i>David Thomas Pottinger</i> | <i>Maude Batchelder (Mrs. C. P.) Vosburgh</i> |
| <i>Mildred Clark (Mrs. D. T.) Pottinger</i> | <i>Martha Eustis (Mrs. C.) Walcott</i> |
| <i>Roscoe Pound</i> | <i>Robert Walcott</i> |
| <i>Lucy Berry (Mrs. R.) Pound</i> | <i>Mary Richardson (Mrs. R.) Walcott</i> |
| <i>Alice Edmands Putnam</i> | <i>Grace Reed (Mrs. J. H.) Walden</i> |
| <i>Harry Seaton Rand</i> | <i>Frank De Witt Washburn</i> |
| <i>Mabel Mawhinney (Mrs. H. S.) Rand</i> | <i>Olive Ely Allen (Mrs. F. D.) Washburn</i> |
| <i>Harriette Byron Taber (Mrs. F. A.) Richardson</i> | <i>Henry Bradford Washburn</i> |
| <i>Fred Norris Robinson</i> | <i>Frederica Davis (Mrs. T. R.) Watson</i> |
| <i>Katharine Wetherill (Mrs. L.) Rogers</i> | <i>Kenneth Grant Tremayne Webster</i> |
| <i>Clyde Orval Ruggles</i> | <i>William Stewart Whittemore</i> |
| <i>Frances Holmes (Mrs. C. O.) Ruggles</i> | <i>Alice Babson (Mrs. W. S.) Whittemore</i> |
| <i>John Cornelius Runkle</i> | <i>Olive Swan (Mrs. J. B.) Williams</i> |
| <i>Gertrude (Mrs. J. C.) Runkle</i> | <i>Constance Bigelow Williston</i> |
| <i>Paul Joseph Sachs</i> | <i>Emily Williston</i> |
| <i>Mary Ware (Mrs. R. deW.) Sampson</i> | |
| <i>Frank Berry Sanborn</i> | |
| <i>Grace Cobb (Mrs. F. B.) Sanborn</i> | |

*Samuel Williston**Henry Joshua Winslow**Grace Davenport (Mrs. H. J.) Wins-*
*low**Grace Abbot Wood**John William Wood**Cyrus Woodman**Frances Billings (Mrs. C.) Woodman**Charles Henry Conrad Wright**Elizabeth Woodman (Mrs. C. H. C.)**Wright*

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

*Sylvia Church (Mrs. I.) Bowditch**Francis Apthorp Foster**Helen Wood (Mrs. W.) Lincoln**Bertram Kimball Little**Nina Fletcher (Mrs. B. K.) Little**Harold Bend Sedgwick*

LIFE MEMBERS

*Mary Emory Batchelder**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana**Eleanor Gray (Mrs. H. D.) Tudor**Alice Maud (Mrs. M. P.) White**Bradford Hendrick Peirce*



CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATIONS, VOLUME 30

Proceedings for the Year 1944



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

1945

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1945

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEAR 1944

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-SEVENTH MEETING

THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING

THE one hundred forty-seventh meeting, being the thirty-ninth annual meeting, of the Cambridge Historical Society was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. McClennen, 35 Lakeview Avenue, on Tuesday, January 26, 1944. President Walcott called the meeting to order at 8:10 P.M.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The Treasurer read his annual report, showing a balance on hand, December 31, 1943, of \$468.16; and invested funds totaling a book value of \$20,882.93, with income of \$441.11 during the year 1943.

The Auditor, Mr. Arthur B. Nichols, reported that he had examined the Treasurer's accounts and found them correct.

The Secretary read the annual report of the Council and of the Secretary.

Rev. Samuel Atkins Eliot read the following minute:

The Cambridge Historical Society makes grateful record of the diligence and fidelity of Walter Benjamin Briggs, for twenty years the Curator of the Society's books and collections. Always an unassuming man, he died with characteristic quietness and readiness on October 31, 1943 in his seventy-second year, leaving to his associates happy memories of a kindly and self-effacing friend, a good citizen and neighbor. For nearly half a century he was connected with the University Library, rising through the ranks from Superintendent of the Reading Room to Associate Librarian. He was a proficient administrator, an expert guide to reading, the noiseless builder of a

bridge over which thousands of students have marched to the joy of books. No problem of historical or bibliographical research was beyond his discernment, ingenuity, and patience. A well-stored mind and a keen sense of humor made him a captivating companion. The serious sought his counsel and the gayest welcomed his coming. He was a scholar who "widened knowledge and escaped the praise" and a man who loved his fellow men.

Professor William A. Jackson read the report of the Nominating Committee:

For President	Hon. Robert Walcott
For Vice-presidents . .	{ Rev. Samuel A. Eliot
	{ Rev. Leslie T. Pennington
	{ Miss Lois Lilley Howe
For Secretary	Bremer W. Pond
For Treasurer	John T. G. Nichols
For Curator	Miss Laura H. Dudley
For Editor	Charles Lane Hanson
For Members of the Council	the foregoing and
	Roger Gilman, Miss Elizabeth Piper,
	Mrs. Charles P. Vosburgh, Allyn B.
	Forbes, and Miss Penelope B. Noyes

There being no further nominations, it was moved and seconded that the Secretary cast one ballot for the nominations sponsored by the Committee. The Secretary did so and the slate was declared elected.

The Secretary read the report of Miss Penelope B. Noyes, Chairman of the Cambridge Women's War Finance Committee, indicating that out of 203 notices sent out to members of the Society, 12 members replied that they would invest in war bonds and stamps regularly for the duration of the war; 56 are investing; and 4 are not subscribing. Miss Noyes further reported that the Society has been asked to have two members act as hostesses on Friday, February 4, from 2 to 6 o'clock at Robinson Hall at the War Loan Art Show.

President Walcott then introduced Miss Lois Lilley Howe, who read an amusing and highly informative paper on "Harvard Square in the 'Seventies and 'Eighties." At the conclusion of the paper several members asked questions and added reminiscences.

The meeting adjourned at 9:50 P.M. About seventy members and guests were present.

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-EIGHTH MEETING

THE one hundred forty-eighth meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held at The Faculty Club, 20 Quincy Street, Cambridge, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Seeler, Jr., on the evening of Tuesday, April 25, 1944.

President Walcott called the meeting to order at 8:20.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Miss Laura H. Dudley, the Curator, called the attention of the Society to several gifts that had been received recently, among which were two interesting pictures, one of the "New Athenaeum" in Cambridge; and also a badge of the Civil War period.

The President then introduced Miss Dudley as the speaker of the evening. She read a most informative paper on the life and work of Thomas Dudley, dealing especially with his activities and enthusiasm in the founding of Cambridge, or "Newtowne." An interesting coincidence was the fact that this paper was presented on the three hundred forty-first anniversary of Thomas Dudley's wedding.

In the discussion that followed Miss Dudley's paper, Dr. Eliot mentioned that the son and grandson of Thomas Dudley were listed among the fifty most celebrated graduates of Harvard College, and that the Dudley Pickman property in Bedford, Massachusetts, had never passed out of the Dudley family.

The meeting adjourned soon after nine o'clock for refreshments. About eighty members and guests were present.

BREMER W. POND,
Secretary.

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-NINTH MEETING

THE Cambridge Historical Society held its one hundred forty-ninth meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin T. Hammond, 11 Scott Street, Cambridge, on the afternoon of Wednesday, June fourteenth, with about sixty-five members and guests present.

The President called the meeting to order at quarter past four, introducing Mrs. Maude B. Vosburgh as the speaker of the afternoon. Mrs. Vosburgh had prepared a most interesting paper on "The Disloyalty of Dr. Benjamin Church, Jr., Surgeon General of the Continental Army," which presented facts that aroused several unanswered and puzzling questions. Mr. A. W. Jackson assisted Mrs. Vosburgh by completing the reading of the paper.

There being no further business to transact, the members and guests then adjourned to the garden a little after five o'clock for refreshments.

BREMER W. POND,
Secretary.

ONE HUNDRED FIFTIETH MEETING

THE Society held its one hundred fiftieth meeting at the Parish House of the Unitarian Church on the evening of October 24, President and Mrs. Walcott being our hosts. About fifty-five members were present. In the absence of the Secretary, Mr. Gilman was appointed Secretary pro tem.

The minutes of the meeting of June 14th were read and approved.

The President stated that on fuller examination of the autobiography in manuscript of John C. Dodge it was found that the sketch of him by his son, the late Edward S. Dodge, and the reminiscences of the latter were the more interesting and better adapted for a paper. These were among the archives of the Society. He then introduced Miss Lois L. Howe, who had been selected to read them.

Mr. E. S. Dodge's recollections touched vividly on many phases of life in Cambridge in the fifties and sixties — his father's orchards on Fayette Street, the family summer exodus, Miss Harris's School, the High School, and his musical associations in school and college. These varied aspects of Cambridge inspired comments from the audience which were beyond the usual number and vivacity, in particular from Frank Gaylord Cook, Samuel A. Eliot, William H. Pear, Roger Gilman, and Philip P. Sharples.

ROGER GILMAN,
Secretary pro tem.





HARVARD SQUARE IN 1885

*Shop at extreme left, Martha Jones's. In centre, Lyceum Hall
Note the open cars*

PAPERS READ DURING THE YEAR 1944

HARVARD SQUARE IN THE 'SEVENTIES AND 'EIGHTIES

BY LOIS LILLEY HOWE

Read January 25, 1944

THESE Reminiscences, which should really have been called Harvard Square and its Environs in the 'Seventies and 'Eighties, have been in the back of my mind long enough for me to have verified details by talks with Miss Elizabeth Harris and Mrs. Archibald M. Howe, both of whom have been gone for years.

I have also to thank my old friends Charles F. Batchelder, Frances Weld Carret and George L. Winlock for reading and commenting on my statements — and Walter B. Briggs, always helpful and interested, who almost the last time that I saw him suggested my going to Mr. Edward L. Gookin at the Widener Library, who has shown me many photographs of the Square as I remember it.

At the second meeting of this Society, being its First Annual Meeting, October 30, 1905, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton gave his Reminiscences of Old Cambridge. These went back nearly as many years in his lifetime as mine do now.

He said that in his youth Harvard Square was known as the Market Place. I remember that we were amused because the Misses Palfrey spoke of it as "The Village." I have seen it change from the focal point of a small town to what it is now, a suburban centre, distinguished from others of its kind only by the fact that the buildings of Harvard University form part of its boundaries and so add to its prestige.

But in the late 'seventies and early 'eighties of the last century, Old

Cambridge was still a small College town and had an atmosphere of its own. As a child, I was allowed to go to school or anywhere else without any escort other than a contemporary one. I was sent to the Square on errands; I even disported in the College Yard, which lay between Harvard Square and "our house" on the corner of Oxford and Kirkland Streets, now known as the Peabody House.

There were, of course, two ways of going to Harvard Square from this corner, either across the College Yard or around the outside. If you were less than say fifteen, you naturally went across — who would dream of going all the way round?

"Alas! Regardless of their doom
The little victims play,
No thought have they of ills to come
Nor care beyond to-day."

I supposed vaguely that "some day" I should be "grown up," a desirable state when the round comb would disappear, the braided pigtail be "done up" on top of my head, and my dress would be long and flowing. Then of course I should be able to do anything; that I should then be told "You must never go through the College Yard" never occurred to me. It was a great blow when it came.

I don't think I shall ever forget my amused surprise when I went through the Yard one summer two or three years ago when the girls of the summer school occupied the dormitories and I saw them lying about on the grass — not in Victorian costumes, either.

So across the "Yard" I always went. First across the Delta, and diagonally over to the gateway between Thayer and Holworthy. There is a handsome wrought-iron gate there now, with brick posts and "1879" on the lantern above it, but at the time I am thinking of the members of the Class of 1879, who were eventually to present that gate to the College, were either undergraduates or just adjusting themselves to life in a new, and perhaps bleak, world. The College fence was like that still around the Common, rough granite posts, with squared wooden rails between, except that the Common fence has but two rails and the College fence had three. The Delta had originally had the same kind of fence, but around the Gymnasium, a building dimly reminiscent of an early Byzantine Church, standing where the Fire Station now stands, the fence was

diversified by having iron chains instead of wooden rails between the posts. They hung rather loosely but not loosely enough to be comfortable to swing on.

Once inside the Yard there was a real choice of route to make, whether to go left along by Thayer Hall, turning diagonally in front of University, or at once to turn right toward the College Pump, where was presented another choice, whether to go across to Church Street, or again diagonally between Massachusetts and Matthews; and almost everybody but me seems to have forgotten that there was another pump between those two buildings. Pumps have possibilities as sources of entertainment. All the walks were paved with flagstones and of course it was very important not to step on any of the cracks.

In those pre-telephone days the butchers and the grocers kept separate shops. Both came around in their carts every morning and took orders for food which they delivered later. Some butchers to be sure came to the door with the meat in their carts and the customer could go out and look at it and buy it right at her own door. There was a man, named Raymond, with whom my aunt dealt, who did his business this way. He drove a white-canvas-covered cart and wore a white frock. He lived in Chauncy Street, which has come up in the world since then, at number 23. I think he built that house so long occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George H. Browne, and the little apartment house next door was made by the Brownes out of Raymond's stable. He was a real character and on one occasion, when my aunt had expressed herself with some acerbity about a very tough leg of mutton which he had sold her, he said softly, "Why Mis's Devens, you do surprise me; Mis's Storer, she had the mate-leg and she thought it was real good."

My father ordered the meat himself and he dealt with Mr. Farmer, on the corner of Church Street. Farmer had succeeded to the business of a man named Wallace, of whom it was said that his last dying words were, "Don't forget Dr. Howe's Sunday roast o' beef."

Opposite Church Street was then, as now, the main entrance to the College Yard, the Gate of Honor, through which the Governor of Massachusetts, escorted by the Lancers, drove on Commencement Day. It was about one carriage wide with dressed granite posts and an iron gate. On each side was a footpath gateway with three turned iron posts in it. All the foot gates had posts in them; some were wooden posts with

close-fitting iron caps. The church was of course opposite, but Charles Sumner did not sit presiding over the open space between. He was, I think, sitting on the Public Garden in Boston. His present location is an appropriate one for he roomed in Hollis and Stoughton while in College and boarded with my Grandmother at Number Two Garden Street, now Dr. Norris's house.

There was a section of the Common, bounded by Garden Street, North Avenue, Holmes Place, and what was afterward named Peabody Street. Through this ran Kirkland Street to Garden Street. It was undoubtedly a relic of the days when the Common was not fenced in, and was part of the road to Watertown. It was the direct road from our house to Two Garden Street. It was not of much interest to the City and my elder brother and sister, who frequently went to see my grandmother, named it "The Slough of Despond." (They were interested in Pilgrim's Progress.)

Of the two little Commons thus formed, one was for obvious reasons called "The Flag Staff Common" and the other was to us "The Mad Bull Common." I think a sick cow had been pastured there once and she probably bemoaned her fate. Now the Subway has taken up most of the space, but the old fence is still left.

Church Street was primarily connected in my mind with going to Sunday School in the ugly old Parish House, or, as we called it, the Vestry, of the Unitarian Church, where Miss Edith Longfellow was my teacher until she married Richard Henry Dana 3rd. But there was more or less of interest in the street itself, in which there were a variety of features. There was no high and forbidding brick wall on the north side but an open space extending all along back of College House. It belonged to the College and had a fence like the College fence, with an opening through which carts could pass to the back doors of the stores. There was also an unpretentious house which had been built for Jones, the College Janitor, a well-known character.

There was a fire in Hollis Hall, in the top story, some time in the early part of 1876. I remember it very well for it was obliging enough to break out in a spectacular manner just as we were having recess at Miss Page's School on Everett Street. We could see it very clearly all across Jarvis Field and Holmes Field and we went in a body. So did all the students and all the faculty of Harvard College. In the middle of the

excitement came twelve o'clock and the sound of the College bell ringing for a recitation which no one was likely to attend. Mr. George Martin Lane was heard to say, "There is Casabianca Jones doing his duty as usual." Many years afterward, Dr. George P. Cogswell had his first office in this Church Street house.

The other end of the Street really belonged with Brattle Street. On the southwest corner was the Bates house, with its gates, its arbor and its garden, to my mind one of the beauty spots of Cambridge. The house was moved to Hawthorn Street when Church Street was widened in 1929. Samuel Chamberlain has photographed it there. I wish he could have seen it in its original setting. Its north wall was on the street line and was continued by a white board fence which enclosed the garden. There were two or three other pleasant-looking houses on that side of Church Street. At the northwest corner the Francis Dana House also belonged to Brattle Street, but there still stands high up on Church Street what I used to hear called "Dr. Wyman's old house," though Dr. Wyman had not lived in it for many years. It has been saved for us by various organizations and is now occupied by the Red Cross. Miss Jaques took boarders there. Miss Harris told me that she had been trained as a tailoress and that her mother used to wear a white turban. Miss Julia Watson lived with her. In the Unitarian Church we thought nobody could arrange flowers as well as Miss Watson. Mrs. Stephen G. Bulfinch, the daughter-in-law of Charles Bulfinch, the celebrated architect, lived here with her daughter, Ellen Susan, who was a friend of my Sister Sally's and a member of her "Club," the first of the Sewing Clubs. When I was about fifteen, I took lessons in "sketching" from Miss Bulfinch in the pleasant southwest room on the second floor. I remember a wide upper hall with a figured oilcloth on it.

The greater part of the north side of the street was taken up by Pike's Stable (afterward Blake's). It would be difficult to imagine now how important this was to Old Cambridge. From it came numbers of "hacks," each with two horses, to take the quality to dances, lectures and concerts, to weddings and funerals, day and evening. In the snowy winter days the bodies of the hacks were put on runners to form so-called "booby-huts." There was a great deal of "seat work" practised; that is, every one paid for his or her own seat, generally twenty-five cents. The driver picked up a load, going or coming. It might be strange to an outsider to

hear a maid announce "Carriage for Miss Jones and Mr. Eustis" but we were used to it, and you may be sure that Miss Jones had some other "girl" to accompany her on the perilous ride home, for no young lady was ever allowed to go anywhere in a carriage alone with a gentleman. Muirhead in his book on America, as late as 1893, speaks of the peculiarity of the Boston custom (and that of Cambridge was the same), which did not allow a young girl to go anywhere alone in a carriage with a young man she knew, but allowed her to be chaperoned by any cab driver.

In the middle of the north side of the street you may still see a smug little brick building, now occupied by A. Lavash, the carpenter, and the Cambridge School of Art. This had been the Police Station, and next to it was what had been the fire engine station before both had been moved to the then new City Building in Brattle Square. The engine house had a little belfry at the back overlooking the Burying Ground. I suppose this was where the original fire bell was hung. The site is now occupied by the Cambridge Motor Mart and the sill of one window is of weathered granite, on which is deeply cut "CAMBRIDGE 1," a relic of that fire engine station whose materials had been used for the Motor Mart.

But the most fascinating thing on Church Street I cannot exactly locate. That was a blacksmith's shop. Mr. Gookin thinks it was on Palmer Street. Miss Carret thinks there was one on Palmer Street and one on Church Street too, and both she and George Winlock remember a wheelwright's shop which I do not remember. The latter says that A. J. Jones had a "Carriage Repository" on the corner of Palmer Street, "a narrow, plain building, three stories high, with three large doors and a projecting beam at the top to hoist the wagons and carriages." Wherever the blacksmith's shop may have been, I surely did like "to look in at the open door And loved to see the flaming forge and hear the bellows roar."

Errands for my family usually sent me elsewhere. The path between Massachusetts and Matthews came out of the Yard through a gate with five iron posts in it, just about opposite the centre of College House or University Row, which then, as now, had shops all along its lower story. This gate was approximately where the present gate of the Class of 1875 stands, between Straus and Lehman Halls. Dane Hall, then the Harvard Law School, afterward the first home of the Harvard Co-operative Society, stood just to the south of it.

I cannot remember all the shops that were there but Farmer, the

butcher, as I have said, had that on the corner of Church Street. The Post Office, which had a peripatetic habit until it had the present building all of its own, was at one time here. Near where the street bends, the little triangular shop, now occupied by a florist, was that of one of the most interesting characters in the town, James Huntington. "Old Huntington," as we used to call him, was a watch and clock maker of great skill and a very eccentric individual. Thanks to Mr. Edwin H. Hall, who gave this Society an account of him in 1925, I can tell you that he was a descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He worked his way through Harvard College, graduating at 30 in the Class of 1852, and trained other workmen and had enough business to maintain another workroom, but always himself worked in the little shop. He disliked publicity and never advertised or had a sign on his shop. He always signed his bills just "J.H."

A friend of ours, who had a watch she wanted to sell, brought it to him. He offered her something like eighteen dollars, a very disappointing response. Said she, "A man in Washington told me it was worth thirty dollars." "Did he say he would *give* you thirty dollars?" was his characteristic reply. He founded a home for orphan children which would have naturally been called The Huntington Home. This he forbade and it was called after the street on which he lived, and so we know it as The Avon Home.

In the middle of the row was one of the — to me — most important shops in the Square. Perhaps I was sent there more often for a yeast cake, a thing very frequently forgotten. This was a grocery store, usually spoken of as "Wood'n Halls," properly Wood and Hall's. I think there were two doors, that it was two shops wide, but only one was in common use. The doors were two-fold and on the door posts were signs in bold black letters on white grounds advertising their specialties, among which I only remember W. I. Goods — I suppose rum and molasses from the West Indian Islands. Inside, I remember the shop as dark and rather mysterious. I remember dim gas lights made necessary on rainy or winter days by a broad wooden awning which covered the sidewalk and made it handy to unload or load barrels and perishable wares in bad weather. I think also some of the carts were loaded or unloaded in the rear in that open space that came from Church Street. I certainly have a vision of a wide door there, open in the summer. On the right of the entrance, inside,

was a long counter where retail business was conducted; on the left, a mysterious collection of boxes and barrels *and* the scales on which we children used surreptitiously to weigh ourselves, though probably no one would have minded if he had noticed us. It gave us a feeling of being rather smart and tough, and you must remember that there were no bathroom scales then and it was important to know how our weights as well as our ages compared.

Mr. James Wood and Mr. Orrin Hall, two of our finest fellow citizens, presided in person over the business they had built up. They also had an assistant named Norris. They did not wear white linen office coats but long brown linen dusters, and I always think of Mr. Wood as having a black beard and a square derby hat while Mr. Hall, who was a remarkably handsome man, figures in my memory as clean shaven with a Panama hat.

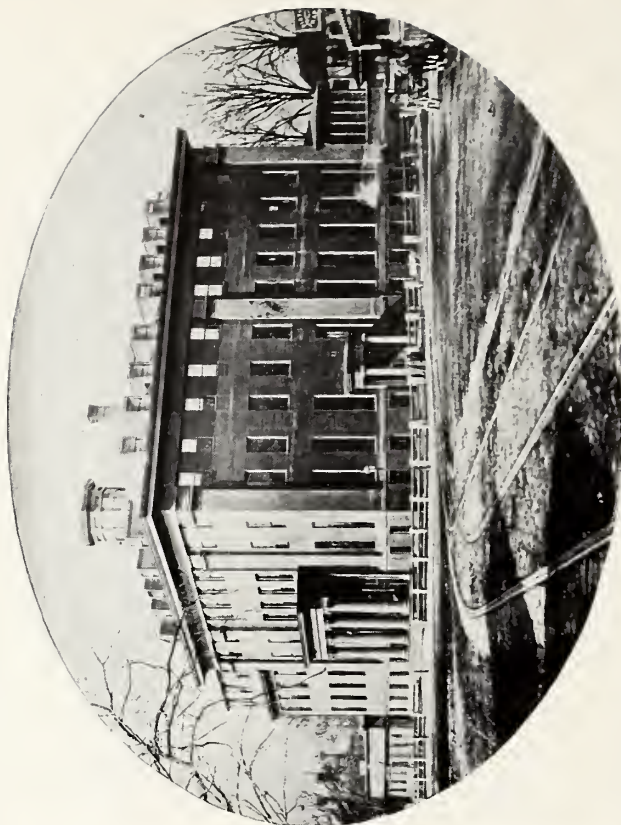
At the end of the Row were the two banks, the Charles River Bank and the Cambridge Savings Bank, side by side, and looking to me just alike, with green leather doors. After them came Lyceum Hall, where the Co-operative Society is now. There was an open space or passage between that and the banks. Lyceum Hall, without being pretentious, had some claim to architectural style. It had a classic portico at the head of a wide and imposing flight of steps. Behind this flight of steps there was, in the basement, an oyster bar of no interest to me. I think a tailor shop occupied the first story. The Hall was on the second and was approached by a flight of stairs as nearly continuous as possible with the outside flight. Up these stairs, on dancing-school days went my little feet in their rubber boots, around to the right at the top, into and across the whole length of the hall to the dressing room at the far end and all to the tune of Mr. Papanti's fiddle as he coached some special pupil. This was not the original, distinguished "Papanti" but his son, never as good a teacher and really living on his father's prestige. Still there it was we all learned to dance. Will there ever be a greater thrill than leading the Marching Cotillion at the Dancing School Ball?

Brattle Street begins here, though it always seems a part of Harvard Square to me. The first little fruit stand was tucked into a crack next to Lyceum Hall. Here one Baccilupi sold peanuts and bananas. Then came another triangular store where Ramsay dispensed drugs. This was the shop to which James Russell Lowell alluded in the many times told pun when he said he would rather see Ramsay's in Harvard Square than Rameses the Great in Egypt.



HUMPHREY HOUSE

*Mount Auburn Street and Brattle Square,
facing across Brattle Street*



UNIVERSITY PRESS

*Corner Brattle Street and Brattle Square
On extreme right, the Brattle House*

Further on was the fish store of Alexander Millan, with that marvelous aquarium in the window. I wonder whether it is the same aquarium or its great-grandchild which graces Campbell and Sullivan's shop on Church now. Do children flatten their noses against the window to see it? I suppose aquaria are now so common in the home that it does not prove as alluring as that did to me, although to be sure there was beneath the window one of those dreadful grilles over an area, which were so alarming — you really knew you could not possibly fall through, but you might catch your toe!

David Brewer kept a butcher shop on the further corner of Palmer Street. His brother Tom, a somewhat noted and notorious character, ran a similar business across Brattle Square. Around on Brattle Street the Worcester Brothers had a furniture store in a new brick block, in which, upstairs on the second floor, was the office of Dr. Andrews, the dentist. My aunt Mrs. Devens once went to Worcester Brothers to give an order, for they were famous people for repairing upholstery and taking up and putting down carpets (this last piece of business being quite unknown in the present day). She said in her forceful way: "I should like to have all the brothers come before me and take this order, so that no one of you can say, 'You must have given that order to my brother, I never heard anything about it'."

Between this building and the Bates House on the corner of Church Street were three houses, variously occupied. That next to the Bates House was three stories high, tall and narrow with its end to the street, of the same type as Christ Church Rectory. In this, upstairs was a very good dressmaker, who must have had great courage to adopt that business, as she bore the unfortunate, for her, name of Miss Fitz.

These formed the northwest side of Brattle Square, which had at that time a certain distinction of its own. As you look from Harvard to Brattle Square today, the vista is closed by the Post Office and the Reserve Bank, but then you would have seen the University Press. This was a very large building and as it was always painted a dirty brown, I think we all thought that it was a shabby old hulk. As a matter of fact it was quite a fine piece of architecture, originally built for a hotel, the Brattle House. It was occupied as a dormitory by students for several years prior to 1865, about which time it was taken over by the University Press. Its proportions were good and so was its detail. It was three stories high above a brick basement. The stories were of graduated heights, as

was shown by the windows. The walls were divided into panels by pilasters. There was a mansard roof with dormers and it was crowned by a cupola. There was a porch on the Brattle Street side and a portico with Ionic columns on the end toward Brattle Square. There was no more imposing building in the Square. Certainly not its neighbor across Mount Auburn Street, the City Building, bearing all the architectural faults of its period, the Seventies, with a much beturreted mansard roof and an illuminated clock. This was the home of the Police Station, the Fire Department, and the Police Court. The site is now part of the Boston Elevated Railway's train yard. In the top of this building was Armory Hall, destined to outshine Lyceum Hall as a ballroom and eventually to be cut out for that purpose by Brattle Hall. Here it was that later I and many of my contemporaries "came out" in society.

My first memory of this hall is of an affair there which may have had to do with its own opening to society or perhaps with some one of the spate of Revolutionary Centennial anniversaries which swept this part of Massachusetts in the early Seventies, beginning with that of the Boston Tea Party, in December 1873. At any rate there I was with my whole family (an unusual circumstance in itself) having supper and demanding chicken salad. I can't think why, nor can I understand why it was refused, but I was much injured by the refusal. Wandering around to amuse myself, I met a schoolmate, Winifred Howells, about to have supper with her father William Dean Howells, distinguished author and fellow townsman. Of course I poured out my woes to them. And wasn't it wonderful? I had supper again with them and to my surprise I had a plate of chicken salad served to me.

There was on Mount Auburn Street some distance to the west of the City Building, on the corner of Nutting Place, a very pretty old house, similar to the Bates house. It had two very good gates and was set up on a retaining wall. As it was painted an ugly brown it did not receive as much notice as it might have, and no one thought of buying it and moving it away, as was done with the Bates house. On the other corner of Nutting Place was a fine large French roofed house of a type much used on North Avenue (that part of Massachusetts Avenue leading from Harvard Square to Arlington). This was very handsome in its way and was on a terrace with a granite retaining wall and had a driveway to the front door; there must have been a stable somewhere but I do not remember it.

The Cambridge Garage now stands there. A little above this, on the other side of the street, are still two dignified Victorian houses peering sadly around past the cheap apartment houses that have been built in their front yards. All of which shows that Mount Auburn Street once had high hopes and makes us thankful that we were able to keep the electric cars off Brattle Street. It was a tough fight to do so.

At the southeast corner of Brattle Square was a dignified Greek Revival type of house with big fluted pillars across the front. It stood up high, about where the white brick filling-station now is and certainly gave an air to the locality. This was the Humphrey House, in which lived Mr. Francis Josiah Humphrey, Secretary of my father's class, Harvard 1832. My father sat between him and John Holmes at all lectures for the four years of College. The Commencement Punch of that class was always at our house and Mr. Humphrey always demanded a kiss from "the baby" before he left.

On the way back to Harvard was the Holly Tree Inn on the east side of Brattle Street. Of this I have no recollection, but Miss Frances Weld Carret writes of it as "that picturesque story and a half house with the porch all across the front and the yard all around it. The whole Square on that side was so open with fewer buildings." Miss Carret lived in Appian Way and probably always approached the Square through Brattle Street, while I came from the other direction. I have also been told that the best beer could be procured at the Holly Tree Inn, but that did not interest me at all. I think however that it was the first public eating place in that neighborhood. The students were supposed to eat at Memorial Hall.

At the point between Brattle and Boylston Streets was the hardware store of I. P. Estes, in a wooden building up quite a number of steps. I have been told that his name was Ivory Pearl. His wife was a nurse and I can testify that she was a good one. In those days there were no trained hospital nurses.

The name of Boylston Street was originally Brighton Street, obviously because it led to Brighton. It was changed because Brighton was not very stylish and moreover it was associated with what we now call the "Abattoir," then the Slaughter House. When the Abattoir was built, the fire alarm was rung from it and we always called it "the Brighton Bull." I suppose it was to this bourn that large droves of cattle were led, which came through Harvard Square from North Avenue from time to

time at no stated intervals. They were more or less alarming; we sometimes spoke of them as Texan Rangers, but I never heard of their doing any harm. They probably came from the West via Porter's Station, but, though usually of an inquiring turn of mind, I never asked about them nor connected them with "Dr. Howe's Sunday roast o' beef."

On the south side of the Square, between Boylston and Dunster Streets, were the oldest buildings: three frame houses, with shops built into their lower stories. The two-story house on the corner had an unusually wide gable with an arched window in the middle and a window on each side, all still having blinds. The next, on the other side of what had been a lane across which the shops had been built, was a former farmhouse, end on to the Square and built close against an old tavern. I cannot remember the exact sequence of the shops except the first and last. The first was the grocery store of James H. Wyeth, a friendly rival to Wood and Hall. It had been recently moved here from Brattle Street, near Ramsay's. Mr. Wyeth was a familiar figure in the town, another good fellow citizen. He retired many years later to grow oranges in Florida. In the second story of that building a young Swede had recently established a shop for framing pictures. His name was J. F. Olsson and his family carry on the business today.

I should say that Richardson's bookstore was next to Wyeth's. This became that of Amee Brothers later. Here it was that Lee L. Powers was introduced to Cambridge commercial circles, where he eventually made a reputation as an unusual, if not lovable, character. He graduated from the sale of books to that of antiques in general and furniture in particular. Then there was Mann's (afterwards Moriarty's) Boot and Shoe Store, where my earliest shoes, "ankle-ties," and rubber-boots were bought. All those shops were low-studded and this may have been built into the passage — because I remember a back shop with a ceiling light over it. The Mann Brothers were as like as twins, undersized and always seeming to me like gnomes in a cave. The days of "packaging" had not arrived and when any kind of footwear was desired, the salesman groped in a large deep drawer, containing quantities of shoes of the type desired. When he had got hold of one shoe, he pulled it out. The mate came with it because they were fastened together by a string which ran from shoe to shoe through the stiff part just above the heel. A knot at each end of the string kept the shoes from being disconnected.

Mr. Charles Eliot Norton is my authority for the statement that the last of these compartments, the waiting room of the Street Railroad, was in a part of what had been Willard's Tavern. It was an unattractive, dingy, low-studded room; very dark, although its whole front was of glass. In winter it was heated by an airtight stove. Next to this building, where the Cambridge Savings Bank is now, was a three-story brick building on the ground floor of which was a confectioner's shop. This was originally kept by a man named Belcher, a cheerful bearded man with a smiling and bossy wife, but they disappeared from the picture very early, when they sold out to their saleswoman, Miss Martha R. Jones, who became one of the most noted people in the Square. We delighted in her sign on the window, M. R. Jones, and to call her Mr. Jones was scarcely a misnomer. In an age when sport clothes were unknown even to men, and all women were dressed in supremely feminine garb, Marthy Jones's costume was distinctly mannish. She probably would have rejoiced in "slacks," but at that time it was against the law for women to wear trousers, so she wore a very masculine-looking coat over her long plain dress. Her hat also was more or less like a man's, of a shocking bad type, and I can not remember her in any other dress. But she sold good candy to the muffled rumble of a printing press on the floor above, on the site of Stephen Daye's press, the first in the Colony. We must have bought our icecream from her too.

Down Dunster Street, past the car barns and on the other side of Mount Auburn Street, was Wright's Bakery. Mr. Wright's son, George Wright, was another of our leading citizens and a member and benefactor of this Society. Here it was that we bought brown bread for Saturday night or Sunday morning, and we could have bought baked beans too. And we did buy Brighton biscuits, large scalloped cookies with shiny granulated sugar all over them.

Across Dunster Street from Martha Jones's were two modern buildings, Little's Block and Holyoke House. These had students' rooms upstairs, I suppose the first expansion of the College from the dormitories in the Yard; forerunners of Beck Hall and the Gold Coast. On the ground floor were the most modern shops. There was F. E. Saunders' Drygoods Store on the corner. Here were obtainable all sorts of what are known as "small wares" and many other things. It was said that Edith Longfellow bought her wedding dress here, when she married Richard Henry Dana, Third. That was the first place where I remember buying any-

thing. What it was I do not remember, only that my watchful aunt Miss Mary Howe was supervising the purchase and she reproved me for handing my money to the saleswoman before I received the equivalent. And I remember the money too. It was a twenty-five cents bill, a greenback, like a small dollar bill. I never saw a silver quarter of a dollar until I was as much as twelve years old, when the United States resumed specie payments after the Civil War. We then just said THE WAR.

Mr. Saunders was famous for his Ollendorffian remarks, somewhat like a foreign phrase book. When you asked him for something he did not have he suggested something else which was not usually in the same class. It was possibly his way of stimulating trade. That was the first store where I ever saw a sale of Christmas goods, and more than that, they were Japanese. Probably the first unloading of the products of Japanese cheap labor! Many of them were very pretty and wonderful for a child to buy. I think I still have a Japanese lacquered glove box which must have come from there.

John H. Hubbard kept the apothecary shop next door. The same shop you know as Billings and Stover's Drug Store. Many years after his retirement, I met him and he showed me a tintype of himself standing beside a big high-wheeled bicycle. He told me with pride that it showed he was a pioneer in two things, amateur photography and bicycling. He had of course developed and printed the tintype himself. I have been told that he played the trombone in the Pierian Sodality orchestra for many years. My acquaintance with a soda fountain began in this shop, but that was some years later. There was no icecream in the soda, only a sweet syrup. We preferred to go for that to Mr. Bartlett's store, which was, I think, where the Cambridge Trust Company is now. Probably this was on account of the personality of Mr. Bartlett, who served us himself and liked to talk to us.

The University Book Store was distinguished and stylish. It did not look like a country store as many of the others did. Of course I was proud to go there, because Mr. Sever, who kept it, was the father of my very intimate friend and much of my playtime was spent at his house. He was a handsome man, rather grave and severe, and I held him in awe, though he was always very kind to me.

Probably no one ever thought of Harvard Square as "pretty," yet if we could see it today as it was fifty or sixty years ago, we should say that

HARVARD
SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE
AND ITS
ENVIRONS

1872~1882

Scale 1 100 ft 200 ft

THE
COMMON

SOLDIER'S MONUMENT

NORTH AVENUE

HOLMES
PLACE

MAD BULL
COMMON

"THE SLOUGH
OF DESPOND"
FLAGSTAFF
COMMON

CAMBRIDGE

GARDEN STREET

OLD BURYING
GROUND

MASON STREET
JAMES STREET
Orthodox Church
School

The Washington Elm

APOLLO WAY

CHRIST CHURCH

FARWELL PLACE

CHURCH STREET

1325 SOUTH

COLLEGE HOUSE

HARVARD SQUARE

BRATTLE STREET

BRATTLE STREET

MOUNT AUBURN STREET

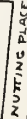
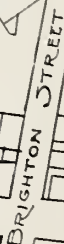
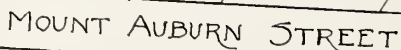
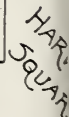
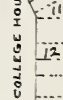
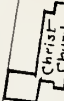
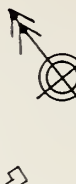
BRATTLE SQUARE

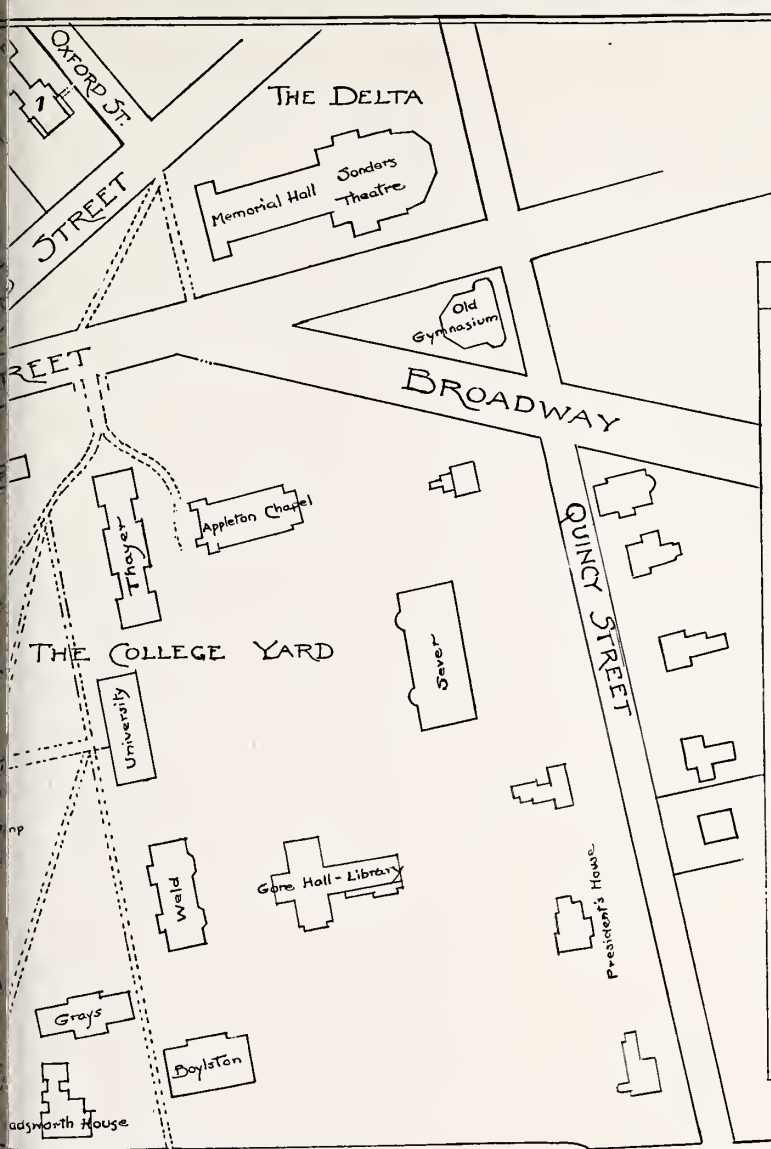
BRIGHTON STREET

NUTTING PLACE

City Building

Winthrop Square





DIRECTORY

1. Number 1 Oxford Street
2. "Jones" House
3. Bates House
4. Dana House
5. Dr. Wyman's House.
6. Pike's Stable.
7. Old Police Station.
8. Old Fire Engine House
9. Probable Site of Forge.
10. Farmer's Butcher Shop
11. "J. H.'s" Shop.
12. Wood and Hall's.
13. Banks.
14. Lyceum Hall.
15. Ramsay's.
16. Alexander-Millan.
17. David Brewer.
18. Worcester Brothers
19. Miss Fife.
20. House like the Bates House
21. House of W. L. Whitney.
22. Humphrey House.
23. Tom Brewer.
24. Holly Tree Inn.
25. I. P. Estes.
26. J. H. Wyeth.
27. Street Car Waiting Room
28. Martha Jones.
29. Wright's Bakery.
30. F. E. Saunders.
31. John A. Hubbard.
32. University Book Store
33. McElreth's.
34. Apthorp House: Bishop's Palace.
35. Holmes House.
36. Mrs. Baker's
37. Fay House.
38. Two Garden Street

*Lois Lilley Howe
del-1945*

it had a certain charm. While many of the buildings were not beautiful, none were hideously commonplace. The low country-like fence around the College Yard and the lawns between that and the College buildings made the Yard all of a piece with the Square and gave a quality and atmosphere which has now entirely gone. Wadsworth House, instead of being huddled in between other buildings, looking as if it had made its last stand at the edge of the sidewalk, had a yard in front of it with a lilac hedge between that and a handsome Colonial picket fence, all of a piece with its old New England charm. There was also a row of trees along that side of the street. (This was Main Street then.) All this vanished when the street was widened, some time in the nineties, I think, on account of the electric cars. Might we call this the first step in "mechanization"? There were trees in front of Lyceum Hall and College House too. I do not remember the big elm with a low stone wall around it, near which stood a watering trough and the hay scales. As far as I can make out from photographs, these stood just about where the subway station now stands. They were removed in the early seventies because they obstructed traffic!

The Square, then, as I remember, had some of the charm of an open space and was not too crowded. But there was one important feature which we never thought even picturesque until it was gone forever — the horse.

Horses were everywhere; on the tradesmen's carts, on the ice carts, the express wagons, as well as on the private carriages of our more wealthy citizens. Likewise there were the horsecars. Funny little things we should think them now, used as we are to huge electric cars and busses, not to mention stream-lined automobiles and enormous trucks. They were low and square and yellow with flat roofs. Each was drawn by two stalwart horses (four when snow was on the ground). These were brought up from the car-barn on Dunster Street all harnessed, with pole and whiffle-tree to hook on to the car whose horses were to be changed. Stout-bearded Irishmen brought them. I remember one jolly "Brian" with a Falstaffian figure, a brown beard and a twinkling eye. He used to bring pails of water for the horses from the watering trough and pump for this purpose in front of Dane Hall.

There was not so much changing of cars in the Square. You took the car you wanted in Boston and came out through Main Street, now

Massachusetts Avenue. Some cars went up Brattle Street, some up Garden Street, some up North Avenue, now Massachusetts Avenue. People who lived on Kirkland Street did not have to come to the Square to go to Boston. They could take a Broadway or an East Cambridge car. Each car had a driver and a conductor. You did not pay as you entered; the conductor came through the car to get your fare, no matter how crowded it was.

These officers did not wear uniforms, unless the huge buffalo-skin coats and caps the drivers wore in the winter might be so considered. For these the modern expression "battle dress" would seem to have been appropriate when we think of their driving across the West Boston Bridge, one and a quarter miles long, in stormy winter weather. I think, if you look up the facts, which I give from memory, you will find that even after electric cars came in, the vestibules were not enclosed for several years. There was great discussion about it. Many people thought the motor men would not be able to see as well and were sure reflections on the glass would be confusing and dangerous. Hence the curtains which they sometimes drew across.

The passengers inside the cars, though shielded from the fury of the elements, were also cold. The Company did its best by filling up the floors of the cars with straw, which helped indifferently well to shield the passengers' feet from drafts from the floors. It was changed quite often but could not be kept very clean when snow melted into it and mud joined the snow. — But what pleasant, neighborly visits we had on those long cold rides, as well as in the summers when the open cars were used.

There were hay scales in front of Dane Hall, then the Harvard Law School, and also a stand, not of cabs, but of express and "job" wagons. Sawin's Express was the only express, but I remember that Henry Lewis, a tall colored man, who tended our furnace, had a cart there. According to the fashion of the time, it was very high with a high seat across the front, and was for "furniture moving" purposes. Moving, in those days, was not done with discreet closed and padded vans, but in such a wagon as I have described. Some care was exercised to protect the handsomer pieces of furniture, which were put at the bottom of the load and covered with fairly clean cloths. The shabby pieces were on the top, inadequately draped with bits of burlap. This arrangement made a load of furniture,

even of one of our most wealthy citizens, look a good deal like a Morgan Memorial wagon on a day when it has made a good haul.

But to return to the shops. There was not really much of interest beyond Holyoke Street. There was to be sure the "Bishop's Palace" (the Apthorp House, now Adams House, the Master's residence). Always mysterious to me, it stared across a dead garden where are now shops, instead of a picket fence along the Street. There was another little delta between the foot of Quincy Street and Main Street, with a fence around it. But near the further corner of Holyoke Street was one most important shop. Over it was the sign "Confectionary," and within, the proprietor, who looked like the knave in a pack of cards, only he did not wear a hat, sold candy and toys. I have been told that he served icecream in his back shop and that as the floor was cold because there was no cellar, he had straw laid under the woolen carpet.

In the front shop was the candy, sometimes chocolate mice with brown string tails, and more important, paper dolls, with famous or distinguished names. I only remember Clara Louise Kellogg. Was she an opera singer? How illusory is fame! She came printed in colors all ready to cut out and with dresses, too. And there were china dolls of several sizes and prices suited to the infant purse, but all alike, perfectly stiff with only the arms sticking out as if to join in a boxing bout. Sex was determined by the hair — worn in bunches over the ears and a pointed pompadour by the boys, and in curls around the head by the girls. Very valuable and precious these were, and easy to dress with very little material, except that the legs being almost tight together, it was hard to manage trousers for the boys. The dolls were very easily broken and so had to be replaced when one's budget permitted.

And from this shop I usually skipped happily home along the path between Gray's and Boylston Halls and past University, taking care, of course, not to step on any crack in the flag-stone walk, though some of the stones on that path were very wide and it was extremely hard to manage those with one step each.

THOMAS DUDLEY, FOUNDER OF CAMBRIDGE

BY LAURA HOWLAND DUDLEY

Read April 25, 1944

THE sun that shone upon the Newtowne of the early 1630's and the moon and stars that looked down upon the settlement at night saw a very different picture from the one that is lighted by them today. Then it was a mere hamlet with a few houses hardly more than a stone's throw from the present Harvard Square. Marsh, which extended all along the river, bordered the settlement on the river side, and with the exception of clearings made for grazing grounds or planting fields, the forest stretched north, east, and west. Now the marsh and the forest are gone, and we have instead dwelling-houses, business blocks, public buildings, and great factories.

There is just as great a difference between the people who lived here then and the Cambridge citizens of today. Then they were all of one blood — English — and now almost every nation of the earth is represented here. Then they spoke the same language. They had the same ideas and the same ideals. They held the same religious faith and they were about equally endowed with this world's goods — all very well off, said even to have been rich. The Reverend William Stoughton said in 1669: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness."

We cannot judge the citizen of Newtowne of three centuries and more ago by the Cantabrigian of our time. We must see him in his own setting and form our estimate of him by the part he played among his contemporaries and by their appraisal of his personality, his character, and his ability, and by what we know of his achievements.

The biographer of Thomas Dudley says that it is the duty of every man in public life to write his autobiography and give to mankind his own interpretation of events, for without this, the only person who knew his reason for his actions in a given case cannot be heard. Thomas Dudley took no such precautions. The man, as I see him, had no interest in registering his opinions, recording his actions, or handing down to

posterity a criticism of his associates or an account of his own successes. His time was so completely occupied with public works that he had no leisure in which to make private records. Not until shortly before his death did he proclaim his distinguished lineage. Then only, in affixing to his will the seal of the Barons of Dudley, of Dudley Castle, Staffordshire, England, did he claim connection with that illustrious family. His interest was centered in the good of the community which he was so largely responsible for founding and to which he devoted his time and his best efforts during the twenty-three years he lived after coming to New England. Nor was he interested in perpetuating his likeness. No authentic portrait of him is known. One eminent historian, no less an authority than our own John Fiske, has drawn conclusions about his character from his portrait, but unfortunately for Mr. Fiske, the portrait on which he based his opinion just happens to be that of another man. The figure on the Dudley gate on Quincy Street is the artist's conception of the man, a faithful and sympathetic representation of *the Puritan*. Isham, in his "History of American Painting," says that at that period religious prejudice was opposed to most forms of art both in New England and Pennsylvania. If some of Thomas Dudley's judgments seem harsh to us, we must remember that he was a Puritan among Puritans, and lived in a very different age from ours, when piety was austere, when men were intolerant in their religious convictions, when, although their decisions and actions may seem hard, they were nevertheless just and humane when compared with the cruelties practiced in other countries. The Puritan was true to the light as he saw it. James Russell Lowell says: "The men who gave every man a chance to become a landholder, who made transfer of land easy, and put knowledge within the reach of all, have been called narrow-minded, because they were intolerant. But intolerant of what? Of what they believed to be dangerous nonsense, which if left free would destroy the last hope of civil and religious freedom."

Thomas Dudley was born in Northamptonshire, England, and baptized in St. Andrew's church, Yardley, Hastings, on October 12, 1576, the only son of Capt. Roger Dudley and Susanna Thorne. His father, commissioned by Queen Elizabeth, is said to have been killed at the battle of Ivry in 1590, fighting with the English Protestants under Henry of Navarre, leaving his motherless boy of fourteen and a daughter to face the world alone. Modesty forbids me to name his famous ancestors on his

mother's side. His daughter, Ann, the first American poet, in these lines in "An Elegie upon that Honourable and renowned Knight, Sir Philip Sidney," claims kinship with that idol of his contemporaries:

"Let then, none dis-allow of these my straines
Which have the self-same blood yet in my veins."

It is said that some kind and unknown friend left him £500 and Mather records that during the childhood of Thomas Dudley "it pleased God to move the heart of one Mrs. Purefoy, a gentlewoman famed in the parts about North-Hampton for wisdom, piety, and works of charity: by her care he was trained up in some Latin school wherein he learned the rudiments of his grammar, the which he improved afterwards by his own industry to considerable advantage, so he was able even in his age to understand any Latin author as well as the best clerk in the country that has been continually kept to study."

When he was about fifteen years old, he became page to Lord Henry Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton, whom he served some six years, living "in the midst of wealth, luxury, and splendor." It was an honor for a boy at that time to hold such a position and called for one of gentle birth. Had Thomas Dudley not belonged to an important family he would have been taught a trade. It was a great advantage to the orphan to live in the family of the Earl of Northampton, one of the finest in England, for it was a liberal education to be placed in such an environment and to be brought in contact with the eminent associates of such a man. Here he remained, Cotton Mather said, "until he was ripe for higher services."

In 1597, when Dudley was twenty-one years old, King Henry IV of France laid siege to Amiens which was held by the Spanish king, Philip II. It is said that Queen Elizabeth called for volunteers to go to the assistance of the French king, but that her appeal met with no response from the youth of Northampton until she gave Dudley a captain's commission, and then some eighty young men flocked to his leadership and with him participated in the siege. When Amiens surrendered, Dudley returned to England and, according to Cotton Mather, "settled again about North-Hampton & there, meeting with a gentlewoman both of good estate and good extraction, he entered into marriage with her, and then took up his habitation for sometime in that part of the country."

This young woman was Dorothy Yorke, daughter of Edmond Yorke of Cotton End, Northamptonshire, some six years his junior. Five children were born of this marriage: a son, Samuel, and four daughters, Ann, Patience, Sarah, and Mercy. The marriage took place at Hardingstone, England, April 25, 1603. It is interesting to note that today is the three hundred and forty-first anniversary of that wedding.

It was about this time that Thomas Dudley became clerk of the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster. Mather says he was "taken by Judge Nicolls to be his clerk, who, being his kinsman also, on his mother's side, took more special notice of him; and from him, being a prompt young man, he learned much skill in the law, & attained to such abilities as rendered him capable of performing a Secretary's place, for he was known to have a very good pen, to draw up any writing in succinct and apt expressions, which so far commended him to the favour of the judge that he never would have dismissed him from his service, but have preferred him to some more eminent and profitable employment under him, but that he was prevented by death to put into execution what he had designed for his further promotion."

That a man of Judge Nicolls' ability and standing should have chosen Thomas Dudley to assist him is a guarantee of the latter's ability and qualifications. On the other hand, Dudley's close association with such a man as Judge Nicolls and the important men with whom he came in contact must have had a marked influence in developing the younger man. Other influences must have borne fruit also. In London he was in the very center of the religious and political controversies of the time, when the divine right of kings was questioned and England was entering the struggle for liberty which brought Charles I to the block and Cromwell to the protectorate.

The King James translation of the Bible was being made in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey. Shakespeare was writing plays which were being acted in the Globe Theatre and Blackfriars, and Dudley may well have seen the great dramatist. Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Sidney, and Donne were among the English writers of Thomas Dudley's day. This was the time, too, when Galileo was performing experiments which led to the discovery of the laws of motion. Sir Walter Raleigh made his voyage to the new world, and in Holland Spinoza was developing his philosophy.

Judge Nicolls died in 1616. Thomas Dudley was then forty years old and for fourteen years longer he remained in England. During the greater part of that time he was steward to Theophilus Clinton, 4th Earl of Lincoln, in or near Sempringham in Lincolnshire. Here he found himself in a very congenial atmosphere, both religious and political. His mother's family had a leaning toward Puritanism, Judge Nicolls was in sympathy with the Puritan movement, and Sempringham was the very center of Puritan thought. At Cambridge University, near by, the most advanced ideas were being expressed, and at Boston and the surrounding towns Puritan ministers were preaching to their congregations.

He was practically private secretary to this Earl, and among his varied duties he had the management of the Earl's estates and the collecting of rents. The Earl had inherited through his father from his grandfather a debt of \$100,000. Dudley, by his wisdom and great business ability, made the property yield a clear profit of more than \$10,000 a year so that the Earl was able to pay off his enormous debt. Through his efficiency and strict integrity Dudley won the Earl's confidence so completely that, as Mather says, "nothing could be done at Sempringham without Thomas Dudley." He was even intrusted with the delicate mission of arranging a match between the daughter of Lord Say and the Earl of Lincoln.

He retired in 1626, having put the Earl's affairs in good condition and accumulated for himself a sufficient fortune to give him a comfortable living. He went to live in Boston, England, where he listened to the preaching of John Cotton, and for a short time he probably lived in Rutlandshire, fifteen miles from Sempringham, near Isaac Johnson, who had married the sister of the Earl of Lincoln.

He had the friendship and confidence of Judge Nicolls, Lord Compton, Isaac Johnson, the Earl of Lincoln, and a large number of the most eminent men of the time, men who, in turn, were associates of Cromwell, Hampden, and Pym. With such a background of experience, social position, and business success, having already retired from business with a comfortable fortune, he became interested in the project of establishing a settlement in the new world.

Let us hear his own story of the emigration as he told it to the Countess of Lincoln in his long and famous letter. Drake, in his "History and Antiquities of Boston," says of this letter: "No document in the annals of Boston will compare in importance with it and no one can successfully

study this period of its history without it." After outlining events in the New England plantation before their arrival, Dudley went on: "Touching the Plantation which we have here begun, it fell out thus. About the year 1627, some friends being together in Lincolnshire, fell into discourse about New England and the planting of the Gospel there; and after some deliberation we imparted our reasons, by letters and messages, to some in London and the west country; where it was likewise deliberately thought upon, and at length with often negotiations so ripened, that in the year 1628 we procured a patent from his Majesty for our planting between the Massachusetts Bay and Charles River on the south, and the river of Merrimack on the north, and three miles on either side of those rivers or bay; as also for the government of those who did or should inhabit within that compass. And the same year we sent Mr. John Endicott, and some with him, to begin a Plantation, and to strengthen such as he should find there, which we sent thither from Dorchester and some places adjoining. From whom the same year receiving hopeful news, the next year, 1629, we sent divers ships over, with about three hundred people, and some cows, goats, and horses, many of which arrived safely.

"These, by their too large commendations of the country and the commodities thereof, invited us so strongly to go on, that Mr. Winthrop, of Suffolk (who was well known in his own country, and well approved here for his piety, liberality, wisdom, and gravity), coming in to us, we came to such resolution, that in April, 1630, we set sail from Old England with four good ships."

To go back a bit. On the 26th of August, 1629, twelve of the outstanding men of the Puritan party held a meeting in Cambridge, England, and laid plans to lead a migration to New England on condition that the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Company and the government established under it could be transferred with them to America. Since there was no legal obstacle to this, they agreed to sell their estates and sail for Massachusetts Bay the following March. John Fiske says: "They planned to establish a place of refuge in New England not only for themselves but for those who remained in England to fight the fight of liberty of conscience and where, if they were not successful, they could find that liberty."

The first signer of this compact, known as the "Cambridge agreement," was Richard Saltonstall, and the second Thomas Dudley. Matthew

Craddock, the first governor of the Company, and John Humphreys, deputy-governor, withdrew, and to fill their places, John Winthrop was chosen governor, and Thomas Dudley deputy-governor.

Four ships left Southampton March 22, 1630. The *Arbella*, a ship of 350 tons, carried among her passengers the Lady Arabella Johnson, sister of the Earl of Lincoln, and her husband, Isaac Johnson, John Winthrop and two sons, Sir Richard Saltonstall, three sons and two daughters, the Reverend George Philips and his wife, Thomas Dudley, his wife, Dorothy, his son, Samuel, and four daughters, Ann, the bride of Simon Bradstreet, afterwards governor, Patience, Sarah, and Mercy.

The *Arbella* was delayed by contrary winds, and on April 7 a letter was drawn up, expressing their loyalty to the Church of England, calling her "Our dear mother," and signed by the leading men on board. They were Puritans, not Separatists, as the Plymouth colonists were. They wished to reform the church from within, not break from it. They pledged loyalty to Christ, not conformity to the Church of England.

Finally, on April 8, they were off and after a rough voyage the *Arbella* reached harbor June 22, 1630, and a party, led by the governor, went in search of a place to settle. Winthrop, in his journal, says: "In the meantime most of our people went on shore upon the land of Cape Ann, which lay very near us, and gathered store of fine strawberries." On June 14 he records: "In the morning early we weighed anchor, the wind being against us, and the channel so narrow as we could not well turn in, we warped in our ship and came to an anchor in the inner harbor." Most historians have named Salem as the harbor where the immigrants landed, but Professor Samuel Eliot Morison, charting the course of the *Arbella* along our shores from the statistics recorded in Winthrop's journal, reached the conclusion the harbor was Beverly rather than Salem.

They settled first on the land between the Charles and Mystic Rivers, the site of the present Charlestown. Edward Johnson, in his "Wonder Working Providence" published in London in 1654, says: "The first station they took up was at Charles Towne, where they pitched some Tentes of Cloath, others built them small Huts, in which they lodged their Wives and Children." On August 27, 1630, they completed their church organization, afterwards the "First Church in Boston." Finding the water supply unsatisfactory, they "scattered in search of better locations, some settling on the south side of Charles River, naming the place

Boston" — as, according to Thomas Dudley, "we intended to have done the place we first resolved on." It is not an unreasonable guess that he, having lived in Boston, England, was responsible for the naming of Boston, Massachusetts.

Because of its location Boston was obviously destined to be a leading center in the colony, but because of that very position, exposed to attack from the sea, the early settlers did not at first intend to make it the seat of government. Governor Winthrop and his assistants started out on a tour of exploration. Thomas Dudley, in his letter to the Countess of Lincoln, says: "We began again in December [1630] to consult about a fit place to build a town upon, leaving all thought of a fort, because upon any invasion we were necessarily to lose our houses, when we should retire thereunto. So after divers meetings at Boston, Roxbury, and Watertown, on the 28th of December, we grew to this resolution, to bind all the Assistants (Mr. Endicott and Mr. Sharpe excepted, which last purposeth to return by the next ship to England) to build houses at a place a mile east from Watertown, near Charles River the next spring, and to winter there the next year; that so by our examples, and by removing the ordnance and munitions thither, all who were able might be drawn thither, and such as shall come to us hereafter, to their advantage, be compelled to do so; and so, if God would, a fortified town might there grow up."

According to this agreement, Governor John Winthrop, Deputy-governor Thomas Dudley, and all the assistants except John Endicott, who had settled in Salem, and Mr. Sharpe, who was to return to England, were to build and occupy houses in Newtowne in the spring of 1631. Dudley and Bradstreet built their houses, and the General Court of the colony met alternately at Newtowne and Boston until 1638, when it settled permanently in Boston. Winthrop erected the frame of his house which he took down and moved to Boston. To one of Dudley's strict honor and inflexible integrity such an action meant the breaking of a contract. In the controversy which ensued between Winthrop and Dudley, Winthrop claimed he had fulfilled his agreement but the Court decided against him. These two leaders had their differences as persons of strong opinions are bound to have, but at the same time they held each other in mutual respect, and when Dudley's son married Winthrop's daughter, their appellations were of real affection. Dudley spoke of Winthrop as "well approved here for his liberality, wisdom, and gravity,"

and at another time Winthrop, speaking of Dudley, said: "Besides, this gentleman was a man of approved wisdom and godliness and of much good service to his country," and when a difference of opinion arose between them, Winthrop wrote Dudley: "I am unwilling to keep such a cause of provocation by me," to which Dudley replied: "Your overcoming yourself hath overcome me."

Of the eight heads of families recorded as living in Newtowne in the summer of 1631 — the first settlers of Newtowne — Thomas Dudley was the most eminent. He built his house on the northwest corner of Water Street and Marsh Lane, the present Dunster Street and South. Governor Winthrop accused him of extravagance in having it wainscoted. Dudley replied that the extravagance complained of was "for warmth of his house and the charge was little, being but clapboards nailed to the wall in the form of wainscot."

There was little luxury in Newtowne that winter when Dudley, writing to the Countess of Lincoln, used his knee by the fireside for want of a table, surrounded by his family, who, to use his own words, "break good manners, and make me many times forget what I would say, and say what I would not."

Under date of May the first, 1635, "The Registere Booke of the Lands and Houses in the Newtowne 1635," is recorded: "Thomas Dudley Esquire one Dwelinge House with other out houses in the newtowne with gardens & backsyds conteyninge one half accar of grownd more or less" . . . "More in the neck of land three score & three accars or thereabouts." . . . "More on the other syd of the Riuer one hundredth accars Comon Marsh."

It is probable that the creek, enlarged to a canal, twelve feet broad and seven feet deep, which extended from the river into the center of the settlement, passed the residence of Thomas Dudley, and that passengers and freight could be delivered at his door, much as is done in Venice.

He at once showed himself a leader in the affairs of Newtowne and his feeling of responsibility to the settlement, by having a palisade built to enclose about a thousand acres of land to protect the people, their property, and their flocks from wild beasts and Indians. Thousands of trees were felled and set out and a trench dug around them. It is said that the old willows still standing in the southeast corner of Longfellow Park and those that were standing until within a few years on the west

side of Oxford Street, were a part of that ancient palisade. There is one old willow on Oxford Street today which is probably of that line of trees some of us can still remember.

To pay the expense of this, the Court of Assistants voted to levy a tax on the several towns. The men of Watertown refused to pay on the ground that they were not represented in the taxing body, and as a result, at the next meeting of the General Court, May 9, 1632, "It was ordered that there should be two of every plantation appointed to confer with the Court about raising of public stock." Thus started the House of Representatives, a practical outcome of Dudley's venture to build a palisade at public expense, without official order, but trusting the Court to uphold him.

It seems probable that there were no regularly established church services held in Newtowne until the summer of 1632, but that the settlers attended service at the first church in Boston. When the minister of that church, the Reverend John Wilson, was about to return to England for a visit in the spring of 1631, members of the congregation met at Governor Winthrop's home in Boston, and there, according to Winthrop, "Mr. Wilson, praying and exhorting the congregation to love, etc., commended to them the exercise of prophecy in his absence, and designed those whom he thought most fit for it, viz., the governor, Mr. Dudley, and Mr. Nowell, the elder." The Reverend Mr. Wilson apparently agreed with Winthrop in respect to Dudley's godliness.

There was discontent among the people of Newtowne in 1634. The Reverend Thomas Hooker and the people of his church were determined to migrate to Connecticut, giving as their reasons want of accommodation for their cattle, fruitfulness and commodiousness of Connecticut, and the danger of its being possessed by others, the Dutch or English, and lastly, but probably the real reason, "the strong bent of their spirits to remove thither." They finally left two years later. Mr. Hooker, accompanied by some fifty families, journeyed to Connecticut and founded the city of Hartford, leaving the settlement at Newtowne sadly depleted.

Thomas Dudley was too closely connected with the government of Massachusetts Bay to leave the colony, but in 1635 he sold his house in Newtowne to Roger Harlakenden, who accompanied the Reverend Thomas Shepard, Mr. Hooker's successor, when he came in August. Dudley, with his son, the Reverend Samuel Dudley, his sons-in-law,

Simon Bradstreet, and Daniel Denison, with other citizens of Newtowne, moved to Ipswich. There he remained only four years for his responsible position in the government necessitated his residence nearer Boston. He moved to Roxbury in order to be under the preaching of the Reverend John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, and there he spent the remainder of his life.

His Roxbury estate of five or six acres was between what are now Washington and Bartlett Streets on the south and Roxbury Street on the north, extending from Guild Row to Putnam Street, the eastern boundary of the First Parish. The house, referred to as a mansion, was in its day one of the finest houses in the town, opposite the home of his friend, the Reverend John Eliot. There were said to be in the house, among other rooms, a parlor, parlor chamber, hall chamber, and study. Here it was that Dudley entertained some of the outstanding men of his time. An inventory of its contents with the appraised value is very interesting as showing something of the fashion of the period and the value of household goods. For example, "1 table and frame and 6 joint-stools and a carpet" were valued at £1 4s., "1 feather bed and bolsters, 5 old curtains, a valance, tester, and coverlet" at £7 15s. In the study about fifty books are listed with their value — books which he brought with him from England, which show the breadth of his knowledge and the diversity of his interests. A "General History of the Netherlands," "Camden's Annals of Queen Elizabeth" and other books on history indicate his interest in events of the past, while a Livy and a Latin dictionary uphold Cotton Mather's statement about his knowledge of Latin. One found there also the popular "Vision of Piers Plowman," books on law, eight French books, and books on religious subjects, as "Commentary on the Commandments" and "Hildersham's Humiliation for Sinners." Not exactly light reading, but books such as would appeal to the scholar or serious student. One who has gone aboard the *Arbella*, supposedly a copy of the ship that brought that band of Puritans to this country in 1630, now permanently docked in Salem by the Pioneer Village, may well understand that they could bring with them few of their worldly goods, and appreciate the more Governor Dudley's interest in intellectual matters in choosing to bring so many books — a really large library for that time.

On December 27, 1643, his wife, Dorothy, died. Little is known

about her except what Cotton Mather said and what her daughter, Ann Bradstreet, tells us in the epitaph she wrote for her:

To my dear and ever honoured Mother
 Mrs. Dorothy Dudley
 Who deceased Decembr. 27, 1643 and of her age, 61.
 Here lyes,
 A Worthy Matron of unspotted life,
 A loving Mother and obedient wife,
 A friendly Neighbor, pitiful to poor,
 Whom oft she fed and clothed with her store;
 To Servants wisely awful, but yet kind,
 And as they did, so they reward did find:
 A true Instructor of her Family,
 The which she ordered with dexterity.
 The publick meetings ever did frequent,
 And in her closet constant hours she spent.
 Religious in all her words and wayes
 Preparing still for death, till end of dayes:
 Of all her Children, Children lived to see,
 Then dying left a blessed memory.

On the following April 14, Thomas Dudley married Catherine, widow of Samuel Hackburne. They had three children, Deborah, Joseph, and Paul. Joseph, in due time, became governor of Massachusetts, and Paul was for a short time judge of probate of Suffolk County. Joseph's son Paul was chief justice of Massachusetts.

Governor Dudley was everywhere active in laying the foundation of this Commonwealth and establishing her laws. Paige, in his "History of Cambridge," says: "So entirely was his life devoted to public service that a particular biography of him would be a general history of the Colony during the same period." Even before he left England, he was a member of the government, having been elected assistant in 1629. The assistants were a body of eighteen men elected annually by members of the Massachusetts Bay Company, and they, together with the governor and deputy-governor, made up the General Court. He was assistant for eight different years. On board the *Arbella*, before sailing from England, he was elected deputy governor and held the office by annual elections thirteen different years.

John Winthrop, who was chosen governor before the emigrants sailed for New England, remained in office four years, Thomas Dudley serving as deputy governor during that time. At the end of that period, a different method of voting was introduced. Ballots of paper were used, and by this secret ballot Dudley was chosen to fill the highest office. This is said to have been the first time that the people cast their ballots direct for the highest magistrate. He was elected governor again in 1640, 1645, and 1650. It is perhaps significant that his election to the chief position was spaced at intervals of five and six years. He believed in rotation in office. He and his associates had left England to escape a dictatorship, and he had no intention of aiding in establishing here the very thing they had left England to avoid. So it was that he was a member of the General Court from before the time the emigrants left England in 1630 until his death in 1653. It is said that he was almost never absent or tardy at Court. Thus the record of the Court is a record of his life.

There were no written laws during the early years of the plantation and too much was left to the discretion of the magistrates. As time went on, the people felt the need of definite laws. In 1635 it was agreed that "some men should be appointed to frame a body of grounds of laws in resemblance to the Magna Charta, which being allowed by some of the ministers and the General Court, should be received for fundamental laws." The Governor, Deputy Governor, John Winthrop, and Thomas Dudley were authorized by the Court "to make a draft of such laws as they shall judge needful for the well-ordering of this plantation and to present the same to the Court." Dudley was a member of a similar committee in 1636, 1637, and 1639 which was "directed to peruse all those models which have been or shall be further presented to this Court or to themselves concerning a form of government and laws to be established and shall draw them up." The General Court continued in session for three weeks in December, 1641, and established one hundred laws which were called the Body of Liberties. This was the foundation of the legislation and laws of Massachusetts.

The colonies were growing but were independent of one another. For mutual help and strength some sort of a confederacy seemed desirable, and in 1643 Thomas Dudley was appointed by the General Court one of a committee of six to treat with their friends in Connecticut, New Haven, and Plymouth — which, together with Massachusetts, were the principal

colonies in New England — about forming such a confederacy. In this body each colony had two representatives. Winthrop was chosen president at its first session and again in 1645, and Dudley in 1647 and 1649. So it was that either Winthrop or Dudley presided over the sessions of this congress whenever it was held in Boston during their lifetime. Thus they received the recognition of the united colonies and their influence was felt beyond the bounds of Massachusetts Bay.

Dudley's military experience in France when he was little more than a youth furnished training which was useful later. When it was ordered in October, 1636, that all military men should be ranked into three regiments, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the first regiment under John Winthrop as colonel, and Governor Vane as commander-in-chief. He was appointed sergeant major general of all the military forces in Massachusetts when that office was created in 1644. His many years' experience in the government, together with his early military training, were an excellent preparation for a position of such great responsibility and power as that of the commanding officer. His commission reads: "But for the ordering and managing of any battle in time of service, it is wholly left to yourself. Also yourself, together with the council of war, shall have power to make such wholesome laws, agreeable to the word of God, as you shall conceive to be necessary for the well-being of your army." This is a clear expression of confidence in the ability, wisdom, sound judgment, and sense of justice of the man in whom they placed their trust.

The first settlers were a religious people and their churches and their ministers played an important rôle in the community. Moreover many of them were university graduates and education was a matter of supreme importance to them. There is recorded in one of the earliest chronicles, "New England's First Fruits," published in 1643, and many years later inscribed on the main gate of Harvard College, the gate opposite the First Parish Church, the following:

"After God had carried us safe to New England and we had builded houses, provided necessities for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust."

On the 28th of October, 1636, the General Court voted: "The Court agrees to give £400 towards a school or college — whereof £200 shall be paid the next year and £200 when the work is finished." On November 15, 1637, it voted: "The college is ordered to be at Newtowne." Newtowne was then renamed Cambridge in honor of Cambridge, England, the seat of the university with which so many of the early settlers had been connected. A committee of twelve men, six ministers and six magistrates, was appointed to see that the vote was carried out. Thomas Dudley was of this committee. A bequest of the minister, John Harvard, of half of his estate, about £700, and his entire library enabled the committee to carry out their plans, and in recognition of the gift the General Court voted in 1638 "that the college at Cambridge be called Harvard College." As assistant in the General Court of 1636 which voted to establish the college, as overseer from 1637 until his death in 1653, and as signer of the charter in 1650, when he was governor, Thomas Dudley was one of the principal founders of Harvard College. That same charter, under which the college is still maintained, is preserved in the Houghton Library of the Harvard College Library.

Interested in the religious and intellectual education of the children, Thomas Dudley was the first signer of an agreement made by the citizens of Roxbury to establish a free school. Ellis in his "History of Roxbury" says there "is reason to suppose he drew the agreement for the free school" and again: "Gov. Dudley is supposed to have given part of the lot where the old schoolhouse that was sold, stood, opposite to Guild Hall. Both he and his descendants made very large donations to the school." That school, the Roxbury Latin School, has always maintained a high standard of scholarship and is today well known as one of the best college preparatory schools.

Governor Dudley died in Roxbury Sunday night, July 31, 1653. His funeral was held on August 6, and he was buried in the old Roxbury burying-ground, corner of Eustis and Washington Streets, near the Dudley Street terminal of the Boston Elevated Railway. His tomb is on the highest spot in the cemetery, the most conspicuous object as one enters, and easily seen from the train before reaching the terminal. It is surrounded by a luxuriant growth of English ivy, transplanted possibly by some descendant from Dudley, England, where it forms a carpet in the

grounds around the castle. The tomb is of brick, and on the top is an oval slab of white marble bearing the name "Dudley." The original inscription plate is said to have been taken out by some of the patriots during the siege of Boston and run into bullets because of the scarcity of lead.

Very few of his letters have come down to us, but those few throw some light on the personality and character of the man. The long and most important letter to the Countess of Lincoln, already quoted from, gives one of the most vivid descriptions of life in Newtowne at that time, the sorrows that came to the settlers, the losses they bore, and their courage in the face of danger and privations. He wrote:

If any come hither to plant for worldly ends, that can live well at home, he commits an error, of which he will soon repent him; but if for spiritual, and that no particular obstacle hinder his removal, he may find here what may well content him, viz., materials to build, fuel to burn, ground to plant, seas and rivers to fish in, a pure air to breathe in, good water to drink, till wine or beer can be made; which together with the cows, hogs, and goats brought hither already, may suffice for food; for as for fowl and venison, they are dainties here as well as in England. For clothes and bedding, they must bring them with them, till time and industry produce them here. In a word, we yet enjoy little to be envied, but endure much to be pitied in the sickness and mortality of our people. And I do the more willingly use this open and plain dealing, lest other men should fall short of their expectations when they come hither, as we to our great prejudice did, by means of letters sent us from hence into England, wherein honest men, out of a desire to draw over others to them, wrote somewhat hyperbolically of many things here. If any godly men, out of religious ends, will come over to help us in the good work we are about, I think they cannot dispose of themselves nor of their estates more to God's glory and the furtherance of their own reckoning. . . . If there be any endued with grace, and furnished with means to feed themselves and theirs for eighteen months, and to build and plant, let them come over into our Macedonia and help us, and not spend themselves and their estates in a less profitable employment. For others, I conceive they are not yet fitted for this business.

This is an honest, straightforward expression of the unconquerable spirit of the Puritan, of one who could be neither terrified by earthly power nor induced to swerve from the path of duty or strict truthfulness

by any rewards. It reveals also an ability to discriminate between personal comfort and temporary convenience and eternal values.

A letter to his son-in-law, John Woodbridge, written in Roxbury, November 28, 1642, shows his affectionate character, his deeply religious nature, and the importance he placed upon service to God and humanity rather than the acquiring of money. He wrote:

Son Woodbridge, — On your last going from Roxbury, I thought you would have returned again before your departure hence, and therefore neither bade you farewell, nor sent any remembrance to your wife. Since which time I have often thought of you, and of the course of your life, doubtless you are not in the way wherein you may do God best service. Every man ought (as I take it) to serve God in such a way whereto he hath best fitted him by nature, education, or gifts, or graces required. Now in all these respects I conceive you to be better fitted for the ministry, or teaching a school, than for husbandry. And I have been lately stirred up the rather to think hereof by occasion of Mr. Carter's calling to be pastor at Woburn the last week, and Mr. Parker's calling to preach at Pascattaway, whose abilities and piety (for aught I know) surmount not yours. There is a want of schoolmasters hereabouts, and ministers are, or in likelihood will be, wanting ere long. I desire that you would consider of what I say, and take advice of your uncle, Mr. Noyse, or whom you think meetest, about it; withal considering that no man's opinion in a case wherein he is interested by reason of your departure from your present habitation is absolutely to be allowed without comparing his reason with others.

And if you find encouragement, I think you were best redeem what time you may without hurt of your estate, in perfecting your future studies.

Above all, commend the case in prayer to God, that you may look before you with a sincere eye upon his service, not upon filthy lucre, which I speak not so much for any doubt I have of you, but to clear myself from that suspicion in respect of the interest I have in you. I need say no more. The Lord direct and bless you, your wife and children, whom I would fain see, and have again some thoughts of it, if I live till next summer.

Your very loving father,

Thomas Dudley.

To my very loving son Mr. John Woodbridge, at his house in Newbury.

Nathaniel Morton, a contemporary of Governor Dudley, in his "New England Memoriall," published in Cambridge in 1669, says this under date of 1653:

Mr. *Thomas Dudley* [———] principal Founder and Pillar of the colony of the *Massachusetts* [sic] in *New England*, and sundry times Governour and Deputy Governour of that Jurisdiction, died at his house in *Roxbury*, July 31, in the seventy-seventh year of his age: he was a person of quick understanding, and a solid Judgment in the fear of the Lord; he was a lover of (1) Justice. (2) Order. (3) the People. (4) Christian religion; the supream virtues of a good Magistrate. 1. His love of Justice appeared at all times, and in special upon the Judgment seat, without respect of persons in Judgment: and in his own particular transactions, with all men he was exact and exemplary. 2. His zeal to order appeared in the contriving good Laws, and faithfully executing them upon criminal offenders, Heretics, and Underminers of true Religion. He had a piercing Judgment to discover the Wolf though cloathed with a sheep-skin. 3. His love to the People was evident in serving them in a public capacity many Years at his own cost, and that as a nursing Father to the Churches of Christ. 4. He loved the true Christian Religion, and pure worship of God, and cherished as in his bosom, all Ministers and Christians: he was exact in the practice of Piety, in his person and family all his life; in a word, he lived desired, and died lamented by all good men.

He was a devoted and loving father and had the respect, admiration, and affection of his children. His daughter, Ann Bradstreet, wrote:

To the Memory of my dear and
ever honoured Father
Thomas Dudley, Esq;
Who deceased July 31, 1653, and of his age 77:

One of thy Founders, him *New England* know,
Who staid thy feeble sides when thou wast low,
Who spent his state, his strength, & years with care
That After-comers in them might have share.
True Patriot of this little Commonweal,
Who is't can tax thee ought, but for thy zeal?
Truths friend thou wert, to errors still a foe,
Which caused Apostates to malign so.

Thy love to true Religion e'er shall shine,
My Fathers God, be God of me and mine.
Upon the earth he did not build his nest,
But as a Pilgrim, what he had, possest.
High thoughts he gave no harbour in his heart,
Nor honours puffed him up, when he had part:
Those titles loath'd, which some too much do love
For truly his ambition lay above.
His humble mind so lov'd humility,
He left it to his race for Legacy:
And oft and oft, with speeches mild and wise,
Gave his in charge, that Jewel rich to prize.
No ostentation seen in all his wayes,
As in the mean ones, of our foolish dayes,
Which all they have, and more still set to view,
Their greatness may be judg'd by what they shew.
His thoughts were more sublime, his actions wise,
Such vanities he justly did despise.
Nor wonder 'twas, low things ne'r much did move
For he a Mansion had, prepar'd above,
For which he sigh'd and pray'd & long'd full sore
He might be cloath'd upon, for evermore.
Oft spoke of death, and with a smiling chear,
He did exult his end was drawing near,
Now fully ripe, as shock of wheat that's grown,
Death as a Sickle hath him timely mown,
And in celestial Barn hath hous'd him high,
Where storms, nor showrs, nor aught can damnifie.
His Generation serv'd, his labours cease;
And to his Fathers gathered is in peace.
Ah happy Soul, 'mongst Saints and Angels blest,
Who after all his toyle, is now at rest:
His hoary head in righteousness was found:
As joy in heaven on earth let praise resound.
Forgotten never be his memory,
His blessing rest on his posterity:
His pious Footsteps followed by his race,
At last will bring us to that happy place
Where we with joy each others face shall see,
And parted more by death shall never be.

Ann wrote also:

His Epitaph

Within this Tomb a Patriot lyes
That was both pious, just and wise,
To Truth a shield, to right a Wall,
To Sectaryes a whip and Maul,
A Magazine of History,
A Prizer of good Company
In manners pleasant and severe
The Good him lov'd, the bad did fear,
And when his time with years was spent
If some rejoyc'd, more did lament.

THE DISLOYALTY OF BENJAMIN CHURCH, JR.

A STUDY OF THE FIRST AMERICAN SURGEON GENERAL

BY MAUDE B. VOSBURGH

Read June 14, 1944

NOWADAYS when we are discussing what to do with the Quislings who have taken the side of invading armies and who have found their fellow-countrymen rooted and grounded in the love of their native land, we look back upon the enigma of an American patriot whose exposure as a traitor took place while he was living in Cambridge, Surgeon General Benjamin Church.

In the autumn of 1775 when Samuel Ward told the Massachusetts delegates to the Continental Congress that Church had betrayed his country, John Adams, associate of Church, in a burst of indignation unequalled by any modern, expressed his emotions. Indeed he burst into Capitals as if composing an epitaph for a tomb in our Old Burying Ground:

"A Man of Genius, of Learning, of Family, of Character:

A Writer of Liberty Songs, and good ones too:

A Speaker of Liberty Orations:

A Member of the Boston Committee of Correspondence:

A Member of the Massachusetts Congress:

An Agent from that Congress to the Continental Congress:

A Member of the House:

A Director General of the Hospital and Surgeon General:"

Here Adams paused as if the distinguished title of Surgeon General was too much for him and then exploded:

"Surgeon General! Good God! What shall we say of Human Nature? What shall we say of American Patriots?"

The only mural memorial to commemorate Church is one cut by his own hand with a penknife on a panel of a closet door in the middle chamber of Vassall House, 94 Brattle Street — a simple printed name, "B. Church, Jr." Here he was in command of the Medical Department of the Continental Army; here he was imprisoned while awaiting trial;

here he headed his appeal to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, "From my Prison in Cambridge"; and here he left this pitiable mark. So that the name should not be obliterated by paint, a few years ago it was covered with glass held in place by a black frame, a melancholy touch in a house where the great and the good and the unrecorded of three centuries have played their parts.

Within family memory, but before my time, there was a bullet-hole in the wall of this room caused by some patriot taking a shot at Church from across the road.

Although, as Sabine writes, Church was "proscribed and banished, he was equally distinguished as a scholar, physician, poet and politician; and among the Whigs, he stood as prominent and was as active and as popular as either Warren, Hancock or Samuel Adams."

Church was of the fifth generation of Massachusetts ancestry, — those five generations which included the dissenters from British ideas resulting at last in the Americanization of the Colonials, flaring forth in his own Revolutionary generation.

He was born in Newport, R. I., August 24, 1734, the son of Benjamin Church, Sr., and his second wife, Hannah Dyer of Boston. His father was a "Merchant and Vendue Master," or auctioneer, but he was always called Deacon Church as he served in that capacity in Dr. Mather Byles' Church in Hollis Street. Dr. Byles was a staunch Loyalist and was imprisoned in 1777. This witty Congregational minister must have had some influence on young Benjamin. The father was graduated from Harvard in 1727. In his freshman year, his social rank in a class of 37 was number six and he was written down as *Gentleman*, so his son was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Apparently the Deacon's losses were heavy in the Revolution because in his will dated November 18, 1780, he bequeathed to his son Benjamin "the remnant of my broken library," which even then was inventoried as about two hundred books in English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French. Possibly Benjamin's trend toward medicine may be explained by hearing his father tell about his "Visitations" to the sick to discover cases of small-pox, then a terror in closely-settled communities.

The first in Massachusetts to bear the Church name was Richard, the well-to-do freeman of Plymouth who married Elizabeth Warren, who came over in the *Anne* in July 1623. Her father was the Mr. Richard

Warren who signed the Mayflower compact. The son of this Plymouth couple was the first Benjamin, the famous Indian fighter. What bedtime stories young Benjamin must have heard about his great-grandfather, — how he went alone to a rendezvous with the Seconnets armed only with a roll of tobacco and a bottle of rum, and in no time the warriors in full war-paint were smoking and drinking with their visitor who won them as allies against King Philip. Another time he slid down a rock thirty feet high after dark and took captive the chief Anawon, his son, and all the tribe. His daring exploits remind us of the Commandos of today, even his company's title of Reformados or volunteers.

When Benjamin, Jr. was considering some hazardous adventure, perhaps he recalled the courage of his great-grandfather who commanded five expeditions against the French and Indians and who died only sixteen years before Benjamin was born.* Colonel Church not only won the war against King Philip but also founded the family fortunes. He bought a majority interest in the waterpower of Fall River which he sold in 1714 to Joseph Borden. At his death, he left his five living children well-fixed. One of these sons, Edward, grandfather to Benjamin, was commissioned Captain and served with his father on his Fifth Expedition. The male line contained none but enterprising men — an inspiring ancestry.

Benjamin Junior entered the Boston Latin School in 1745 and graduated from Harvard in 1754, his social position being indicated by his rank of nine in a class of twenty. In 1773 he was given the degree of Master of Arts by Yale. His medical education was acquired in London, where he studied with the noted surgeon, Dr. Charles Pyncheon, at the London Medical College and "walked the hospitals" for three years. Soon after reaching England he married Hannah Hill of Ross, that peaceful little village in the Valley of the Wye. Their first child, also named Benjamin, was born in Boston about 1758 and became, it is said, a surgeon in the British army.

While still in college, Church showed he had a fluent pen and he continued to use it throughout his career. He sent poems and articles constantly to the Whig newspapers. Afterwards it was suspected that some of the poems in Tory publications like Rivington's *Royal Gazette* of New York were his own parodies of his own poems. He wrote a satire on the Stamp Act and its Abettors. Was he on the fence? Was he a

* Read Michaud, *Biographie Universelle*, Vol. 8, to get the French point of view.

neutral commentator? His diligent churchgoing is attested by his *Elegy on the Death of the Reverend Jonathan Mayhew, D.D.*, 1766; *Monody in Memory of Dr. Edward Quincy*, 1768; *Elegy to the Memory of that pious and eminent Servant of Jesus Christ, the Reverend George Whitefield*, 1770.

But Church could switch from grave to gay. Always quickwitted, and never more so when he happened one day to drop in to see Paul Revere, who was engraving the plate called *Warm Place Hell*, he seized a pen and wrote this impromptu rhyme:

On, Brave Rescinders! To yon yawning cell.
Seventeen such miscreants sure will startle Hell.
There, puny Villains damn'd for petty Sin
On such distinguished Scoundrels gaze and grin.
The outdone Devil will resign his sway —
He never curst his millions in a day.

This was occasioned by an imposition of taxes on paints, glass, etc. But let John Rowe, who has left us his wharf, Rowe's Wharf, as well as his diary, tell the story under date of June 30, 1767:

This day the General Court behaved very steadily and according to the approbation of most good people who have any regard for their country and posterity, voting that they would not rescind their former resolutions which the Earl of Hillsborough took offence at. Number of votes in the House 109. 17 yeas, 92 nays. For my own satisfaction, I record the 17 yeas that were so mean-spirited to vote away their blessings as Englishmen, namely, their rights, liberty, and property.

Rowe and Church were fellow-members of the North End Club where Hancock and Sam Adams were much in evidence, but the thirty or so members were largely mechanics and shipwrights, hence calkers of ships, from which arose the political term Caucus, as the club was later called. The Caucus Club met in the garret of Tom Dawes. John Adams, a Quincy gentleman, describes it thus in his *Diary*, perhaps with a twinge of envy:

He has a large house, and he has a movable partition in his garret which he takes down and the whole club meets in one room. There they smoke tobacco till you cannot see from one end of the garret to the other. There they drink flip, I suppose, and there they choose a moderator, who puts

questions to the vote regularly: and selectmen, assessors, collectors, wardens, fire-wards, and representatives are regularly chosen before they are chosen in the town.

Sam Adams was a master of ward politics, so we may be sure ideas were talked out in this garret which were afterwards tried out in the town. This was the Sons of Liberty crowd. Years later Revere wrote:

We were so careful our meetings should be kept Secret that every time we met, every person present swore upon the Bible that they would not discover any of our transactions but to Messrs. Hancock, Adams, and Doctors Warren, Church, and one or two more.

He goes on to say that their meetings were reported to the Tories and that their identical words were repeated. No one suspected Church.

As John Adams partly gave up a profitable legal practice to dabble in politics, so Church went into politics instead of sticking exclusively to medicine. There was another club started about 1762, of which eleven of the sixteen known members were Harvard graduates. This was called the Long Room Club and met in a long room over the shop where the *Boston Gazette* was printed. This was the largest paper in New England. Warren and Church, the two most eminent medical men in Boston, wrote for it.

The *Sons of Liberty* too were a sort of club. Of the sixty-two names described on their rolls, one was "B. Church, Physician, well-versed in the art of canting, a qualification necessary for a delegate:" the connotation of "canting" in this connection being: *we point with pride, we view with alarm*.

Another member was "Joseph Eayres, Carpenter, eminent for erecting Liberty Poles," and to us, I may add, eminent for erecting the east front of Vassall House, according to the news under date of November 11, 1746, in said *Boston Gazette*.

As time went on, the Sons of Liberty became more than a club. It stood in the minds of the people for unity against political oppression. But in the next quotation I transcribe from Rowe he enters under date of August 14, 1764:

This day the colours were displayed on the Tree of Liberty, and about sixty people, Sons of Liberty, met at one of clock and drank the King's health.

John Rowe was a wealthy Boston merchant, primarily interested in prosperity for himself and his fellow townsmen, giving stag dinners for British army and navy officers, for the governors and council, and being entertained by them in return. He and Church were frequently on the same committees and must have discussed the increasing discontent between the factions; but whatever we may come to think of Church, we have Rowe's written testimony that he continued to "wish for harmony and peace." "The people," he wrote, "have done amiss, and no sober man can vindicate their conduct, but the revenge of the ministry is too severe."

It illuminates Church's conduct to study Rowe's reflections in his Journal. They could see both sides, could sympathize with both sides, could be satisfied with either, provided it were not a failure. They moved in the same society, Bostonian and British; they had a part in the same stirring events; they expressed similar convictions; they were moved by the same zeal, — to keep their country out of war.

But Liberty Tree became a symbol. Rowe makes an entry:

The people assembled under Liberty Tree, from thence removed to Faneuil Hall; then it was proposed to have a regular town meeting called which was accordingly done. Afternoon the town met at Faneuil Hall; the people were so many that Mr. Otis, the moderator, proposed adjourning to Dr. Sewall's meeting, which was accordingly voted, and they met there. (This was a June day, pleasant for a walk up to the Old South.) A committee of twenty-one gentlemen were chose to wait upon Gov. Bernard. He received us very cordially. The committee returned to Mr. Hancock's in order as follows: — Mr. Otis and Mr. Hancock first and all in carriages.

The list ends with Dr. Church, Dr. Warren, Dr. Young, and Captain David Malcom. As usual the medical profession stuck together.

In short, at this time, Church was a trusted patriot who wrote trenchant articles for the press. He was the confidant of two groups violently opposed one to the other. His sister had married John Fleming, who in 1767 with his co-partner, Mien, began the publication of the *Boston Chronicle*, which was the first paper to be issued in New England twice a week. There was no question on which side of the fence stood Fleming. He was no waverer. His paper was suspended in 1770 as things began to get hot.

lacked physical energy, his thoughts were always at work, making, to use his own words,

The body's indolence
The vigor of the mind.⁸⁰

ALLSTON'S APHORISMS

As thoughts surged to Allston's mind while he was painting these pictures and drawing these outlines, he would pause and inscribe these ideas on the doors and walls of the cabinets in his studio. Little by little he accumulated a remarkable collection of aphorisms there, which attracted the attention of Mrs. Jameson and other visitors to his studio. As Allston explained, these were "texts for reflection before he began his day's work." They served to keep before him the ideals which he wished to have in mind while pursuing his art — ideals of originality, distinction, genius, fame, unselfishness. Here are some of the most striking of them:

Originality in Art is the individualizing of the universal.

Distinction is the consequence, never the object of a great mind.

The love of gain has never made a Painter; but it has marred many.

The painter who seeks popularity in Art closes the door upon his own genius.

Genius stands forever relieved against its own imperishable glory.

Fame is the eternal shadow of excellence.

A man may be pretty sure that he has not attained excellence when it is not all in all to him.

An Artist will delight in excellence wherever he meets it, as well in the work of another as in his own.

Selfishness in Art is sensibility kept at home.

No one can see anything as it really is through the misty spectacle of self-love.

In the same degree that we overrate ourselves, we shall underrate others.

There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of anyone.

The only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself.⁸¹

Art must be sufficient for the Artist.⁸²

⁸⁰ Washington Allston, *The Sylphs of the Seasons*, London, 1813, p. 31 40th stanza.

⁸¹ *Lectures on Art, and Poems* by Washington Allston, New York, 1850, pp. 167-177, gives 41 of these "Sentences Written by Mr. Allston on the Walls of his Studio." Mrs. Jameson, *Memoirs and Essays* quotes twenty of Allston's "Axioms on Art."

⁸² Emerson's Journal, October 6, 1837.

THE END OF ROMANTICISM

To a remarkable degree Allston really lived up to the principles expressed in his own Aphorisms. During the last years of his life he remained remarkably tranquil in spirit and undisturbed by envy, as he saw one by one so many of the things he held dear challenged, changing, and disappearing, and new and alien things forging to the front. As the nineteenth century wore on, a new commercial spirit seemed to be taking the place of the ideals of chivalry with which Allston had been brought up. He said wistfully to his nephew: "In eighty years there will not be a gentleman left in the country."⁸³

Shortly before his own death, came the death of his saintly brother-in-law, William Ellery Channing, and Allston designed the monument for him in Mount Auburn Cemetery. One by one many of the men to whom he had looked up to with admiration had died.

By the eighteen forties "the delicate poetry of introspection, the dreamy quietism of the 1820s and 1830s, had vanished and could not be recaptured."⁸⁴ Science in America was beginning to take the place of art. Allston saw his favorite pupil, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, gradually leaving the field of art and turning to that of science. Discouraged with the ill-success of his large historical paintings, Morse had taken up the daguerreotype, trying to console Allston with this argument: "Art is to be wonderfully enriched by this discovery."⁸⁵ Then Morse turned his attention towards the discovery of the telegraph and of that Morse Code which has made his name known throughout the world. Yet Allston never reproached him for abandoning art. On the contrary, on March 24, 1843, only a few months before Allston's death, he wrote to Morse, rejoicing at the Act of Congress appropriating money "towards carrying out your Electro-Magnetic Telegraph." As a boy of eighteen Morse had gone to Allston to study art, saying "I go to him as to the sun to imbibe life." Now it was Allston's turn to look toward Morse in his triumph in a new field and write, "I congratulate you with all my heart," adding with a sort of wistful significance "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."⁸⁶

⁸³ Richard Henry Dana, Jr., Journal for April 22, 1843.

⁸⁴ Edgar P. Richardson, *Washington Allston: A Study in Romantic Painting*, Chicago, 1948.

⁸⁵ Samuel Finley Breese Morse letter to Washington Allston, May 1839.

⁸⁶ Letter to S. F. B. Morse, March 24, 1843, only a few months before Allston's death.

participants and spectators had increased to about two thousand. As a result, Mr. Rowe wrote he "felt a little unwell," and that he "would rather have lost 500 guineas than that his captain should have taken any of this tea aboard his ship."

While Church was imprisoned in Norwich, Connecticut, Rowe was writing that he was so insulted by "some furious, hot persons" that his brethren at the Masonic Funeral of Dr. Warren persuaded him not to walk in the procession. He comments, possibly with his friend's punishment in mind: "I am not conscious of myself of doing anything prejudicial to the cause of America either by will, word or deed."

Church too was a Mason. He instituted the Lodge of the Rising Sun and was its first Grand Master. Throughout his story we discover reasons for the esteem in which he was held by Washington, who acknowledged "he was in all his councils."

Not only his profession and his clubs kept Church busy, but also with true Cantabrigian propriety, his committees. One needs to flavor these cold facts with a warm imagination though we are not embellishing our tale with fiction but narrating truth as it flashes from contemporary annals. The Committee of Correspondence was a large one. The members chosen in 1772 were in this order: James Otis, Sam Adams, Dr. Warren, Dr. Church, and 17 others. They gathered important news at home and abroad and printed it on handbills which were sent to local committees to bring before their town meetings. They were the political minute-men signing one of their notices, "The least delay may prove fatal." Thus tidings from Boston could reach by courier even the far-away Tidewater Section of Virginia.

The Committee of Public Safety elected May 18, 1775 were: John Hancock, Joseph Warren, Benjamin Church in this order, with ten other names. Times were getting more tempestuous, so the very next day the Provincial Congress gave them authority to call out the militia, to nominate officers, to commission them, and to direct the operations of the Army. Ample powers indeed.

This committee, acting with the Committee of Supplies after the Concord fight and before Bunker Hill, were preparing for immediate hostilities, distributing military supplies, making powder into cartridges, and establishing a train of artillery.

The night of Paul Revere's ride the committee suspected something

was up because of their reports from different quarters. General Gage had confided his plan only to Lord Percy and his own wife. As Percy was crossing the Common, he overheard a man say: "The British troops will miss their aim." "What aim?" inquired Percy. "Why, the cannon at Concord."

Percy rushed back to inform Gage, who issued orders at once that no person should leave town. Luckily only a few minutes before, Joseph Warren had started Revere and Dawes on their errands. But are we not justified in saying Church and Warren? They had met with their Committee of Safety that day in Menotomy before going to Boston. According to the story handed down in the Stedman family, it may well have been Church himself who stimulated "the alarm to every Middlesex village and farm." Because it was early on that evening that a sergeant went about rounding up his men and looking for one Gibson whose wife was in the employ of Mrs. Stedman as a servant. The family papers state that he left a message at the Stedman home. "Gibson was to report himself at 8 o'clock at the bottom of the Common equipped for an expedition. Mrs. Stedman hastened to inform her husband of this alarming summons, and he at once carried the intelligence to Dr. Benjamin Church who lived near by on Washington Street." *

No doubt Church let Warren know as soon as possible that the dreaded moment for a British military expedition had come. They may have devised some private get-away. They may have procured through Church's influence with Gage a pass permitting them to visit their patients. Anyway they were surely in Cambridge on the 19th of April, when Church was dressing the wounded and Warren lost a curl on the side of his head, shot off by a bullet. The fight was on a Wednesday, and Revere wrote afterwards that on Thursday he had noticed that Church's stockings were bespattered with blood, the doctor having been too busy to change. Moreover, Revere wrote: "I argued with myself, if a man will risk his life in a cause, he must be a friend to that cause; and I never suspected him after, till he was charged with being a traitor."

After the Concord fight, one of the first orders of the Council of War was "that the officers of the guards who have care of prisoners . . . procure good surgeons to attend the wounded." †

* *Memorial History of Boston*, Justin Winsor, Osgood 1881, Vol. 3, page 68.

† Henshaw's *Orderly Book*, Massachusetts Historical Society, *Proceedings*, XV, 89. April 21, 1875.

Dr. Isaac Foster of Charlestown was the first to be engaged. He had graduated from Harvard four years later than Church and both doctors were members of the Provincial Congress, so in close touch with affairs. One can fancy them discussing the most advisable location for a hospital. Tradition says they decided on the old Vassall House because Madam Vassall had left on the premises a large well-stocked medicine chest which the doctors needed more than houseroom. The widow had taken refuge in Boston, being one of the family group of rich Tories who fled to the protection of the British arms. Her own brother, Isaac Royall of Medford, had taken to his heels; her nephew across the road, John Vassall, Jr., had scuttled out at the rear of his house when a mob gathered at the front; her niece Elizabeth had departed from Elmwood after a crowd of four thousand patriots had demanded the resignation of her husband, Lieutenant Governor Thomas Oliver.

Indeed, of the Tory congregation at Christ Church, only two families remained. A ferment of fear was rising. On April 29 Dr. Foster received orders "to remove all the sick and wounded, whose circumstances will admit of it, into the hospital." It is said the guards picked up both British and American wounded along the road and brought them for first aid to the old Vassall homestead, where there were many bedrooms — nine on the second floor, and many above in the attic, with clinic and office space on the ground floor, with a long ell extending toward the river, with the coach house and other outbuildings suitable for shelter in spring.

The Provincial Congress was summoned to meet on April 22, for the patriots deemed it essential that an accurate account of the combat should reach England as soon as possible, stating their side of the case. On the very next day, a Sunday, they appointed a committee to draw up a "narrative of the massacre." *

Three of their ablest members were chosen, Dr. Church, Mr. Gerry, Mr. Cushing. This was called the Committee on Depositions. They held sessions at Concord and Lexington that same Sunday and again on Tuesday, and took a number of sworn affidavits from local witnesses of the doings of the troops on their route to and from Concord. The Committee of Supplies was ordered to send the account of the fight to England, addressed "To The Inhabitants of Great Britain."

No time was lost. Here then is Church, an avowed patriot, co-

* American Archives, 4th Sec., Vol. 2, p. 766.

operating with two other gentlemen never suspected of any betrayal of their fellowmen, doing his uttermost to clear Massachusetts from every trace of treasonable intent toward Great Britain. Here, indisputably, he was bent on forming British opinion in favor of the colonies.

The Committee of Supplies engaged Captain John Derby of Salem to fit out his vessel, the *Quero*, as a packet. No modern propaganda can beat this trans-Atlantic race under sail, this determination to get the news across to the people before the Royal Governor could influence them adversely. For this adventurous voyage, you will note the Committee instructed him to sail the northern course, more dangerous but shorter, less liable to be intercepted.

The order was as follows:

In Committee of Safety, April 27, 1775. Resolved, That Captain Derby be directed, and he hereby is directed, to make for Dublin, or any other good port in Ireland, and from thence to cross to Scotland or England, and hasten to London. This direction is given so that he may escape all cruisers that may be in the chops of the Channel to stop the communication of the provincial intelligence to the agent. He will forthwith deliver his papers to the agent on reaching London.

J. Warren, Chairman.

P.S. You are to keep this order a profound secret from every person on earth.

This was a secret worth a royal bonus, yet Church kept it. The schooner carried the official affidavits and copies of the *Essex Gazette*, the news in print of the first battle of the Revolution.*

The *Quero* slipped out of Salem harbor at night on April 28 and late in May had made land, probably the Isle of Wight. Captain Derby left her concealed and reached London by post chaise on May 28, getting ahead of Governor Gage's dispatches by eleven days. Arthur Lee, Agent for the Massachusetts Bay, issued a notice "to the public that the original affidavits which confirm the account are deposited at the Mansion House for their inspection." †

Soon after, who but Benedict Arnold was conferring with Church! The former had armed sixty volunteers and marched to Cambridge with

* *The Cruise of the Quero*, Robert S. Rantoul, Essex Institute, Vol. 36, 1900.

† Lee Papers, 1773-76, Vol. 2.

the proposition that he would attempt the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The Massachusetts Provincial Congress gave him supplies and a commission as colonel with authority to raise not more than 400 men for the expedition. His orders, dated May 3, 1775, were signed by Benjamin Church, Chairman of the Committee of Safety.

A picturesque example is thus presented of the Muse of History laughing in her sleeve as she looked forward as we look back upon these two trusted patriots, both to be branded as traitors — “lost to all sense of honor,” as Washington put it in reference to Arnold.

Could we but invoke the Muse for an elucidation of Church’s inconsistencies, we might solve the enigma of his motives as events hurry him along on a journey of such consequence that the reverberations continue today and will continue after our sons are gone.

This trip was ordered on May 16 and 17 by the Provincial Congress, as Church was again elected a member of the Committee of Safety. The orders read in part:

Dr. Benjamin Church was ordered to go immediately to Philadelphia to deliver to the President of the honorable American Congress an application for Congress to take charge of the Army then being raised and that Dr. Church confer with Congress on the matter for the Memorial which Dr. Church presented in behalf of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. The Massachusetts Committee of Safety voted that Dr. Church have an order for a Horse and Sulkey, and a single horse and a servant to attend him for his journey to Philadelphia, upon the Province account.

Church appeared before the Continental Congress on June 2 and presented the application from Massachusetts Bay asking for “civil power to provide for and control an army.” He wrote that he “mingled freely and frequently with the members,” was introduced to the delegates from the other colonies by his friends from Massachusetts, and when we recall his reputation for “canting,” perhaps he did a little lobbying. The impression he made was so favorable that afterwards, when the Congress was appointing the military leaders on July 27, “Benjamin Church was unanimously elected as Director-General and chief Physician in the Hospital,” and it was “Resolved that the appointment of the four Surgeons and the Apothecary be left to Dr. Church,” certainly a proof of the confidence he inspired.

On June 15 Washington was elected “Commander-in-Chief of the

Forces raised and to be raised in defense of American Liberty." The return of Church, with his commission accomplished successfully, must have been enthusiastically received. So again he was honored by the Provincial Congress, being selected with Moses Gill to go to Springfield to meet the new Commander and conduct him to Cambridge. Accordingly the committee of two set out for Springfield, met Washington, and returned through Brookfield, Worcester, and Marlboro, arriving in Watertown on Sunday morning, July 2.* There Washington was greeted by the happy members of the Provincial Congress, who welcomed him with an address; but as he still had three miles to go to reach his destination, he did not reply till the Fourth of July, when he answered by letter. One is reminded of the increase in size of the proverbial snowball because Washington and Church and Gill were surrounded by a train of other gentlemen as they passed through the towns on their journey until the final touch of importance was given the cavalcade at Marlboro by an escort of horse.

Church's duties as head of the hospital with his quarters in the old Vassall House, sometimes called Washington's Hospital or the Continental Hospital, were to "furnish medicine, bedding, and all other necessities, to pay for the same, to receive orders from the Commander-in-Chief." His stipend was \$4.00 a day, twice that of a Massachusetts colonel. There were about two hundred cases in Cambridge, with a nurse for every ten patients. Church was now only forty years old with a great medical career ahead of him. But his private life was not unblemished, for he had been separated from his family, although whatever his misfortune or duplicity may have been, he was adept in keeping it off the record. Dark hints occur but they may have originated from this paragraph in Sabine:

"About 1768, Church built an elegant house in Raynham which occasioned pecuniary embarrassments, and it has been conjectured that his difficulties from this source caused his deflection from the Whig cause."

The records for that year in Raynham have been destroyed. If one is moved to hunt up the woman, if one is tempted to excuse his extravagance because of the beautiful eyes of his mistress, one is lost in a dead end, her very name having vanished into obscurity, as mysterious as his own end.

* Itinerary of General Washington. Baker, 1892.

Church could not fail to have been acquainted with the exotic romance in this Orthodox period of Agnes Surriage of Marblehead, who was living in the house in Hopkinton built for her by Sir Harry Frankland. Indeed Church signed the order issued by the Provincial Congress permitting her to pass through the patriot lines from there to her town house in besieged Boston. Lady Frankland was received in the gay social set of the Vassalls; she attended Henry Vassall's funeral in Christ Church on a raw March day. So it may have been her blandishments which caused Church to sign the generous order including "one hamper filled with bottled wines" and plenty of good farm produce. His order however was reconsidered because a number of people were greatly irritated by this partiality and the food supply was much cut down. However, Col. Bond and a guard of six men were directed to escort Lady Frankland without any further examination.

On the eve of his forty-first birthday, he wrote a sensible letter dated August 23, '75, to Sam Adams from the "Continental Hospital," five pages of print which may be read in Allen French's scholarly book, "General Gage's Informers." This gives a clear idea of the formidable task confronting Church: nearly 30 hospitals extending as far away as Connecticut, some under the guidance of surgeons who had never seen a hospital; the expense of their supplies exceeding all the other expenses of the army; the need of a convalescent hospital; the necessity of enforcement of the rule of no admission for visitors who brought gifts of improper food, and for soldiers who good-naturedly dropped in to call.

Able executive as was Church or perhaps because of it, he met with objections from his subordinates. Repeated complaints being made by the regimental surgeons that they were not allowed sufficient supplies and the Director General charging them with extravagance, Washington ordered an inquiry in each brigade as to Church's administration. General Sullivan's was the first to report drawing forth a flowery reply from Church, in part as follows:

The Doctor esteems himself peculiarly happy that the undeserved prejudice against him is so totally removed, which he was apprehensive had possessed the General's mind. He flatters himself that his whole conduct, during the present unhappy contest, will bear the strictest scrutiny. The sole object of his pursuit, the first wish of his heart, was ever the salvation of his country.

Shortly afterwards, in the Camp at Cambridge at another Court of Inquiry consisting of six officers with Brigadier General Heath presiding, several Regimental Surgeons presented similar complaints. The Director General was summoned to answer them with the result that the Court was "Unanimously of opinion that the Complaints against the Director General have arisen from a misunderstanding in the Regimental Surgeons, not distinguishing between supplies for Regimental Hospitals and such as are for the sick in Camp, and that the Conduct of the Director General justly merits approbation and applause, and begs leave to report the same to His Excellency."

Ten days later Washington issued orders to suspend further inquiries because of the indisposition of Church. Three days passed and there was a bolt like lightning in General Orders, commanding Dr. Isaac Foster to take the direction and superintendency of the General Hospital and to be obeyed as director. What had happened?

The arrest of Church followed, or as Rivington's *Royal Gazette* of Oct. 19, 1775, stated:

We are informed that Dr. Church is confined in a house opposite to the Headquarters in Cambridge. His correspondence, it is said, was carried on in cyphers with a field officer in General Gage's army in Boston.

But let Washington tell the story in his letter to Hancock, then President of the Continental Congress. Note the references to the woman in the case.

I have now a painful though a necessary duty to perform respecting Dr. Church, Director General of the hospital. About a week ago, Mr. Secretary Ward of Providence sent up to me one Wainwood, an inhabitant of Newport, with a letter directed to Major Cane in Boston, in characters, which he said had been left with Wainwood by a woman who was kept by Dr. Church. She had before pressed Wainwood to take her to Capt. Wallace at Newport, Mr. Dudley, the Collector, or George Rowe, which he declined. She then gave him the letter with a strict charge to deliver it to either of those gentlemen. He, suspecting some improper correspondence, kept the letter and after some time, opened it; but not being able to read it, laid it up, where it remained until he received an obscure letter from the woman, expressing an anxiety after the original letter. He then communicated the whole matter to Mr.

Ward who sent him up with the papers to me. I immediately secured the woman; but for a long time she was proof against every threat and persuasion to discover the author. However at length, she was brought to a confession and named Dr. Church. I then immediately secured him and all his papers. Upon his first examination, he readily acknowledged the letter, said it was designed for his brother Fleming, and when deciphered would be found to contain nothing criminal. He acknowledged his never having communicated the correspondence to any person here but the girl, and made many protestations of the purity of his intentions. Having found a person capable of deciphering the letter, I, in the meanwhile, had all his papers searched, but found nothing criminal among them. But it appeared on inquiry that a confidant had been among the papers before my messenger arrived.

Was the confidant the same girl? Was she the one for whom he maintained the country house in Raynham? She must have had an agile mind and a stout heart to have "withstood every threat and persuasion" used by Washington, who is reputed to have had a way with the ladies. Stern indeed would his eyes have been in those trying days at Headquarters (the Longfellow House) when he was building foundations for a republic. Romantic souls would like to know her name, but perhaps Washington's chivalry or his wife's Christian charity for a trapped woman designed that it had best be forgotten.

Washington had the cipher letter deciphered by the Rev. Samuel West of New Bedford. Now here was a crime for which no punishment had been prescribed, secret correspondence in code with the enemy. So on October 3 a Council of War was summoned to meet at Headquarters, His Excellency General Washington presiding over Major Generals Ward, Lee, and Putnam; Brigadier Generals Spencer, Heath, Sullivan, Greene and Thomas; Adjutant General Gates. This was a sober and dramatic convocation in the old house. One wonders in which room these ten top-ranking generals of the army sat.

They adjourned till next day when the doctor, now a prisoner, was called over to explain his intentions. His defence was that the letter was "calculated to impress the enemy with a strong idea of our strength and situation, in order to prevent an attack at a time when the Continental Army was in need of ammunition, and in hopes of affecting some speedy accommodation of the present dispute, and he made solemn asseverations

of his innocence. . . . The question was then proposed and discussed what were the proper steps to be taken with respect to him. . . . It was determined it should be referred to the General Congress for their special direction, and that in the meantime he be closely confined, and no person visit him but by special direction."

This is taken from "A True copy of the Minutes of the Council of War on Dr. Church," by Joseph Reed, Secretary.

The cipher letter, the only testimony on which Church was convicted, is a very long and moving plea and took him a whole day, July 23, to write.* I can transcribe it only in part:

I hope this will reach you; three attempts have been made without success; in effecting the last, the man was discovered in attempting his escape, but fortunately my letter was sewed in the waistband of his breeches; he was confined a few days during which time you may guess my feelings; but a little art and a little cash settled the matter. 'Tis a month since my return from Philadelphia. . . . The people of Connecticut are raving in the cause of liberty. A number from this colony robbed the king's stores at New York with some small assistance the New Yorkers lent them. . . . I counted 280 pieces of cannon, from 24 to 3 pounders, at Kingsbridge, which the committee had secured for the use of the Colonies. The Jerseys are not a whit behind Connecticut in zeal; the Philadelphians exceed them both. I saw 2200 men in review there by Gen. Lee, consisting of Quakers and other inhabitants in uniform, with 1000 Riflemen and 40 horse, who together made a most warlike appearance. I mingled freely and frequently with members of the Continental Congress. They were united, determined in opposition and appeared assured of success. Now to come home; the opposition is become formidable; 18,000 men, brave and determined, with Washington and Lee at their head, are no contemptible enemy.

Then he enumerates: provisions are plenty, cloth made in every town for the soldiers, upwards of 20 tons of powder now in Camp, saltpeter made in every colony and powdermills running, paper money circulating freely and exchangeable for cash.

Volunteers are daily flocking to the Camp, one thousand riflemen in two or three days. Recruits are now levying to augment the army to

* Written to Major Cane, Aide to General Gage. See "Contemporary Copy" of translation in Houghton Library.

22,000 men; 10,000 militia are appointed in the Province to appear on the first summons. . . . Add to that, unless the plan of accommodation takes place immediately these harbours will swarm with privateers. An Army will be raised to take possession of Canada. For the sake of the miserable convulsed empire, solicit peace, repeal the acts, or *Great Britain* is undone. This advice is the result of warm affection to my King and to the realm. . . . Should Britain declare war against the Colonies, they are lost forever. Should Spain declare against England, the Colonies will declare a neutrality which will doubtless produce an offensive and defensive league between them. For God's sake, prevent it by a speedy reconciliation. . . .

Finally he proposes an elaborate plan for a reply also in code, ending with the phrase, "Make use of every precaution or I perish."

The very day the Council of War were discussing this letter, Church was writing to James Warren, Speaker of the House of Representatives, resigning his seat for Boston. He knew that the trap was sprung and that he was caught. This reads in the contemporary copy in Houghton Library like the letter of a desperate man, "imploping pardon for one well-meant act of indiscretion on the scroll of infamy." But he was not to escape thus easily. On the fourteenth, the House asked Washington to explain the cause of the imprisonment. On the seventeenth, Washington's secretary sent the papers to them and a resolution was passed to bring the Doctor before the Bar of the House to show cause why he should not be expelled. This happened to be the day of the arrival at Headquarters of Benjamin Franklin and two other delegates from the Continental Congress to inspect the army. So as Washington was giving them a dinner, no wonder he wanted to clear the board of the Church affair. The Council of War was sitting again next day, resulting in its decision to increase the army to thirty-six regiments. This was one way of convincing New England that they were not rebels against a king but supporters of a newly emerging government, an inappropriate moment to spend more time on an "indiscretion."

So the House, sitting in Watertown, awaiting the "special directions from the honorable the Continental Congress," took over the case of "Benjamin Church, Jr. Esq. lately a Surgeon General in the American Army." They resolved that William Howe, their Messenger or High Sheriff should apply "for a sufficient guard safely to conduct" the Doctor

before them at 10 A.M. on the twenty-seventh. This was a Friday, a Black Friday indeed, for Washington seems to have been thoroughly angered. Howe came to the Hospital with a summons, but Church, standing on his dignity, objected to the long walk and demanded a chaise. He wrote he sat with Howe, "in which manner we proceeded, in the center of a guard of twenty men with drum and fife, from my prison in Cambridge to Watertown, being three miles."

Tradition says that attention was called to the procession by the fife corps playing the Rogue's March. While a student at Harvard, Church wrote a long poem bubbling over with youthful idealism, one couplet being:

Empty parade is all that heroes know
Unless fair Virtue hover in the show.

This Rogue's March with an armed guard was no "empty parade": rather it was an ironical proclamation that the defendant, adjudged guilty by a military tribunal, was being given a just American trial according to democratic standards.

From the frosts of October, with soldiers guarding the culprit, back to the lilacs of May when he had set out for Philadelphia, an honored delegate, one may trace an allegory, from fair to counterfeit, from truth to treachery. Yet "there were not a few among the most respectable and intelligent in the community," wrote his contemporary, Dr. Thacher, "who expressed strong doubts of a criminal design."

The minutes of the House in this long month when Church's case was under consideration reveal their determination to do everything they ought to do. They even appointed a committee to arrange for proper refreshments for the twenty Guards who were stationed at the several doors and who accompanied the doctor back and forth during adjournments.

He was permitted to present the decoded letter with his own corrections on separate paper. He declared his only motive was the public good, that he had exaggerated the amount of our ammunition at a time when the knowledge of its scarcity might have proved fatal, and that he had "dissimulated in the hopes of obtaining intelligence from his brother-in-law Fleming in Boston as he had before gained information of importance by such means which he had employed much to our advantage."

But these hard-headed Yankees did not favor secret diplomacy. They reported it as "highly criminal and dangerous, and that there are grounds for a violent presumption that before that time he had secretly communicated intelligence to the enemy most injurious and destructive to this and all the United American Colonies."

Accordingly he was utterly expelled from the House, his seat declared vacant, and the Town of Boston entitled to return a new Member. They considered measures for his security if General Washington should dismiss him. Fearful of his escape, they resolved that "whereas the Court Martial, in whose custody he now is, from the want of a suitable provision in the Continental Articles of War, may be unable to bring the said Church to condign punishment, and the setting him at liberty may be attended with dangerous consequences to the cause of America," they arranged for him to be further apprehended and secured.

But before that Resolve was ordered, the Continental Congress had taken his case under advisement and passed this Resolve, November 7, 1775: "That Dr. Church be close confined in some secure jail in the Colony of Connecticut without the use of pen, ink, and paper, and that no person be allowed to converse with him except in the presence and hearing of a Magistrate of the Town, or the Sheriff of the County where he shall be confined, and in the English Language until further orders from this or a future Congress."

This restriction to the English language may have been inserted because of a suspicion that he or an undercover agent of his had been selling intelligence to General Thomas Gage. There are letters in the French language, the sort of French a Bostonian might write, in the Gage Papers, the MSS brought by William L. Clements from England and skillfully examined by Allen French, which give plausible but not positive evidence that Church had communicated inside information to the British. I heartily commend Allen French's recent book to those who wish to fill out this sketch.

Paul Revere, years after Lexington, wrote that he was sitting with the Committee of Safety at Mr. Hastings' house in Cambridge two days after the fight, when the Doctor all at once started up and said he was determined to go into Boston the following day. Dr. Warren replied, "Are you serious, Dr. Church? they will hang you if they catch you in Boston." After some discussion it was agreed he should go to get medicine for both the British and American wounded officers. He went, he re-

turned, he was quizzed by Revere on his treatment within the lines. Revere wrote that Church went to the British General's house, had a private interview with him, and appeared to his informant, when they came out of the room together, to be on the most friendly terms.

The disciple of a new political doctrine had heard the jangle of the seven pieces of silver; he had faith in his cause, but he did not have faith enough.

After being sentenced, Church was confined in jail in Norwich, Conn. But on New Year's Day he petitioned the Continental Congress to "be allowed to return to his family in Taunton claiming that nothing but exercise in the open air would contribute to his recovery." The Congress did not release him but desired Governor Trumbull to remove him to a more comfortable place and permit him to ride out under a trusty guard. But in May another petition from his three physicians asked that he be sent to the Colony of Massachusetts, the Council of said Colony to take sureties for not less than a thousand pounds.

But if Church's life in confinement was in danger, it would have been more so had he been set at liberty. He was sent back to Massachusetts, but James Warren wrote from Watertown to John Adams in Philadelphia, "I fear the people will kill him if at large."

He was imprisoned in Boston and was to be exchanged for a British surgeon, but even after he had boarded the cartel vessel, the indignation of the public was so great that he was returned to jail. His wife complained in a petition through which she was awarded enough to pay her passage with her children to England: "The mob not content with wreaking their malice on your memorialist's husband, broke open his house, pillaged and destroyed everything it contained, not leaving her a change of clothes, nor even a bed for her and her children to lie on."

She reached England safely and twice petitioned the Crown for support, affirming that her husband had been imprisoned in a loathsome jail in Boston because of certain services he had rendered the government, referring to General Gage. She was awarded a pension of one hundred and fifty pounds as Church's wife, a handsome annuity.

Finally Church was exiled to the West Indies and threatened with death in case he should return. He sailed from Boston in a small schooner under a Captain Smithwick, and neither ship nor Doctor was ever heard of again.

One story relates that a violent storm dashed the vessel to pieces off

Boston Light; another from Nova Scotia reported that the descendants of one Charles Church, a Loyalist cousin, still repeat the family tradition that the Doctor was thrown overboard shortly after sailing. Either or both could be true. The way of his death is as open to conjecture as was his way of life.

In a pathetic tribute his aged father clung to the hope that he might still survive. In his will he bequeathed five pounds and his library to his son, if alive, "for alas! he is now absent — being cruelly banished his country, and whether living or dead, God only knows." Consequently, there is no epitaph to the Doctor in any churchyard, no admonition of his disloyalty except his name scratched in Vassall House.

What is the clue to Church's conduct? All his cleverness in dissimulation, all his talent for histrionic effect showing the ingenuity of a Secret Service drama — all his ability to steer his course through the whirlpool of powerful events, all this finally in men's minds went through the sieve of a simple question, "Was he of honest purpose?"

He was meeting the need for constant readjustments, for structural modifications of the social order in the making, as there are today, for a guess as to the outcome. England could afford coercion instead of concessions. Was his avowed patriotism merely a smokescreen? Was it dictated by a wait-and-see policy? If we look at the incriminatory letter from the point of view of many Whig leaders that concessions from the mother country and not separation was the desired object, we may interpret it as evidence that an appeasement policy was uppermost in Church's mind.

John Adams makes a strong statement when he says: "There was not a moment during the revolution when I would not have given everything I possessed for a restoration to the state of things before the contest began, provided we could have had a sufficient security for its continuance."

Jefferson affirmed: "Before the commencement of hostilities, I never heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from Great Britain, and after that, its possibility was contemplated with affliction by all."

Franklin in striking phrase stated a few days before the Battle of Lexington, "that he never had heard in any conversation from any person, drunk or sober, the least expression of a wish for a separation, or a hint that such a thing would be advantageous to America." *

* The quotations from Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin are taken from Sabine.

And Washington with a literary fluency equal to Church's own, wrote after the Evacuation of Boston about the British what, we surmise, may apply to the Nazis: "They were taught to believe that their power was superior to all opposition . . . therefore when the order was issued for embarking the troops, no electric shock, no sudden explosion of thunder, in a word, not the last trump, could have struck them with greater consternation." *

Was Church convinced that he was playing safe, like the early adherents of the Vichy policy in our day? We may be baffled, we may still find, as his great public did, that his behavior was puzzling, but in spite of that, we must feel that the relating of the story of his life will incline us to more vigilance. Church, with his frequent appearances before courts and committees and congresses, now makes a last appearance and leaves the verdict to you.

* Letter dated Boston, March 31, 1776.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD SHERMAN DODGE

READ BY LOIS LILLEY HOWE

October 24, 1944

I (Edward Sherman Dodge) am informed that I was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 12, 1852, — which the calendar shows to have been a Friday, — in a house on Fayette Street, which had been built there by my father in 1848.

My father was John Calvin Dodge, born in Newcastle, Lincoln County, Maine, in 1810; and my mother Lucy Sherman, daughter of Joseph Sherman of Edgecomb, Lincoln County, Maine, was born in 1819, in a house, now not in existence, through which passed the line between the towns of Newcastle and Edgecomb, the house being near the present railroad station called South Newcastle.

My father, John C. Dodge, was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1834 and received the degree LL.D. from that college in 1875. From 1834 to 1836 he conducted a well-known school at Eastport, Maine; from 1839 to 1842 he practised law at Nobleboro (afterward Damariscotta), Maine; then practised law in Boston, Massachusetts, from 1842 until his retirement from active work in 1885. During a considerable portion of the interval between 1836 and 1839 he read law in Boston, in the office of Peleg Sprague, later Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Massachusetts, to whom he became greatly attached, and who showed him many kindnesses and rendered him much assistance in establishing himself professionally in Boston in 1842, and in later years.

He lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts from 1842 until his death in 1890 and took part in the change of Cambridge from a town government to a city government, rendering professional assistance regarding the change and holding office in the earliest city governments. He served in the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1857 and in the senate of Massachusetts in 1862. He was an overseer of Bowdoin College, 1872-1888, and was President of that Board, 1876-1888.

My mother's brother, Joseph Sherman, was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1826; received the degree LL.D. from the University of Nash-

ville, Tennessee. He was Principal of North Yarmouth Academy, Maine, 1826-1832; attended Andover Theological Seminary, 1832-1834; was Professor of Ancient Languages at Jackson College, Columbia, Tennessee; was President of that College, 1845-1846, and died June 24, 1849, at Nashville, Tennessee. Another of her brothers — Thomas Sherman — received the degree M.D. from Bowdoin College in 1826 and practised medicine at Dresden, Maine, until his death. One of his brothers also — Asa Dodge — graduated from Bowdoin College in 1827; received the degree M.D. in 1831 from his college, became a missionary physician in Syria in 1832-1835; died at Jerusalem 1835, and is there buried.

After living a short period in a house on what was then called Cross Street (but later, and up to the present time, known as Hancock Street) and boarding in various other places in Cambridge, my father bought land on Fayette Street, near the corner of Broadway, built a house (still standing) and moved into it in 1848.

My eldest brother, Frederic Dodge, was born April 24, 1847. He was originally named John Frederic Dodge and used that form of name until about the time of his entrance into college. He died suddenly March 7, 1927, at his house in Belmont.

My brother, William Walter Dodge, was born June 25, 1849. His health began to fail about 1900, and he died at Lincoln, Massachusetts, May 13, 1921, after a long period of disability. He had a very fine, delicately-poised mind, and investigated a large variety of subjects — particularly geology and paleontology — and traveled extensively previous to 1904, or 1905, when his health began to fail. Frederic, William and myself were the only children born to my father and mother.

The house which my father built on Fayette Street was at a comfortable walking distance from Boston and was situated upon quite a large lot of land, upon which my father later raised a remarkable orchard of pear trees. For a considerable number of years he raised also several peach and plum trees, which bore large amounts of fruit of very fine size and quality. I recall the very splendid Crawford peaches, in particular, surpassing in size and quality any peaches of New England growth which I have ever seen since. Various diseases, however, affected the peach and plum trees and ultimately destroyed them. Isabella grapes also grew abundantly on the land.

A portion of this land sloped in a sort of natural terrace toward Fay-

ette Street, and its rear portion was overhung and shaded by a row of large and fine elm and ash trees, making an ideal playground for children. Under these trees my father caused to be constructed about 1860, an outdoor gymnasium, — a wooden horse, parallel bars, swings, etc., which gave to us children, and the children of our immediate neighbors, much pleasure and exercise.

Charles Deane, — later eminent in his historical studies — lived in one-half of the house next to us, and the six children of that family were of about the same relative ages as the Dodge children and constituted their most intimate playmates and schoolmates.

The only public means of communication between Cambridge and Boston in 1848, and for several years after, consisted in coaches or omnibuses drawn by horses (usually known as “the hourly”) and my father very frequently walked from his house to his office at the corner of State and Congress Streets in Boston and home again, relying largely upon this walk for exercise. Very frequently, particularly on pleasant Sundays, my father took all of us on walks to the remnants of the Revolutionary Earthworks on Prospect Hill, or to various points on the Charles River, particularly to Captain’s Island — now turned into a beach.

In my earlier years I grew very rapidly and — as a consequence of this, I have always thought — it was for the first 15 or 20 years of my life very difficult for me to acquire “book-knowledge”; and I regarded school attendance as an unpleasant task, and was very unhappy and discouraged in it. My first attendance at any regular school was when I was 7 or 8 years old, I imagine, and the school which I then attended was the school of Miss Emma Harris, in Cotton Street — now absorbed into Hancock Street, between Harvard Street and Broadway.

This school of Miss Harris’s constituted such an important means of instruction and played such an important part in the lives of so many people in Cambridge that I will attempt here to state a brief history of it and, the more especially, because in order to obtain some particulars regarding its origin and development, I have recently (Nov. 28, 1928) called upon Miss Emma Harris at her house, No. 8 Holyoke Place, and obtained from her many details of which I was ignorant hitherto:

Miss Emma Harris was the next to the oldest daughter of Thaddeus William Harris, A.B., 1815, A.M., M.D. 1820, Librarian of Harvard College 1831–1856. She was a member of a large family, and when she

finished her own schooling, she was very anxious to open a school for young children. In her endeavor to carry out her desires, she spoke with President Quincy of H. U., who suggested Mr. Charles Deane as a person having a growing family of young children and who might want them taught. Mrs. Deane assisted Miss Harris, but they could discover no suitable place in a suitable locality until Mrs. Deane suggested Mrs. Dodge as a person having young children and a new house, and upon conference my mother assented to allow the use of her nursery for the purpose; whereupon Miss Harris opened her school in Mrs. Dodge's nursery, and Frederic Dodge and Charles Deane — Mrs. Deane's eldest boy — became her first pupils. This was about 1854. I can well recall, even now, my childish curiosity regarding the proceedings of that school, intensified as that curiosity was because I — then about 2 or 3 years old — was not allowed after the opening of that school to go into the nursery, which immediately adjoined my mother's own room, and with both of which rooms I had long been familiar. At last the chance came. I was in my mother's room, being bathed, or dressed, — at all events I was entirely divested of clothing, — the nursery door had become unlatched and open a crack, and escaping from my mother, or whoever had me in charge at the moment, I pushed open the door and ran in. I shall never forget the astonishment, and exclamation and laughter of the small scholars therein upon my appearance, nor the promptitude with which I was captured and restored to the premises from which I had come.

The little school proved very popular, and in the second year she had 16 children as pupils; and in a year or two the nursery became too small, and Miss Harris was compelled to find larger accommodations. She finally discovered somewhere a wooden single-room structure, which had belonged to or was part of a large building which was being moved or demolished. This little building was decorated upon the exterior with a considerable number of large white wooden columns, each having a Doric capital. It looked like a little temple and presented an imposing appearance. It was finally moved onto a lot of land on Cotton Street, perhaps 100 or 200 feet to the southward of Broadway, which Miss Harris hired from the Dana estate, and there Miss Harris taught for many years, — in fact, until she declared that the coming children had become too ill-mannered for her. It is not an overstatement to say that, during the continuance of Miss Harris's teaching there was hardly a family in Cam-

bridge, of standing or position, that did not, at some time or some age, have one or more children under the care and tuition of Miss Harris. Many of my best friendships of after life had beginning there.

During the period of my attendance at Miss Harris's school singing was taught by Joseph Bird, and instruction in drawing was given by Mrs. Olmstead — a lady who then lived in an old house in Holmes Place (on the site now of Austin Hall), and who had 2 young daughters.

Of Mr. Bird, perhaps some account is worth while. The Bird family was an old-time family and occupied an old colonial house at Mount Auburn Bridge — the location where the old high road to Watertown crosses the then Fitchburg Railroad, Watertown Branch, track. The old house had quite a dignified and imposing appearance and faced down Brattle Street toward the gate of Mount Auburn Cemetery. The only members of the Bird family whom I ever met were Joseph Bird and his brother, Horace Bird. I do not think that either of them had any extensive knowledge of music as a fine art, but both of them used to advertise and hold what were then known as "singing schools" — held mainly in vestries or Sunday School rooms of various churches in and around Cambridge.

Of Joseph Bird, who taught at Miss Harris's school, I have a vivid impression and recollection. He was (or at least seemed to me at that time) a very large, heavy man, with a red face, an enormous voice, and a sole prominent upper incisor tooth, which became very much in evidence whenever he smiled — or perhaps I should say grinned, which he did most of his waking hours. I really think now that he was the soul of kindness and good nature, although his great size, resonant voice, red face, and sole obvious tooth imbued me with a childish fear of him, and caused him to assume in my mind the embodiment of "The Ogre" of the fairy tales or other childish literature with which we were more or less familiar at the time.

From my earliest years I have been extremely accurate and sensitive to musical sounds; and having, as a child, a remarkably fine alto voice, I was, even in my earliest school days, frequently called upon to sing small solos, as well as leading parts in ensemble. I have always, however, been troubled by a sort of reticence, or bashfulness (as we used to say), in singing *alone* in public, and this unwillingness has harassed me even to the present time. I well recollect an occasion which occurred in Miss Harris's

School, which caused me considerable pride at the time and amusement later, when I had somewhat recovered from the fear and shock involved for me. Thus:

On one of the days appointed for the "singing lesson," Mr. Bird duly appeared and as usual stationed a stool (on which he always sat on such occasions) directly in front of the seated pupils and in front of Miss Harris's desk. He seated himself on the stool; beamed an expansive and all-inclusive grin upon the seated pupils; and announced that he was going to sing a certain musical note, and that then the pupils were to file, one by one, by him and sing the *same* note if they could. His face was as beaming and red as ever, his single front tooth as prominent as usual, and the project which he announced filled my childish mind with terror and apprehension. The exercise began however and one by one the children passed by him, each duly sounding some note but each drawing from Mr. Bird a grinning negative shake of his head and a loud laughing assurance that the note which they respectively sounded was not the correct note which he had himself sounded. I shall never forget the terror which I suffered as I got out of my seat (which was well back in the room) onto my small, shaking legs, and started on the journey (it seemed to me *miles*) to pass Mr. Bird and pipe my note. I was the last of all the pupils. As I neared him, I think that I began to run, I was so apprehensive and embarrassed; at all events I piped my note in his enormous ear and "ran for my life" back toward my seat — to be followed by a roar of laughter from Mr. Bird and the announcement that I was the only child who had sounded the correct note.

Another incident connected with the same period of my schooling occurs to me, although in later years I have felt rather "mean" about it. Mrs. Olmstead was, as I recall her, a very sweet, refined person, with a good deal of appreciation and knowledge of drawing. Of the music and musical exercises I was entirely appreciative, and interested therein. But of the drawing work I had my doubts, and with childish arrogance and inappreciation, I made up my mind not to do anything more than I "had to" with it. As might have been expected from such a frame of mind, my drawing-book was consequently "a sight." After a course of instruction and practice in drawing (with which I had affected to be tremendously bored) it was announced that at a certain day in the future a prize was to be awarded to the pupil who should show "the greatest *improvement* in

drawing." Mark well the words! On the arrival of the appointed day, it was unanimously decided that *I* had shown the "greatest *improvement*," and the prize was duly awarded to *me*, and I have it now. I wish to record however that even at that early age my enjoyment of the prize was greatly diminished by the bitter tears shed by my fellow pupil, Sarah Harris, sister of Miss Emma (our teacher) who had all along done beautiful drawing and had set her heart upon winning the prize.

After a few years at Miss Harris's School, I entered the Harvard Grammar School, then on Harvard Street, just below Prospect Street, and next to the Methodist Church, and at the edge of a sort of park containing a sort of ancient cemetery, in which (we were told) some Indian graduates of Harvard College were buried. It had a bell in a small belfry on top. The Harvard Grammar School was at this period under the charge of Aaron B. Magoun — a highly incompetent and indolent person. He confined his duties at that time to presiding over the main room, hearing classes in reading, and inflicting punishment upon offending boys sent to him for that purpose by the lady teachers in charge of the several other rooms of the school. His method of punishment was striking the offender on the open hand palm with a cane, or ferrule, and not infrequently led to a fight between himself and his victim. This resulted in uproar and disorder, and was (to me at least) very shocking and painful and terrifying. The boys of the school were for the most part a rather rough lot, engaging in actions and conversations which *I*, certainly, was not taught, or tolerated in at home, and there was a great deal of bullying. I was at the time rather a sensitive chap, and did not learn readily, and I fairly dreaded the school attendance and sessions. This period covered the days of the Civil War, and upon occasions of great victories, or other good news, we were given a holiday, and rang the bell of the school, — in which ringing I delighted to participate, when allowed or invited.

I will note here that several of the boys of the school who were considered by their schoolmates at that time rather unusually stupid or dull, and who did not continue into even the High School, acquired in after life large fortunes.

I recall with great pleasure, however, my friendship formed at that time with Fred Whittemore, — who afterward became a fine physician in Cambridge and died early, — and Joseph S. Swaim, of whom more hereafter. On the whole the period in the Grammar School was to me

trying and suffering, only relieved by the friends whom I have mentioned (and a *very* few others), and by the kindness shown to me personally by two of the lady teachers, Miss Katherine Richardson and Miss Hannah Augusta Dodge. Miss Richardson was, I think, a sister (or at least a relative) of the Richardson who was an officer of the celebrated company which was the first to volunteer for service in the Civil War. Miss Dodge was a sister of the lady who attained literary prominence under the title "Gail Hamilton." Both of them were refined and educated ladies and used to visit at our house frequently at the instance and invitation of my mother.

Mr. Nathan Lincoln (A.B., Harv. 1842, died 1896) conducted the very simple musical exercises given in the Cambridge public schools during this period. In the Harvard Grammar School this consisted in perhaps an hour of general singing once a week.

It is curious and perhaps worth noting here that apparently by general habit or concurrence among the pupils of the several grammar schools of Cambridge at this period, the respective head masters were always referred to by the boy pupils at least with the prefix of "Donkey," — thus Donkey Magoun, Donkey Mansfield (Washington Grammar School), etc.

I would be in error, however, if I allowed it to seem that the drudgery and disagreeables of my schooling up to this point had absolutely no alleviations; thus —

About 1859, or 1860, I would say, an Italian — Lorenzo Papanti — appeared in Boston and Cambridge, and established dancing schools. His dancing school in Cambridge was held in Lyceum Hall, in Harvard Square, and continued for several years. My dear mother, — who never failed to encourage her children to have instruction in all that related to the aesthetic side of education, — promptly sent my two brothers and myself to this dancing school, which was attended also by children of all of the leading, or representative, families of Old Cambridge. Mr. Lorenzo Papanti was a very excitable, nervous little gentleman; he wore a wig, and had not complete control of English speech. The music for all dancing he produced by a violin, which he always carried and played volubly. If any pupil was absent he at once sought the parent, if present, with the inquiry, — "Is it *de mump* or *de meisal*?" Occasionally he was driven to resort to force with a few of his exuberant and mischievous boy pupils.

I well recollect him, chasing one of the most irrepressible of the sort — one David Parker — out of Lyceum Hall and part way down the front stairs to the street, and occasionally thumping the pursued boy over the head with the precious violin, or its bow, during the pursuit. Mr. Papanti had two (at least) sons, Frank and Augustus, both of whom took part at times in the instruction in the later years of the school. We all enjoyed this dancing school and considered it great fun.

During the time of the war of the Rebellion the gentlemen of Cambridge who exceeded the military age formed a Company called "The Reserve Guard," of which Mr. Charles Beck (after whom "Beck Hall" received its name), was Captain, I think, and who drilled in uniform and with real guns at stated intervals. I recall them turning out and escorting ammunition from the State Arsenal, then on Arsenal Square, between present Follen Street and Chauncy Street, in to the State House, — to the intense anxiety and alarm of the wives and families of the respective members of the Company, lest they should sustain injury from their own weapons. The feeling of the whole community was so intense at the time that a company of boys was organized for military drill and placed under command and instruction of a young Prussian officer named Steffen. My brothers and myself all joined it. We used to drill in a shed back of Lyceum Hall and the nearly adjoining portion of College House. I still have the wooden imitation of a gun which I used in drill.

Patriotic meetings were frequently organized and held in City Hall (corner of old Main Street and Magazine Street), at which both men and women were present. As my father frequently was called upon to preside at these meetings, or was a speaker at them with other prominent citizens, I attended many such with greatest interest and enjoyment.

My father provided us with a carpenter's bench and set of tools, which proved a fine resource and beneficial instruction to us all.

The summer time always brought to me a feeling of blessed relief. First of all, *there was no school*. Our place on Fayette Street grew and developed into a really pretty spot; the many fruit trees, planted by my father, came into bearing uncommon and delicious fruit (of which we children were always encouraged to consume as much as we pleased); the portion of Cambridge about us was extremely interesting, both historically and scenically, sparsely settled and readily accessible; and there were few portions of Cambridge, Belmont, Somerville, Medford, and

even Lincoln and Concord over which we did not roam and explore. Our immediate neighbors too were for the most part kind and agreeable.

For a period of about two weeks also in midsummer my father and mother always took us all "down East" into Maine to visit relatives. The "domestic law" always observed was that we could never start for Maine until the currants, then very abundant, were picked and made into currant wine and jelly by my mother. The start was, I fear, a period of much anxiety and hard work for her — dear woman.

Once under way, however, the journey was one full of interest and excitement, at least for us boys; — the string of horses drawing the train out of the old Haymarket Square "depot" over to Charlestown, or East Cambridge, to the waiting, wood-burning locomotive; the long journey over the Boston & Maine Railroad, involving the several changes of cars and stops at almost every station; the Berwick sponge cake (then brought into the cars at North Berwick and sold) — very large, fresh pieces, and most tasteful; the transfer over into the old Portland & Kennebec Cars at Portland, on the water front, giving us view of the beautiful harbor and many vessels; the arrival at Bath — and, sometimes dinner or supper there, at the Sagadahoc Hotel; the loading of the four-horse stagecoach at Bath; the securing seats upon the top of the stage; the driving to and then onto the ancient and inadequate (and I think barely safe) ferry boat; the crossing of the great Kennebec River; the exciting landing of the stage from the ferry boat at Woolwich; the resumption of the stage ride, through the country — then beautiful and picturesque; the stop at Wiscasset — and sometimes supper at the Hilton House; the drive over the very long and at times unsubstantial bridge from Wiscasset into Edgecomb, and then over shorter bridges, over salt creeks and salt marshes to Newcastle and Damariscotta, — all these incidents were of unfailing delight to us children; and the latter part of the journey being through country well known to my father and mother, who would call our attention to the most notable or personal points, constituted an experience to which we always looked forward (and backward, too, in recollection) with unfailing joy and delight.

We usually stayed during these visits in Maine at the house of Dr. Samuel Ford or at the house of my Uncle Cyrus, "down river" in Newcastle; or part of the family at one place and the rest of the family at the other. During our stay, however, excursions or calls were made to see

other relatives or friends and especially visits to the Varneys at Bristol Mills, sailing or fishing in the river or visiting most of the innumerable points of scenic beauty and variety.

Dr. Ford's house was a brick structure upon a rise of ground on the westerly side from the road leading from Newcastle to Damariscotta Mills, and a short distance to the eastward of the Lincoln Academy building, which stood slightly higher up on the same rise of ground. Both buildings remain.

Dr. Ford was a somewhat eccentric, though really kindly and positive man and able practitioner of medicine. He had married Sarah Sherman, the oldest (and, I think, the favorite) sister of my mother. She had died some time previous to my recollection, and the remaining members of the family were Dr. Ford, Deville Ford, Sarah Ellen Ford and Joseph Sherman Ford.

The family "down river" consisted of my aunt, Hannah Dodge, and my uncles, Cyrus Dodge and Michael Dodge (the latter being crippled or otherwise incapacitated). The land of their farm sloped from the road to Boothbay and the seacoast in various rounded fields, intersected frequently by gulleys and patches of wood, down to a very beautiful and picturesque bay of the Damariscotta River; and a portion of the shore of the bay was occupied by a brickyard.

As a small boy my personal preference was to stay at Dr. Ford's house; though opinionated, eccentric, rather cranky, and severe in criticism, and at odds with his neighbors and surroundings, he was always kind and considerate toward *me*. I was growing rapidly and he early announced to my mother in my presence that I looked to him "rather spindly" and that he would give me some "muriated tincture of iron" — which last greatly alarmed my poor mother, who greatly distrusted medicines, the administration of them to children, and (I think) the administration of them by Dr. S. F. However I was administered the medicine all right, but better still he put me on horseback and kept me there as much as he could, often inventing errands for me to do involving much riding and driving.

Immediately adjoining the rear portion of Dr. Ford's house, was his stable and carriage house combined. He always kept two or three horses for use in his practice and usually others in pastures which he owned, or hired, several miles from his house. He had a fine, Union-built open

wagon, of a pattern quite commonly used at that time in that part of Maine, which he usually used in making his professional visits; but he had also a gig, which was my particular admiration and delight. It ran on two wheels of at least six feet in clear diameter; and its small box, or seat, was most comfortably padded, or cushioned, and slung on leather braces extending three or four feet forward and backward to the frame. Under the seat was a medicine chest. The gig was drawn by a single horse.

I became very fond of horses and a good bareback rider, and my condition of health improved. I recollect with great pride an occasion when Dr. Ford harnessed one of his big horses into the gig, gave me some ears of corn and a halter, and told me to drive out to a certain pasture on the road to Damariscotta Mills, catch one of his horses in the pasture, and bring her home; all of which I did successfully, although at first rather overwhelmed.

Nearly every day I used to ride out with the Doctor on his professional rounds; look after the horse and wagon during the professional visit; and listen with great interest and sometimes wonder to the wise and pungent remarks of the Doctor regarding the patients and their respective illnesses; also to his discussions and debates with occasional parties whom we met along the roads.

At the house of my Uncle Cyrus also I was always treated with the greatest kindness. The farm was about two miles "down river" from Damariscotta bridge. The house was rather old and smaller than Dr. Ford's. My father and Uncle Cyrus would now and then take us out in the boat or punt kept at the brickyards, and would then fish for lobsters and for black bass. The lobsters were of enormous size, very abundant and easily caught. The black bass were fairly abundant and very spirited and "gamy."

We boys also used to enjoy greatly swimming in the river, particularly at a point near to the brickyard, which we called the "White Rocks."

I remember that on one occasion a considerable party of us, family and relatives, made an excursion to Christmas Cove. The intention was to pass the night there, but my mother for some reason did not like it, and I was selected to accompany her home. We had a fine, roomy two-wheeled chaise, and I shall always remember how beautiful was the ride from Boothbay to Newcastle through some splendid woodland, and the great

enjoyment mother and I experienced. I think that it was on that occasion that we stayed over night at Uncle Cyrus', and the next day I found myself very forlorn and lonesome, with no brothers or other youngsters to play with. I was wandering about over the farm when I heard a call and there beheld Dr. Ford, — "Uncle Doctor" we used to call him, — driving down the road in the familiar wagon. He said that he had come down to get me and take me up where the other boys were. He gave his reason in something like these words: "When I have a lot of calves or colts to care for, I never put one of them alone by himself in the pasture; I always find he is lonesome and not happy." Of course I was delighted to go, and I have always remembered his act of thoughtful kindness and my own personal relief with gratitude. Perhaps the cranky old Doctor liked me as much as I liked him and missed me when the party from "down river" returned without me.

These happy and well-remembered visits to Maine continued I think until about 1861 or 1862. The separation of the Ford family by departure of the children, the deaths of some of the other relatives, the period of the Civil War, the variety of interests that began to engage the interest and movements of my brothers and myself, and the many natural changes which overtook us, all resulted in the discontinuance of our visits to Maine in a family group; and after that period we made only occasional and individual visits there.

In 1865 I entered the Cambridge High School. The new building for that school was constructed, I think, at about that time. It was at the corner of Broadway and Fayette Street, a short distance to the southward, or eastward, of our house; and I remember that I took the greatest interest in its construction and followed it closely.

It was at this school that I met for the first time the other boys, most of whom pursued their educational pilgrimage to and through H. C. with me, and all, or nearly all of whom are now dead.

Those of us who fitted there for college fell under the care and instruction of William F. Bradbury. Mr. Bradbury was a "real country boy," I think, in social associations and bringing up. He was graduated, I think, from Amherst, or Williams College, and had had a long experience in teaching in the Cambridge schools. His manner was vigorous and abrupt, and his English often left something to be desired — although perhaps it was most noticeable in his use of archaic or rural forms of expression. There was at times much objection and complaint on the part

of parents of pupils regarding his attitude and behavior toward the pupils — particularly toward the girl pupils, and this, I suspect, had retarded or delayed his appointment to the headmastership of the school. He was, as we all know, an expert mathematician and wrote many books on the subject. But “taking all in all” I have never met any teacher who could and would knock so much knowledge into the head of an unwilling, or undeveloped, or lazy schoolboy as William F. Bradbury, and I often think of him with real gratitude.

Mr. Bradbury also had a good singing voice and appreciation of music — which of course appealed to me. He was for years a member of the Handel and Haydn Society and was its efficient Secretary in later years.

Mr. Nathan Lincoln also made weekly visits to the High School in his capacity as singing master. Both Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Lincoln knew my voice and fondness for music and called me into all of the school singing.

I think that all of the other teachers of the High School at this period were highly competent ladies and gentlemen. The only one, however, beside Mr. Bradbury who had much to do with those of us who were preparing for college was Miss Rebecca Shepherd, who instructed us in Greek in our third or fourth year. She was a sister-in-law of Rev. Thomas Hill, then President of Harvard College. She was an extremely pretty young lady with charming manners and endeared herself to all of us, her pupils.

The class of us who were fitting for college consisted of the two Misses Bowen (daughters of Professor Francis Bowen); James Greenleaf Croswell; Alfred Foster Washburn (who had been a fellow pupil with me in Miss Harris’s School); Charles Theodore Russell, Jr.; William Brewster; Joseph Skinner Swaim (who had been in the Harvard Grammar School with me a year or two) and myself. For a portion of the time also Henry Henshaw and Octavius Thorndike Howe were members of the class. The older of these boys were Russell, Swaim, Henshaw and Howe; the younger were Croswell, Washburn, Brewster and myself.

The two Misses Bowen were exceptionally brilliant girls and always ranked above any of the boys.

Croswell * was a very fine student. He was, I think, the most truly “scholarly” boy I have ever encountered. He had also a very interesting

* Tutor and Assistant Professor of Greek and Latin at Harvard; later Headmaster Brearley School, N. Y.; died 1915.

and charming personality, and was a favorite of everyone, both in school and later in college. Washburn * was a faithful, industrious student; his memory of facts and things was very extraordinary and enabled him to attain higher rank than some others more gifted intellectually; this was conspicuously true in after years, in college. He was a most loyal, faithful, warm-hearted friend.

It was a rather hard chance for me in such good company. As I have already set forth, it was very difficult for me in these early years to acquire knowledge from books; mathematics in particular (excepting arithmetic) was almost impossible for me to master. (I find, however, in later years, that I grasp figures much more readily, and have come to admire and appreciate the science and wish that I had time and opportunity for study of it.) But on the whole I did not learn readily even in the high school days. I will mention, however, that it was a partial consolation to me for my difficulties with the studies to find that in all practical affairs, athletic or outdoor sports, — walking, rowing, baseball, etc. — these classmates of mine always elected me to the position of leader.

I wish here to make further mention of William Brewster. He was the only surviving child of John Brewster, then a leading banker in Boston (though by no means an educated man). Both Will's mother and his father were at all times exceedingly anxious about his health, and in consequence his attendance at school was much interrupted. He was a near neighbor of mine. Like myself, he was a large and rapidly growing boy, and life in the open (this, too, like myself) suited him best of all. At this period in the high school he was greatly interested in birds, and many and many a time I had the pleasure and privilege of making long trips with him into the country around Cambridge, starting early in the morning (often before daybreak in May and June) on foot or in carriage for the purpose of collecting birds and their eggs. Brewster failed to pass the examination for admission to college when the rest of us entered, but he steadily and increasingly pursued his taste for study of birds; and it gave us all greatest satisfaction when H. U. bestowed upon him the position of Curator of the birds in the Agassiz Museum and in 1899 conferred upon him the degree of A.M., *honoris causa*. He also wrote a charming great volume, descriptive (even almost analytically so) of the region round Fresh Pond — now completely ruined by building and population. He

* S.T.B., Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, 1881.

had taught himself also a fine literary style, and he died with the rank of one of the leading ornithologists of the United States.

I entered Harvard College with my high school classmates in 1869. The examinations for admission were an awful ordeal to me nervously, and I utterly failed of making a good show of even what little I did know because of my terror and fright. I was reported as having some "conditions" on entrance, but when, at the end of freshman year, the stated occasion arrived to make up "conditions," it was announced by the authorities in charge that mine had been confused with those of another of the same name and I never heard of them again.

I passed through college without ever receiving any "condition," or failure in any subject, but this is not to say that I really *enjoyed* my studies; it was not until the junior year that I began to feel any ease or pleasure in work with books.

The Deane family had moved to Sparks Street in 1861 or 1862 and we were preparing to follow them when the War of the Rebellion interrupted. In 1866 my father sold the house in Fayette Street and we boarded in Lexington for some weeks and lived in the house of Cyrus Woodman, in Kirkland Place, Cambridge, during the completion of the new house in Sparks Street.

I do not intend to record much detail of my years in college, or of the following years. There were of course some striking or interesting occurrences in those years, but the most notable or interesting I propose, if I live long enough, to note or record under special topics or subjects.

I lived at home the first year (1869-1870); the second and third years (1871, 1872) I roomed with Charles Theodore Russell, Jr., in the middle entry of Thayer Hall; and the fourth year (1873) I lived at home again.

My father and my brother Will went abroad together in June-September 1869 and travelled in Europe. In June-September 1870 father sent my brother Fred and myself to Europe on a similar vacation.

In the summer of 1866, we having ceased definitely our visits as a family to the relatives in Maine, my father heard from a Mr. Burbank, a fellow member of the Boston Bar, that the town of Shelburne, N. H., in which I think Mr. Burbank had lived, was a desirable place to spend the summer months; and thither we all went, taking too several members of the Deane family. It proved to be a beautiful and delightful place, and for several years thereafter we continued to go there, carrying friends

with us. It has since that time become a popular place of summer resort.

I have mentioned my fondness for music and my musical capacity; and after so many years I find that I still have absolutely correct appreciation of pitch, quality, rhythm, and remarkable recognition of theme or phrase, and long remembrance and recognition of such.

My brother Fred was given lessons in piano playing at quite an early age. His teacher was a Miss Burdette who lived, I think, on Hancock or Center Street, or in that neighborhood. Fred had in early life great ability, appreciation and capacity for music. He played the piano well, had a fine voice, and sang in clubs and choirs. In fact he had real enthusiasm for it until his marriage in 1877 but thereafter allowed it to subside until he finally became almost indifferent to it.

My good mother, always persistent in her intent and desire that "we boys" should have at least some knowledge of the aesthetic side of life, prevailed upon Fred when I was 5 or 6 years old and he 10 or 12 to give me instruction upon the piano.

I recall that after a few weeks of it Fred said, in effect and I think in nearly this exact language, "Well, I think that you have a musical soul but you are too lazy to learn." For a chance speech this was nearly true at that period. I think I have already mentioned my early difficulty in learning anything from books, and although I have always been blest with a remarkably quick and accurate power of observation of things, facts and occurrences, my mind has never transferred its orders to my fingers readily or instantly, and I would never under any instruction or practice have acquired a good or rapid technique at the piano. However, notwithstanding my brother Fred's verdict above, I progressed sufficiently to become readily able to read music at sight appreciatively, and for many years Fred and I used to play and study together at the piano much of the best music, — Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, — in arrangements for four hands at the pianoforte.

I well recall that my chief, earliest and most vivid musical impression came about in this way:

John Knowles Paine returned from his musical studies abroad (chiefly under Dr. August Harpt, of Berlin, whose dearest and favorite pupil he was) in 1863. President Thomas Hill, who was much interested in music (mathematically I have understood) had the grasp and foresight to bring about the appointment of Mr. Paine as "Instructor" of music in Harvard

College, and organist and director of the choir at Appleton Chapel. Upon Mr. Paine's return from Europe he had obtained the position of organist at the "West Church," so called, at the corner of Cambridge Street and Lynde Street — then a Unitarian Church (now a branch of the Boston Public Library) under the charge of Dr. Bartol.

Mr. Paine from the first, on his return from Europe, was so imbued with the appreciation of the works of John Sebastian Bach that he would consent to play on the organ almost nothing else than Bach's organ works, and although his return from Europe was nearly coincident with the arrival and inauguration of the "great" Walker organ at the Boston Music Hall, his participation in the early concerts, or "recitals," upon that organ nearly always consisted of the performance of some of the organ works of Bach. This was so much in contrast with the performance of some of the other organists of Boston at that period that Mr. Paine became quite unpopular with the audiences and an object of almost scornful ridicule and allusion in the newspapers of that day. But all this was of no importance to Mr. Paine and made no impression apparently upon him. He continued to play and extol Bach until the end of his life and lived to see everyone that was best in musical America come enthusiastically around to his opinion.

So too his work at the Appleton Chapel always — at both morning and afternoon service on Sunday — embraced some of the great organ works of Bach.

My brother Fred became a member of the choir of Appleton Chapel very soon after his admission to college and was at once impressed by Mr. Paine's abilities and by the organ works of Bach as played by Mr. Paine. Very soon he promised to take me into Boston to hear Mr. Paine at the West Church, the organ at Appleton Chapel being very much out of order at that time. I do not now know what it was that Mr. Paine played on that occasion — it was some organ prelude and fugue of Bach — but it made a musical impression on my mind which I shall never forget, and ever afterward until I entered college I was a faithful attendant at Appleton Chapel service on Sunday to hear Mr. Paine play Bach.

Upon my entry into college Mr. Paine at the first examination of candidates for his choir selected me, with some very enthusiastic and complimentary remarks upon my voice, and from that time until I left college, at every Sunday service, I stood at the organ console beside Mr.

Paine as he played, helping him with the registration as he directed and reading and turning the leaves from which he was playing. Thus I became thoroughly familiar with the organ works of Bach — Prelude, Fugue, Toccata, Passacaglia, Choral. Mr. Paine played them all and *inimitably* as I then thought, and as I more strongly think now after hearing nearly all of the notable organists of modern times.

I will note here that the organ at Appleton Chapel at this period was a rather singular and pretentious instrument. I do not know its early history, nor how the college acquired it, but it was built by Simmons & Wilcox, at the corner of Charles and Cambridge Streets, and the specifications for it seem to me to indicate that it was intended to be a very modern and notable instrument. It had three manuals, but I do not think it was ever quite completed according to the original plan. It had the old fashioned "sticker and tracker" action and a system of valves to each pipe which (as I have understood from organ builders) was, when first built, then quite new and modern, but which proved to be too complicated and was very often disarranged, or disordered, resulting in frequent and sometimes general "ciphering."

Some of the registers, however, were of very great beauty, and it had "display" pipes on the front of the case which were of bright fine tin and beautifully voiced. It is a great misfortune that it was allowed to pass out of the possession of the college. The pedal board was of the common sort in use at that time, arranged in parallel keys (not radiating at all) and it is a wonder to me at this day to comprehend the wonderful accuracy and smoothness with which Mr. Paine played upon it.

I think that the organ must have begun to exhibit disorder when Mr. Paine first came to the college. There are contained in Dwight's "Journal of Music" several accounts of recitals, or concerts, which Mr. Paine attempted to give upon it, to raise money for its repair in say 1864 to 1868, but on some of these occasions even the organ broke down apparently and failed to do its part and the specific concert had to be abandoned.

My first acquaintance with this organ began when I entered the choir in 1869, and I became so much interested in it that I began (and completed) a systematic study of organ construction, reading Hopkins and every book relating to the matter which I could then find in the Harvard Library and visiting frequently the organ builders' shops. During my service in the choir (1869 to 1873) the usual beginning of each rehearsal

consisted of a visit of Mr. Paine to the interior of the organ while I sat at the manuals, searching out and sounding the "cipherers," and Mr. Paine remedied them as best he could. Frequently before he began to play a prelude, fugue, etc., he would give me instructions just when to draw certain refractory or incurable "stops" at points when their faults would not be particularly audible. Yet, notwithstanding these difficulties, I am confident that Mr. Paine loved and admired the organ.

ANNUAL REPORTS

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1943

WITH this Annual Meeting the Cambridge Historical Society closes the thirty-ninth year and begins the fortieth year of its activities. There is no need to point out the dramatic difference between the conditions of the world today and those prevailing on the evening of October 30, 1905, when Charles Eliot Norton — the first speaker to read a paper before the Society — “contrasted the aspect, manners, and doings of the town” during his early life “with what they are in the city of Cambridge today.” (These words are from the report of our first Secretary, Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook.) We have groped our way on foot through dimmed-out streets to our meetings, and we have assembled in carefully darkened houses. Our January meeting was shortened so that we might listen to the astounding radio announcement that the President of the United States was visiting American troops in North Africa. Our October meeting heard Mrs. Vosburgh’s account of our satisfactory participation in the third War Loan drive.

Yet in spite of these grim backgrounds we have managed to preserve the neighborliness and the friendliness that have always been the setting from which we have looked back upon our Cantabrigian past. The refreshments at the end of each evening have shown a brave disregard for ration books, and the warmth of the houses has been a delightful relief from the low temperatures in which most of us have had to pass our days. Mr. Dana, in fact, laid us under double obligations by entertaining us twice in the Craigie House; Miss Vaughan opened her charming house for the April meeting; and Mr. and Mrs. Ingraham’s gracious hospitality were reflected in the loveliness of the afternoon when we gathered in their

house and garden for the June meeting. Mr. Dana divided his paper on Washington Allston between the January and the October meetings; Rev. Willard Reed spoke in April on an amusing theological crisis in the First Parish Church a century ago; and at the June meeting Judge Walcott recalled by-gone days in Hubbard Park. Attendance was gratifyingly large: about seventy members coming each time, except in October, when a furious gale and rain limited us to fifty. These figures compare favorably with the meetings from 1914 to 1919, when attendance often dropped to twenty or thirty and only once went so high as seventy.

The Council has held seven meetings, mainly devoted to routine matters. We have received, with much regret, the resignations of Mrs. Hollis R. Bailey, Mr. J. Frank Brown, Mr. Philip Putnam Chase, Miss Jeanette Hart, Miss Gertrude Peet, Mrs. Leslie T. Pennington, and Rev. Harold B. Sedgwick.

We have welcomed to our membership Mrs. Hubert L. Clark, Mrs. Louis C. Graton, Mr. John Heard, Mrs. Georgiana Ames Hinckley, President and Mrs. Wilbur K. Jordan, Miss Helen W. Munroe, Mrs. Mary P. Sayward, Mr. Joseph E. Sharkey, Mrs. Henry C. Stetson, and Mrs. Wilson E. Vandermark.

The following members have died: Mr. Walter Benjamin Briggs, Miss Fannie Elizabeth Corne, Mr. Harold Clarke Durrell, Col. Dana Taylor Gallup, Mr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Mr. James Richard Jewett, and Mr. Kenneth Shaw Usher. The passing of each of these leaves the rest of us with a distinct sense of loss, especially in the case of Walter Briggs. Whether in the Harvard Library or the Faculty Club, or the Old Cambridge Shakespeare Association, or the Club of Odd Volumes, or this Society, he brought with him a unique interest and helpfulness. The Cambridge Historical Society, in particular, owes him a vast debt for his many years of service on the Council, as Secretary in 1928 and 1929 and as Curator from 1924. He was a great librarian. He was an even greater friend. And his courage, through years of unadmittedly frail health, was unbounded.

Respectfully submitted,
DAVID T. POTTINGER,
Secretary.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1943

	January 3, 1944.	
Cash on Hand, Jan. 1, 1943		\$ 423.58
Dues and Initiation Fees	\$607.00	
Sale of Proceedings	7.50	
Sale of Electroplates	43.00	
H. W. L. Dana, his share of cost of Vol. 28	166.54	824.04
		<u>\$1,247.62</u>
Printing and Stationery	\$ 59.00	
Court House Work	9.13	
Clerical Service and Supplies	38.39	
Refund of 1942 Dues	6.00	
Cost of Proceedings Vol. 28	633.10	
*Miscellaneous	33.84	779.46
		<u>\$ 468.16</u>
Cash on Hand Dec. 31, 1943		
*Cash Book No. 3	\$10.50	
Postage, Secretary & Treasurer	6.49	
Safe Deposit Box	6.00	
Bank Service Charge	1.64	
Labels	2.96	
Chairs for Meetings	6.25	
	<u>\$33.84</u>	

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS,
Treasurer.

Maria Bowen Fund

<i>Investments</i>	<i>Cost</i>	<i>1/1/43 Book Value</i>	<i>Cash Income Received 1943</i>	<i>12/31/43 Book Value</i>	<i>Acc't to which Income was Cr.</i>
U. S. Savings Bonds	\$ 5,250.00	\$ 5,250.00	0	\$ 5,250.00	None
Cambridge Savings Bank	2,241.32	3,430.34	\$ 86.79	3,717.13	Camb. Sav. Bank
Cambridgeport Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,639.74	32.95	1,672.69	Camb'port Sav. Bank
E. Cambridge Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,657.44	33.31	1,690.75	E. Cam. Sav. Bank
50 sh. 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston)	1,868.75	1,868.75	100.00	1,868.75	Camb. Sav. Bank
5 sh. State St. Tr. Co. (Bos.)	1,295.00	1,295.00	40.00	1,295.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
5 sh. Merchants Nat'l (Bos.)	1,715.00	1,715.00	60.00	1,715.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
<i>Total</i>	<u>\$15,370.07</u>	<u>\$16,856.27</u>	<u>\$353.05</u>	<u>\$17,209.32</u>	

George G. Wright Fund

	<i>Date a/c Opened</i>	<i>Bal. when Opened</i>	<i>Bal. 1/1/43</i>	<i>Int. Rec.</i>	<i>Bal. 12/31/43</i>
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/29/38	\$ 200.00	\$ 223.63	\$ 5.62	\$ 229.25
<i>Life Membership Fund</i>					
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/10/34	\$ 760.22	\$ 865.56	\$ 21.76	\$ 887.32
<i>Historic Houses</i>					
Cambridge Savings Bank	5/ 3/40	\$ 2,149.82	\$ 2,287.55	\$ 57.54	\$ 2,345.09
<i>Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest</i>					
Cambridge Trust Company	2/ 7/40	\$ 60.00	\$ 208.81	\$ 3.14	\$ 211.95
		<u>\$3,170.04</u>	<u>\$3,585.55</u>	<u>\$88.06</u>	<u>\$3,673.61</u>
<i>Book Value of all Funds 12/31/43 — \$20,882.93</i>					
<i>Total Income — \$441.11</i>					

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS,
Treasurer.

LIST OF MEMBERS

ACTIVE MEMBERS

<i>Marion Stanley Abbot</i>	<i>Miriam Shepard (Mrs. C. R.) Cabot</i>
<i>Annie Elizabeth Allen</i>	<i>Bernice Cannon</i>
<i>Sarah Cushing (Mrs. G. M.) Allen</i>	<i>Carroll Luther Chase</i>
<i>Mary Almy</i>	<i>Louise Fletcher (Mrs. C. L.) Chase</i>
<i>Dwight Hayward Andrews</i>	<i>Frances Snell (Mrs. H. L.) Clark</i>
<i>Matilda Wallace (Mrs. D. H.) Andrews</i>	<i>Margaret Elizabeth Cogswell</i>
<i>Helen Diman (Mrs. I. W.) Bailey</i>	<i>Kenneth John Conant</i>
<i>Florence Besse (Mrs. E.) Ballantine</i>	<i>Marie Schneider (Mrs. K. J.) Conant</i>
<i>Elizabeth Chadwick Beale</i>	<i>Frank Gaylord Cook</i>
<i>Joseph Henry Beale</i>	<i>Julian Lowell Coolidge</i>
<i>Mabel Anzonella (Mrs. S.) Bell</i>	<i>Theresa Reynolds (Mrs. J. L.) Coolidge</i>
<i>Stoughton Bell</i>	<i>Paul Reid Corcoran</i>
<i>Annie Whitney (Mrs. J. C.) Bennett</i>	<i>Katharine Driscoll (Mrs. P. R.) Corcoran</i>
<i>Alexander Harvey Bill</i>	<i>J. Linda Corne</i>
<i>Caroline Eliza Bill</i>	<i>Bernice Brown (Mrs. L. W.) Cronkhite</i>
<i>Marion Edgerly (Mrs. A. H.) Bill</i>	<i>Leonard Wolsey Cronkhite</i>
<i>Albert Henry Blevins</i>	<i>Sally Adams (Mrs. C. F.) Cushman</i>
<i>Beatrice (Mrs. A. H.) Blevins</i>	<i>Bernard DeVoto</i>
<i>Mary Frances (Mrs. E. H.) Bright</i>	<i>Avis MacVicar (Mrs. B.) DeVoto</i>
<i>Jessie Waterman (Mrs. Wm. F.) Brooks</i>	<i>Mary Deane Dexter</i>
<i>Martha Thacher Brown</i>	<i>Laura Howland Dudley</i>
<i>Josephine Freeman Bumstead</i>	<i>Frances Hopkinson (Mrs. S. A.) Eliot</i>
<i>Bertha Close (Mrs. G. H.) Bunton</i>	<i>Samuel Atkins Eliot</i>
<i>George Herbert Bunton</i>	<i>Benjamin Peirce Ellis</i>
<i>David Eugene Burr</i>	<i>Elizabeth Gardner (Mrs. B. P.) Ellis</i>
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With the exception of Volumes VII and XXV, which are out of print, there is on hand (May, 1945) a small stock of earlier Publications of the Cambridge Historical Society. The price is \$1.00 each for members of the Society; \$1.50 each for non-members. Orders and remittances should be addressed to Miss Laura H. Dudley, Curator, 24 Avon Hill Street, Cambridge 40, Massachusetts. Miss Dudley is also able to supply copies of Mrs. Gozzaldi's Index to Paige's *History of Cambridge*, published in 1930. The price is \$7.50 a copy, postpaid.

CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATIONS, VOLUME 31

Proceedings for the Year 1945



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

1948



Worcester
House

Worcester
Pond

Longfellow
House

Hastings
House

PLAN BY LONGFELLOW OF THE CRAIGIE HOUSE ESTATE
1845

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THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEAR 1945

THE FORTIETH ANNUAL MEETING

THE fortieth annual meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society, and its one hundred fifty-first gathering, was held at The Faculty Club, 20 Quincy Street, at the invitation of Miss Penelope Barker Noyes, Tuesday evening, January 23, 1945, with about seventy members present.

President Walcott called the meeting to order at 8 P.M. for the business session. The reports for the year 1944 for the Council and the Secretary were read by Mr. Pond. The report of the Treasurer was read by Mr. John T. G. Nichols, and showed a balance of over eight hundred dollars cash on hand after deducting the expenses for the year 1944 of approximately two hundred and forty dollars. The Curator, Miss Dudley, reported the receipt of various gifts to the archives of the Society, including a collection of documents from Miss Noyes and two pieces of furniture from Miss Linda J. Corne. Upon motion duly made and seconded it was voted that these reports be accepted and placed on file.

The report of the Nominating Committee was presented by Mr. Charles H. C. Wright, chairman, as follows:

President	Hon. Robert Walcott
Vice-Presidents	{ Miss Lois Lilley Howe Rev. Samuel Atkins Eliot Mr. Edward Ingraham
Secretary	Mr. Bremer W. Pond
Treasurer	Mr. John T. G. Nichols
Curator	Miss Laura Howland Dudley
Editor	Mr. Charles Lane Hanson

Members of the Council: the above, and
Mr. Roger Gilman, Mr. Allyn B. Forbes,
Miss Elizabeth B. Piper, Miss Penelope B.
Noyes, and Mrs. Maude B. Vosburgh

Voted to accept the report of the Nominating Committee. There being no further nominations it was voted that the Secretary is hereby instructed to cast one ballot for the list of officers and Members of the Council as presented by the Nominating Committee. The Secretary did so, and the President then declared these persons duly elected for the year 1945.

With the completion of the business matters before the Society the President introduced as the speaker of the evening, Professor Kenneth J. Conant, who gave an entertaining talk, illustrated with lantern slides, on "The Architectural Development of Harvard."

The meeting adjourned at a quarter after ten for refreshments.

BREMER W. POND,
Secretary.

PAPERS READ DURING THE YEAR 1945

REMINISCENCES OF CAMBRIDGE

BY MRS. SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

READ BY KATHARINE F. CROTHERS

April 24, 1945

THIS paper of Mrs. Crothers about Cambridge has been brought to the Historical Society at Miss Howe's invitation. It is taken from several chapters of reminiscences that she wrote out for the family.

May I give a brief background of my mother. She was deeply rooted in New England. Her forebears were early settlers in Connecticut with Thomas Hooker in Hartford. Later they settled in near-by communities. She was born in New Haven, but her father's early death during the Civil War meant that her happiest childhood was associated with the village of Middlebury, where four grandparents lived. Although she went out to California as a girl and was married there, she always belonged to New England and when she came to Cambridge, she felt at home here. The paper follows:

In 1894 when we came to Cambridge it was a city of ninety thousand, but there were still people who thought of it as a village and judged things by the older standards of a homogeneous New England town.

The coming of electric cars had superseded the old horsecars. They did more than facilitate transportation. It subtly rearranged social values. The leisurely friendly conductor of the horsecar who knew everybody and obligingly stopped at the individual doorstep was replaced by an impersonal official who only stopped at corners and admonished the most stately to "step lively." When we came, the story was going around of

the indignation with which some regarded the innovation. One day two ladies signalled for the conductor to stop. The elder one moved toward the door, but the younger one lingered to say a last word to her neighbor and was rudely interrupted by a voice, "Hurry up, lady." The elder sister at the door turned upon him, and addressing the car full of people, said, "Things have come to a pretty pass when Miss Kitty Parsons is not allowed to finish a conversation."

Among the new friends and acquaintances in Cambridge were those who had an Old World flavor, to which I was very susceptible. Famous Oliver's famous brother, John Holmes, would have been a mere name to us except for his dear friends. They were so sorry for us that we would never really know him — for although he was still living in Appian Way and greeted us with a reminiscent graciousness, he was past making new friends. But the stories they told of him — though so trifling — made him a real person, and I find it difficult to realize how slight our acquaintance was.

I loved Clara Howe's story of her mortification when one morning in church Mr. Holmes turned from the pew in front and said in a stage whisper that could be heard over the church, "Clara, what is the collection for?" She had to reply in an equally loud tone, for he was very deaf, "It's for the Cambridge Hospital." Then ensued a great slapping of pockets in an unsuccessful effort to locate his purse, and then — quite distinctly, and in a tone still loud enough to reach everywhere, "I haven't a damn cent." She said as she went out, little Richard Eustis said to his mother, "Oh, Mother, next Sunday perhaps Mr. Holmes will swear some more."

Dear Francis Tiffany was an established friend from the moment of our arrival in Cambridge, we having inherited an intimate friendship — if one may say so — from his son who was one of our dearest friends in St. Paul. Mr. Tiffany was a near neighbor of Mr. Holmes, and said he met him one morning on Appian Way and told him that he had just heard that their opposite neighbor had died the night before; his daughter had come to say good-night and found him in his easy-chair already gone. "My," said John Holmes, "a death like that makes my mouth water."

I remember Miss Mary Howe's telling me of his dropping in one morning with a tale of domestic infelicities. One inefficient housekeeper

after another drifted through the house. His bed was not made till afternoon, his rooms were never dusted, a pail and scrubbing brush, he was likely to find on the stairs — he was in despair! Various plans were talked over, and as he went down the steps Miss Howe said to him, "Of course, John, the truth is you ought to be married." "Yes, yes," he called back, "doubtless if I had a better half I should have better quarters."

His gift of verbal felicity, and his dry humor constituted the small change of conversation in Cambridge. "As John Holmes says" was in the air.

Professor Torrey's sister, a very unusual woman, was still living in the house at 20 Oxford Street which we later moved into and which was our home for thirty years.

She was much loved and admired. She had Victorian standards of propriety and resented so deeply the way students ran through the streets in gymnasium shorts that she kept her inside blinds closed and moved about in a semi-twilight because, as she said, the habits of Harvard students were such that a lady could no longer sit by her front windows.

After it became our home I remember one day Father went into the library to see an unknown man who had called to ask him to speak somewhere. He discovered him looking rather shamefacedly through the partly opened door into the room behind. He laughed as Father came in, and said, "You will excuse me, Mr. Crothers. You see, I haven't been in this house since my student days. I worked my way through college. Miss Torrey gave me a room — the one I was peering into — for sleeping here at night, to protect her from burglars after Professor Torrey died. It wasn't so much of a sinecure as it sounds, for she insisted on being protected from nine o'clock on, and it involved an elaborate ritual that still makes me laugh when I think of it. She always felt that in spite of locked doors and windows some "man" might have slipped in during the day, so when I arrived at 9 p.m. the first thing was a tour of the house from attic to cellar. We went looking under every bed and behind every door. The most impossible cupboards where no "man" could possibly be concealed were explored. I say "we" because she never left me a moment. She quite wisely distrusted youth, and although she was afraid she followed me with a flickering candle. The cellar was, as you know, a veritable catacombe. We wandered from laundry to wood cellar and from coal bin to store closet. There was one particularly spooky room

where broken articles of all kinds were stored. She always felt that if I climbed over a broken step-ladder and a lawn-mower that shut off a clear view of the far corner I might find a burglar. Then I took the axe and bore it up to my room, where it lay on a chair by my bed. She shuddered when I suggested a pistol, but felt I must have some weapon. My kid brother who took my place one night nearly had a fit. I had prepared him for making the rounds, but I had forgotten to mention the axe, and when in the cellar Miss Torrey pointed to the axe, and said briefly, "Bring it," and vanished with the candle up the stairway, he had a wild moment of thinking the time for his execution had come."

Among the new friends and acquaintances were the Palfreys — they lived near us — three elderly ladies with their aged mother — and she was aged, a hundred her next birthday. I never saw her, but I gathered that she was curiously alive in all the minor matters, such as just what dress the daughters should change into in the afternoon, and uttering her opinions in a manner that made them into laws. Mrs. Eliot told me that she spoke to Miss Sarah on the heat of the Cambridge summer and hoped she got away, but Miss Sarah replied, "Mother feels that the habit of leaving home in the summer just for a change is unsettling, and does not conduce to an orderly mode of living, but," she went on a little hesitatingly, "of course, we know that our mother cannot always be with us; there must come a time when we shall be without her guidance — and I think — perhaps — we may feel differently then."

But when that time of emancipation came, those three old ladies gazed at each other, not only with grief but with alarm. How should "a lady" meet anything so elemental, so inexorable, as Death? It seemed not to fit into their carefully shielded lives, it was too sudden, too sensational. An unconscious neighbor called at the house on an errand that morning and asked cheerfully how they all were. Miss Sarah said, with hesitating formality, "We are all well, barring the vicissitudes attendant on human life."

After the mother died there was a little stir of adventure. They *did* "feel differently" about a summer outing, and decided on two weeks in Gloucester. From there Miss Sarah wrote, "It has been a great surprise to me to find so many well-conditioned people, quite unknown to ourselves or to our friends."

Miss Sarah seems to have been the only one in whom the spirit of ad-

venture survived its too long period of incubation. Miss Mary remained quiescent.

Miss Anna had a little hint of girlishness that was very engaging. I can quite believe that in a trinity of names invented for them she was the Rose, Mary the Lamb, and Sarah the Book.

At seventy, Miss Sarah took up painting in water colors. An old friend, Helen Child, told me that she was sent for one morning, and went over fearing some calamity. She was met by Miss Sarah, drawn into the parlor, and the door shut before she told her that she had seen in the morning paper that Buffalo Bill and his Wild West show was in Boston. Would Helen come and go with her that afternoon? They went, but it was a doubtful pleasure. It was too queer! She had "no convenience" for getting pleasure that way, so that all she got was a not to be despised satisfaction that she had dared to go. Buffalo Bill had not been as rewarding as she had hoped, but her spirit was undaunted and soon afterward she went to the circus. She found various friends who had also been to the circus. One said sadly, "The polar bear pacing restlessly up and down that hot June day just haunts me." Miss Sarah felt that the situation was exaggerated, and said, "But I understand that the polar bear was accommodated with a block of ice."

As I've said, Miss Sarah thirsted for adventure. She purchased a tricycle. This shock the sisters bore up under, and when she mounted it and sat discreetly there, it seemed not so terrible, but — when her foot pressed on the pedal they saw not only her ankle but inches above. This absolutely damning fact was laid before Sarah, and she felt its importance, but she was not going to be cheated out of her new freedom. She went into consultation with a mechanic, and he arranged a small iron rod that went around inside the wheels and outside the pedals. On this rod a brown silk ruffle was gathered, concealing her feet entirely, so she went modestly through the streets of Cambridge looking as if she were putting her feet in and out of a too hot foot-tub.

A friend who met her at a pension in Italy said, "Miss Sarah felt that she was leading a very risky life meeting so many people of whose antecedents she knew nothing, but felt that a vague pleasantness might be permitted, but no intimacy and no introductions."

Mr. and Mrs. John Graham Brooks, best beloved and most highly desired of Cambridge circles, came to the pension for a week, adding

greatly to everyone's pleasure. They had not been long in Cambridge as the Palfreys counted length and had not yet come within their range of vision. The morning of their departure, Mrs. Brooks lingered at the breakfast table, and said goodbye all around without knowing Miss Palfrey by name. The friend said to her, as the Brooks left the room, "Why, you must know the Brooks, you both live in Cambridge." "No," was the reply, "I do not know them. They *seem* like very pleasant people, but one cannot be too careful."

One fall when I came back, I heard that Miss Anna was ill and not likely to live long. I went over to ask for her, and was met by Miss Sarah, who said, in answer to my question as to whether her sister would enjoy this or that and whether I might bring over some books, "Ah, that is the difficulty — to find any books to read aloud that are sprightly without vulgarity."

That winter, at President Lowell's at dinner, I sat next to Mr. Gardner Lane, a well known member of the Corporation, so big and prosperous and boyish and likable. He turned to me at once. "Why, you live on Oxford Street near the Palfreys, don't you? You see, I've known them all my life. I can remember being taken by Mother to see them, all uncomfortably dressed up in a little black velvet suit and so well behaved! I used to call occasionally while I was in college — never the same week that I robbed their apple orchard, but occasionally — and this fall when I heard Miss Anna was so sick I took out some flowers, meaning just to leave them at the door, but Miss Sarah saw me and insisted I should go up and see Miss Anna. When I came downstairs I was all in. Dear old Miss Anna! All I wanted was to get out of the house, but Miss Mary called to me to wait a moment. Down she came with something in one hand, with the other folded over it, and said, 'Anna wishes you to have this for a keepsake. She thinks it's a gift suitable for a gentleman,' and, by Jove! if it wasn't a corkscrew! Well, it saved my life — for in my effort not to laugh I kept from doing the other thing."

After the Spanish War, Harvard invited a large number of Cuban teachers over for the Summer School. You remember we had a house full. All Cambridge prepared to welcome them, but Miss Palfrey was agitated. Dr. Walcott tells of her appearing one day and after preliminary remarks on the dangers that lie about us at all times, said, "You know, Dr. Walcott, of this invasion, of course? We felt in making plans

for the summer we needed the advice of some one like yourself on whose judgment we could rely. With the streets filled with men of the Latin race, with ardent passions and other standards than ours, do you consider that it would be safe for us to spend the summer in Cambridge?"

One pictures Miss Sarah as one saw her on their day at home, arranged with great care, finished off with white cotton gloves, but there was a "sprightliness," to use that expressive word of hers, about her. A neighbor 'Dr. Edward Drown' said that Miss Sarah appeared one morning bearing a very nice copy of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." She explained that it had been given her, but when she glanced through it she felt she could not keep it upon her shelves where it might fall into the hands of some young person. She decided it would be safer to bring it to him. It was a nice little tribute to his unshakable moral character.

There was always something very interesting to me about Miss Sarah. As a young woman she had written one of those slender volumes of verse that always appeals to me. If books could have astral bodies, which were even occasionally visible, I think none would be so rainbow-tinted as those slender privately printed volumes of verses, so radiant with hope. I remember Father reading me one of her poems that had wandered into some anthology, and it was very good. She also wrote a novel that I never got hold of, named "Herman, or Young Knighthood." Some one told me that the review of it in "The Atlantic Monthly" of that date spoke of it as "remarkable."

In coming to Cambridge from St. Paul the flood of youth in the University struck us. The immense variety among the students. They filled the streets and just meeting those who gravitated our way we were surrounded by them.

I remember one 22nd of February standing on the corner waiting for the street car, a boy evidently a student was also waiting. We were both listening to the chimes of Christ Church. "Can you tell me," he said, "what they are ringing for?" "It is Washington's birthday," I said. "Think of that —," he exclaimed wonderingly — "over a hundred years since he died, and still ringing bells," and then he added, "I like it, I wish we did it in Oregon."

From the very first of our married life there was much coming and going. We did not dignify it by the name of hospitality. We did no

formal entertaining but we both liked it, although to this day I think of some of our Oriental visitors with a long drawn sigh. There is something inside of me that prevents a sympathetic understanding of the Oriental mind.

Life in Cambridge never settled down to only work in the Parish although that always came first. Father had as many engagements outside the church as in it.

June was always filled with graduations. One year he made as many as three commencement addresses a week, but he was a born traveller and he loved it.

Just before we came to Cambridge, Prof. Royce's "Religious Aspect of Philosophy" came out. It is hard to say what makes a book your own. Often it is something quite independent of the book. But whatever it was, it became one of my "great books."

Soon after we arrived here, Prof. and Mrs. Child invited us to meet their neighbors. Among the many new faces, my attention wandered to a man just entering the door. At that distance he looked very young — a student I thought. He was so unlike everybody else I was fascinated. A moment later Prof. Child was saying, "This is Prof. Royce, Mrs. Crothers."

When he died Father preached a sermon and I would like to add an extract here:

"We cannot meet in our place of worship today without thinking of Josiah Royce. His figure was as familiar on the streets of Cambridge as Socrates was in Athens. Like Socrates he loved to talk with the people whom he met upon the great themes that occupied his mind. He was essentially a man of the people.

"Prof. Royce as he lived and entered into the experience of others came to emphasize more and more the feeling that binds human beings not only to an ideal of righteousness, but to one another. We must not only learn to work but to work together.

"All this he summed up in the great word Loyalty. It was as a preacher of loyalty that he appeared in his later years and addressed the new generation.

"It is significant that Prof. Royce, who had separated himself in thought from the popular religion, in his quest for the ideal, came to see new and richer meaning in historical Christianity.

"The church represented a beloved community which was based not on self-interest, but on spiritual ideals. There had come among men the thought of uniting to strengthen and preserve those things which are most deeply and tenderly human, and which left alone might utterly perish. Here is a union for mutual benefit which recognized eternal values. The ordinary churchman may be commonplace enough; but the church in its ideal represents a supreme loyalty. Here are individuals who, forgetting their diverse interests, become members of one body. They are united not by intellectual but by spiritual affinities. They form a brotherhood of the spirit.

"During the last few years I have seldom met Prof. Royce upon the street when he did not fall into talk about Paul's conception of that body, firmly knit-together, to which we all belong. I do not know that the actual Christian church as it exists today appealed to him greatly. But there was an ideal behind it, which he recognized. Some day the beloved community would be realized.

"Then in these last days of crisis the philosopher was not content to watch the struggle with calm eyes beholding the evil and the good, but doing nothing to make the good triumph.

"He must take sides. The world powers may still have achieved little. We may still be in chaos. We must be loyal to our vision and to our companions who share the vision with us. We must count our lives cheap and be willing to sacrifice them if a higher order is to emerge. He has given his own estimate of the work most needed: "To work for the extension of the moral insight is the chief present duty of man in society." It was to this great task that Josiah Royce devoted himself."

Mrs. Agassiz, serene and steady, was in full vigor when we came. Radcliffe College had just emerged from the Harvard Annex, and Mrs. Agassiz presided over its destinies.

When one thinks of that dignified conservative figure, one forgets that the essential radicalism must have been great to have stood so squarely for anything so original as a coordinated effort with Harvard for women's education. She made the first steps not so much cautiously as with a fine simplicity. She often spoke to us of President Eliot's reliable help, with appreciation of his generosity when the higher education of woman did not lie very near his heart but quite on the outer circle of his varied interests.

We had visits at Nahant with her and many long talks about the things she had cared for. The Harvard College she and her husband had belonged to seemed far away to her, and she looked upon the cosmopolitan aggregation of professors and students a little puzzled. She said once, I remember, "The faculty in my day was homogeneous. Its way of living was simple and there was very little wealth, but they seemed to me more socially experienced than the present much larger one. These seem to me so elaborate, and I don't seem to know them so well. We had such simple pleasures in my day." But as we talked she concluded it was a question of people growing more elaborate as they grew older and she was thrown with the older set.

I have many little pictures of Professor William James — never of his sitting comfortably down but of his appearing while Mrs. James and I were talking, throwing in a few words, sometimes perched on the arm of a chair really talking at some length, but never as if he meant to stay. One afternoon I had taken a friend from New York, a Settlement worker, to call. Professor James asked about his old friend Davidson, who he heard had been giving some lectures on Evolution in her Settlement. "Did they go at all? Was it possible to make Evolution interesting to an East Side audience?" "We had our doubts," replied Miss Best, "but they went splendidly, six of them. The neighborhood came in decent numbers, and there were more at the end than at the beginning. I was so interested in a girl whom I had tried to get hold of. She worked in a sweat-shop and was an underfed, embittered, unhappy thing. She had no glimpse of any world but her own terribly hard one and had no patience with any talk of reform. Like Samson, she wanted to pull down the pillars even if she brought the whole structure of society crashing on her head. I was surprised to see her there. She came every time, and the last evening I said to her, 'Have you liked the lectures?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I have. I ain't kicking any more. If it's taken so long as he says to get this far, I guess I can wait a little.'" I have never seen many faces that had that kindled look, but Professor James was one. He loved the story.

I like so much what Father says of him: "William James thought as an American as certainly as Plato thought as a Greek. His way of philosophizing was one that belonged to the land of his birth.

"He was as distinctly American as was Daniel Boone. Daniel Boone

was no renegade taking to the woods that he might relapse into savagery. He was a civilized man who preferred to be the maker of civilization rather than to be its victim. He preferred to blaze his own way through the forest. When he saw the smoke of a neighbor's chimney it was time for him to move on. So William James was led by instinct from the crowded highways to the dim borderlands of human experience. He preferred to dwell in the debatable lands. With a quizzical smile he listened to the dignitaries of philosophy. He found their completed systems too stuffy. He loved the wildernesses of thought where shy wild things hide — half hopes, half realities. They are not quite true now — but they may be by and by. Truth to him was not a field with metes and bounds. It was a continent awaiting settlement. First the bold pathfinders must adventure into it. Its vast spaces were infinitely inviting, its undeveloped resources were alluring. And not only did the pathfinder interest him but the path-loser as well. But for his heedless audacity the work of exploration would languish. Was ever a philosopher so humorously tender to the intellectual vagabonds, the waifs and strays of the spiritual world!

"Their reports of vague meanderings in the borderland were listened to without scorn. They might be ever so absent-minded and yet have stumbled upon something which wiser men had missed.

"To listen to William James was to experience an illogical elation — and to feel justified in it. He was an unsparing critic of things as they are, but his criticism left us in no mood of depression. Our interest is with things as they are going to be. The universe is growing. Let us grow with it."

Father always said that he thought it would be impossible to convey to the next generation the remarkable effect produced on his contemporaries by President Eliot. His written words are comparatively commonplace, and you could not reproduce — for those who never saw him enter a room — that subtle thing we call "presence." Other men are tall and commanding, although it might be said that almost no other man had his voice.

I remember reading a letter of one of Lord Chatham's contemporaries in which he described an episode of the day. Lord Chatham had made a vigorous plea for a very unpopular measure. Silence reigned as he slowly left the chamber, but, as he passed out the door, an excited member of the

opposition sprang to his feet and began an angry rejoinder. He was going full tilt when he saw, in the doorway, Lord Chatham returning. The orator stopped, became confused, and sank slowly to his seat. The narrator went on: "This may seem surprising to anyone unacquainted with Lord Chatham, but not a man present thought it anything but natural — nay, even fitting." There is something about the incident that made me think of Mr. Eliot. He clothed even an unimportant fact or statement in a garment of such dignity that it did not shuffle in and out of the conversation, but remained as an intrinsic part of it.

I remember an insignificant episode to which he gave real meaning. It occurred in the First Parish Church, of which he was a member. A meeting after the morning service was called to acknowledge a legacy given by a maiden lady in memory of her brother. Those who remained were conscious of that little stir of excitement which an unknown benefaction always produces. The chairman called the meeting to order and, in that perfectly colorless monotone which seems to belong to a presiding officer, as such, read the donor's brief statement, that she wished to give to this church, of which he was long a devoted member, a gift in tender memory of her brother. The gift was three hundred and fifty dollars, of which the annual interest was to be used for the charities of the church. The chairman continued: "Is there a motion to receive this gift?" For just a moment there was that awful silence which comes when people are hastily adjusting their minds to the unexpected. Father was rising to his feet when, from the seat behind, came that wonderfully rich, mellow voice of President Eliot, speaking in the first person and repeating slowly, word for word, the terms of the gift. "I move that we of the First Parish receive the gift of Miss —— of three hundred and fifty dollars, the interest to be used for the charities of the parish, a gift given in tender memory of her brother, long a devoted member of this church. It is such gifts that bind us together." There was not a person present who did not feel that the little gift had been suddenly ennobled and clothed in imperishable garments.

One cannot speak of Mr. Eliot without dwelling and liking to dwell on his tenderness in illness, not only of his own family, but of others.

During our first years in Cambridge there descended upon us one of those domestic cyclones with which all families are familiar. The influenza had run its devastating course. Father had taken his turn perpen-

dicularly, as he always did, but the rest of us were in various staggering stages of convalescence when the baby came down with pneumonia and, at the same time, the plumbing suddenly became useless. President Eliot heard of our plight. At nine o'clock the next morning he was at our door. He had already interviewed the doctor, the owner of the house, and the plumber, and from all three he had serious reports. The trouble with the plumbing would involve tearing up floors and putting in new pipes. It might take two weeks. He had come to ask us to move to his house for that time. The two older children had already been taken into the homes of friends, but Father, the nurse, Margery, the baby, and I accepted the generous hospitality. One does not forget such kindnesses! There was nothing too trifling to do for us if it would add to our comfort. Noticing that the nurse was an Englishwoman, he asked her if she would like beer with her meals. She reluctantly declined. Instantly the desire to know, which was such a marked characteristic, asserted itself. I heard him ask kindly, "Is it a conscientious objection or is it your liver?" It *was* her liver.

And Mrs. Eliot! For, after all, generosity of that size and nature comes out of the housekeeper in the end. Yet she took it all so easily, almost as a matter of course, that five people — one a very sick baby — should literally take possession of their orderly house.

The family life was delightful. Beside the deeper feeling, they both had an indispensable liking for each other's society. She had no reforming fervor. His little foibles were observed with a quick smile and dismissed.

She was so handsome — so adequate to the demands made upon her. Her singing was a delight, and her sense of humor supplied a felt need. She was an irresistible mimic, and he would draw her on to telling us, as recent arrivals, of old Mrs. ——— and her lap dog. He would sit beaming with anticipatory pleasure as she began the tale — and no wonder! I cannot think we should have enjoyed the old lady herself half so much. She told us of a secondhand furniture dealer, whom we already knew, who had endeared himself to her by confiding that he lived in Brighton but had social privileges in Allston. She retailed the conversation with him over an old desk she thought of buying. Suddenly she was the man himself, head on one side, weighing as a lover of antiques the desk and its appropriate setting in her library. "Ah, Mrs. Eliot," he would say, "I

can see the room as it is now," — an expression of cold disfavor crossing his face, — adding with an ecstatic smile, "and as it will be when this desk is placed."

During those two weeks I saw an entirely different side of President Eliot, the very human, simple person behind the imposing exterior. He sat on the floor and built block houses for Margery. He was directly, very directly, interested in every detail of our lives. One day at dinner he said to me, "How much salary did you have in your former parish? Did you save anything?" Curiously enough, the question seemed neither impertinent nor ill-timed. I recognized that his interest was impersonal. What he wanted to know was how early it was possible for young people to marry. How much could they live on? How much could they save? I told him that we had started with a salary of \$1500, which had been increased to \$3500 by the time we left, eight years later. That we were a family of five, including Mr. Crothers' mother, and that, during the eight years, we had acquired two additional babies. That, aside from a life-insurance policy, we had not been able to save. He nodded comprehendingly. "I see," was all he said, but I felt that I had passed my examination.

He had, I think, one of the most radiant smiles I ever saw. It lighted up that rugged, scarred face in a strangely beautiful way. You were so warmed and welcomed by it that you wanted to enter right into the intimacies of friendship, but there was always some little difficulty about the door. It usually ended by his coming out and standing on the mental doorstep, where you had a brief but pleasant conversation, and then you went your way. In his familiar world of family and kindred he moved freely, but he never seemed to me to have any way of giving easy access to people outside that circle, and was shut in rather than unwilling to go out.

There are endless stories about President Eliot. I always liked the one about his buying a horse. He went to the stable to inquire about the possibilities. The owner was not there, but the man in charge brought out a horse, and, after much talk and a trial drive, Mr. Eliot said he would take him. When the owner returned, his employee informed him of the sale.

"But," asked the owner, "did you tell him that the horse wouldn't back?"

"No," replied the man, "I didn't tell him."

Then this remarkable horse dealer said, "I guess I'll go up and tell him myself," which he did.

Mr. Eliot was gravely concerned and hesitated some time.

"He should have told me," he said, more than once, "but I like the horse. He has points that are important to me — and I seldom back."

WINDMILL LANE TO ASH STREET

By ROGER GILMAN

Read October 23, 1945

THE story of Windmill Lane reaches back to the second year of Cambridge history, to 1633, the 2d of March. On that date according to the Proprietors' Records, there was granted: "to John Benjamin all the ground between John Masters, his ground, and Antho Couldbyes, provided that the windmill hill shall be reserved for the Town use, and a cartway of two rods wide into the same."¹ Thus it was the first street on the record.

Through more than three centuries this cartway, known in turn as the cartway to Windmill Hill, Windmill Lane, Bath Street, and Ash Street, has held its original location, its winding course, and its two rods of width.

A stroll along its length will show us how it came by its location, and its peculiar shape. It would naturally leave the old "Path from Watertown to Charles towne," now Brattle Street, at the point where the path came closest to the river and turned westward. It would push out toward the hill for a few rods, until the rise and fall of the ground would shape its course. To one side was the little rise on which Mrs. Mower's house now stands, which would deflect it. To the other side, it would have to avoid the sharp drop to the marsh, where the slope of Mt. Auburn Street now begins.

Its slender proportions were probably preserved by the two great estates which bordered it until well into the nineteenth century, for it is still the same two rods wide, just 30 feet from fence to fence.

But even in 1633 the windmill was no longer there! It had been built in the very beginnings of the town because there was no mill to grind corn nearer than the water mill at Watertown, several miles up stream. Yet the windmill had been removed to Boston six months later because, as Winthrop wrote, "It would not grind but with a westerly wind." It must have been a very unadaptable mill. Anyone who has lived and

¹L. R. Paige, "History of Cambridge" (1877), p. 20.

walked by the river, winter and summer, as I have done, and rowed on it as man and boy, can testify that there is always a stiff breeze blowing straight down stream, and only a little south of west.

Though the windmill had gone, the hill remained, and became an important fact in Cambridge geography. The old sketch maps show that it was the only spot between Lechmere's point in East Cambridge and Gerry's Landing on which high, firm ground extended through the marshes to the river's edge. Thus it was destined to serve as a town landing, a swimming place, a wharf, and to satisfy many unexpected needs — in a word it was the be-all and end-all of Ash Street.

But this little headland had a more immediate value for the settlers. Winthrop and his fellows were planning a fortified town, and this hill at the river's edge was to be the starting point of their fortification, "one anchor of their line," in the language of our own wars.

In the words of the early writer, Johnson, "they began to think of a place of more safety in the eyes of man than the frontier towns of Charles Towne and Boston were. . . . Wherefore they rather made choice to enter further among the Indians than hazard the fury of malignant adversaries who in a rage might pursue them, and therefore chose a place situate on Charles River, between Charles Towne and Water Towne, where they erected a town called New Towne, now named Cambridge."²

It seems strange that they feared attack from the sea by white men rather than from the land by Indians. Was it from the French in Maine, or from the Spaniards in Florida who had massacred 200 Huguenots in South Carolina only a generation before? Or was it from the unfriendly regime in England which they had with so much effort left behind?

Fantastic as their conception of Cambridge as a fortified town appears to us, it was so real to them that only six weeks after their first survey they ordered "That there should be three scoore pounds levied out of the several plantations within the lymits of this patent, towards the making of a pallysadoe about the newe towne."³ The plantations thus levied upon included such far away settlements as Salem and Marblehead on one side and Dorchester on the other. It would seem that the new town was meant at this stage to be the key point of the colony.

Their pallysadoe, a rather liberal rendition of the Spanish "palizada,"

² Paige, p. 7.

³ Paige, p. 2, note 1.

meant at that time a fence of strong stakes set in the ground for defense. The stockade was duly made. The fosse which was also dug was still visible in some places in the time of Dr. Abiel Holmes, the historian. He wrote in 1800 that it commenced at "Brick Wharf," which was our Windmill Hill, and ran along the northern side of the present Common and to the cultivated ground of Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis, presumably near Jarvis Street.

There is an established tradition that the offshoots from this "pallysadoe" survived in the group of giant willows, which in the memory of some of us still stood near where Ash Street crossed Mt. Auburn. They hung on the bank between the higher ground and the marsh, just where the pallysadoe must have been. When Memorial Drive was laid out, they disappeared, but two more are still tottering in the nearby corner of Longfellow Park. That they all may be descendants of the pallysadoe is confirmed by Professor Pond.

Just off Windmill Hill cartway was probably the earliest burying ground. It is briefly mentioned in a record dated April 7, 1634. "Granted to John Pratt two acres by the old burying place, without the common pales." Now John Pratt's lot can be located by a previous grant on Brattle Street, near Hilliard. The common pales are supposed to denote the stockade, which according to Paige's history was "nearly if not precisely in the line of the present Ash Street. So it is not unreasonable to suppose that the old burying place may have been at or near the corner of Brattle and Ash."⁴

The town continued to set much store by its "windmill hill." When some fifty years later it was found to have been enclosed by one Richard Eccles, the matter came up at town meeting, June 16, 1684. A vote was taken "whether the highway should be made an open highway, and it was voted in the affirmative." Whereupon a tract measuring ten rods, about 160 feet, on the river, and six to seven rods on the sides was acknowledged by the chastened Eccles to be public property, together with a highway, two rods wide — as always.⁵

In the first years land was granted to settlers on both sides of the cartway, but it changed owners with surprising frequency. Newcomers apparently tried out the living conditions on ground already cleared and

⁴ Paige, p. 233, note.

⁵ Paige, p. 20.

in the shelter of the pales, but soon wished larger farms and moved on, to Sudbury, Marlborough or Ipswich.

Some of those who settled near the windmill hill became selectmen. One at least was a deputy to the General Court. Probably at first most of them were farmers. But by the latter part of the century they were artisans. John Hastings was a tanner, his brother Samuel Hastings a gunsmith. Two houses away on the Watertown road lived Samuel Green, a well-known printer. On the other side of the lane was David Deming, a rope maker and "fence-viewer."

* * * *

When we pass to the middle of the 1700's, we find the scene wholly changed. The small lots along both sides of the lane have become two large estates with handsome gardens. The many owners have become only two. General Brattle on the east, toward the village, has acquired all the land extending from his fine new house to the lane. Henry Vassall, on the west, has just rounded out his holdings by buying the land on the corner, and now owns eight acres. His estate now includes the house and all the land as far up as the present Longfellow Park, and as far over as the river.

This is now no longer the democratic society of the settler-farmers nor of their successors, the artisans. Brattle was the richest man in Cambridge and a professional man, in the fullest sense, for he practised almost all the professions known in his day. Vassall, a West Indian planter by birth and up-bringing, was a man of leisure. He was also an inveterate entertainer, who would spend four pounds for a dinner at "The Grayhound" in Roxbury, or at Collidge's Tavern in Watertown, or give a large party to feast on turtle at Fresh Pond.⁶

Our Lane, overshadowed by these two large estates, was almost or quite uninhabited. Indeed it had become merely a private way. For in 1750 Brattle, Vassall, and Edward Marrett made a petition to the County Commissioners to keep it so. In their own words: "Shewing that there hath been, time out of mind, in the Land leading to the Brick Wharffe in Cambridge, and that there is a Gate now hanging in said place, They pray leave to continue the same in the same Place, until further Order of this Court."⁷

⁶ Samuel Francis Batchelder, "Notes on Colonel Henry Vassall" (1917), selections.

⁷ Batchelder, p. 11, note 1.

How long it remained thus gated and barred we do not know. But we may guess that it was until the Brattle estate began to be broken up about fifty years later.

Brattle's garden was one of the show places of the province. It was in part laid out in the Continental manner, even with statues, where the young gallants used to promenade. It was in other parts an "English garden," that is, landscaped after Nature, for it made features of the pond and island which were already there.

But the Vassall garden should have a special appeal to us, for it survived almost as a whole nearly to our own day. Some suggestions of what it was are found in the account of the Vassalls in the paper read in 1915 before this Society by our friend and historian, the late Frank Batchelder.

After Henry Vassall's death in 1769, and his widow's flight in 1774 to the shelter of General Gage's army in Boston, the estate and its garden went into a rapid decline. The house became, as we know, a hospital for the Continental troops. The garden must have suffered a fate similar to that of the Inman place, which was described by one visitor as a desert. We can imagine the fate of its trees from a letter of General Greene, in which he says "The troops suffered prodigiously for fire wood, although we cut down every fence and tree within a mile of the camp."

After the hospital came the Hessian prisoners. After them came the son of a Vassall creditor, John Phips, who in turn had to sell it after only four years. From then on, it went to a speculator, Nickerson, to the notorious Andrew Craigie, and to others in quick succession. None of them lived there. None of them cared for it. It became a boarding house. Fortunately in 1841, just a century after the first Vassall had created it, what remained was purchased by Samuel Batchelder.

Meanwhile the lower garden, toward the river, had been cut off by the opening of Mt. Auburn Street in 1808. The need for this highway must have been evident, but two rival factions almost came to a riot over its location. The parties interested in the new West Boston Bridge wanted it in its present position. The Craigie faction wanted it to run straight from Elmwood to Mason, to divert traffic towards Craigie's new bridge at East Cambridge. Today, in view of the heavy trucks that now roar along Brattle Street, one may wonder if Craigie's route would not have been the better.

During this first half of the nineteenth century, our Lane underwent a series of changes in name. None of them were so pleasant to the ear or mind as the ancient, informal "Windmill Lane," but they each add their bit of history. Some time after the Revolution it became known as Bath Lane, because the kindly Thomas Brattle, son of the rich old General, had built a bath house for the Harvard students at the lane's end.⁸ And the name stuck to that part of the lane beyond Mt. Auburn Street for a century, until the Charles River Parkway absorbed it. About 1800 it was called "Brick Wharf Lane." You will remember that Abiel Holmes, writing at that time, mentioned the Brick Wharf there. If you ask "Why bricks in particular?" I should guess that it was the best landing near to the college and that the bricks for its buildings were unloaded there.

In 1844 this Bath Lane was straightened — but not so much — and admitted into the fellowship of public highways, under the name of Bath Street. Then houses began to be built along its east side, and apparently there was demand for a street address that was more elegant — and less functional. So inside of three years it was re-christened Ash Street,⁹ from a grove of ash trees about midway in its length. The choice of the name was very likely that of Mr. Batchelder, who had lately bought all the land on one side of it.

Of course we who live along its rim, and feel affection for its honorable antiquity, sometimes have nostalgic regrets for the loss of Windmill Lane. But when we reflect that the moving hand of Time might have stopped at Brick Wharf Lane, or even Bath Street, we are content to be named for a tree. Besides, with such a record, who can tell what other names it may assume, in centuries yet unborn?

* * * *

Samuel Batchelder and his wife, who had acquired the old Vassall place, were lovers of gardens, and indeed expert botanists. Under their care it became once more a beautiful estate. In a paper for the Cambridge Plant Club, written by Mrs. Gozzaldi, their granddaughter, we fortunately have a detailed description of it in the early sixties. Thanks to her daughter, Mrs. Richard Hall, and to the Plant Club, I have permission to

⁸ "Historic Guide to Cambridge," compiled by Hannah Winthrop Chapter, D.A.R. (1907), p. 94.

⁹ Lewis M. Hastings, "The Streets of Cambridge" (1921).

give you a glimpse of its contents. I trust that I am not doing her an injustice by a brief transcription.¹⁰

Mrs. Gozzaldi when a girl loved this garden and describes it as she knew it. She does not say how much of its plan or its planting came down from the Vassalls, but I like to think that the main walks and borders still preserve their lines of the colonial century.

The entrance to the house was on the east, as it is now. From this side ran the Broad Walk, down to Ash Street. This walk was bordered with high flowering shrubs, in wide beds — japonica, snowberries, spirea, syringa, and snowballs. Interspersed between them were the tall flowers — larkspur, monkshood, dahlias, and hollyhocks. Beneath were old-fashioned pinks, heliotrope, bachelor's button, and many more.

Beside the walk was a huge cedar, towering above the roof, with a bench around it overhung with lilacs. The stump of this old cedar still exists. On the south side of the house, between the two wings, was a tiny garden of box, enclosing moss roses and mignonette. Against the shutters there bloomed morning glories, four o'clocks, and coreopsis.

From this south garden ran the Long Walk, which in Vassall's day continued down to the river. On one hand were violet beds, nut trees and pears. Beyond them were all kinds of berry bushes and vines. Still further on were fruit trees, and trellises of grapes with old-fashioned names — Isabellas, Catawbas, and Black Hamburgs.

On the other side of the Long Walk were the vegetable garden, the cornfields, and the grass meadow. Around to the west, where Hawthorn Street is now, were a paved court, the carriage entrance, and the stables. Two large lindens guarded the entrance gate and a hawthorn hedge sheltered it from the west winds of winter. For privacy along Brattle Street there was a hedge of one hundred locust trees and a brick wall, a well-known landmark, both set out by Vassall. There was also a summer house, made by one of the Batchelder boys when in college.

What a delightful place to live in! Walks where one might stroll and enjoy all kinds of flowers, an intimate little garden next the house, great trees for shade, grape arbors, farm garden, stables, and a meadow.

Of all this, whether of Vassall or Batchelder, there now remains

¹⁰ Mrs. Isabella James Gozzaldi, "A Child in a New England Colonial Garden," in "Proceedings, 1945," selections.

only a strip of the original wall and a few gaunt locust trees on Ash Street, a giant elm and a tulip tree on Acacia Street. The tulip is of Batchelder's time. The elm may well be 150 years old, or more, a living link with the early garden, perhaps with Vassall himself.

* * * *

We turn now from the scent of gardens to the smell of gas and coke. For Ash Street had its industrial revolution, when in 1852 our Windmill Hill and its town landing were taken over by the Cambridge Gas Company. Their first survey shows that there was still a sharp hillock just above high water mark at the end of the lane, which suggests clearly the position of the old mill. It shows too that there was still a bank between the upland and the salt marsh.

Across what is now the lower end of Ash Street, they built a large plant, for Old Cambridge in the fifties was their principal source of revenue, and the hill, as always, was the only landing place along the shore. The coal was brought in barges by water from Nova Scotia to a wharf two to three hundred feet long, and discharged into a great shed. There in smoke and smell it was burned in long, low ovens. The gas was stored in a great round gashouse of brick, with a cone-shaped roof. In an old photograph taken from the top of Memorial Hall in 1876 it looms over all that part of the town.

After twenty years, the Gas Company moved away. They had found that the cost of bringing barges through all the turns and bridges of the river had become too great, while the industries and the growing population of Cambridgeport had come to outweigh the older residences and the college. Soon the great gashouse was a mere quarry for bricks, the wharf a ruin, the ground black with slag. The remains of the chemicals with which the gas was treated still gave out a gassy odor on rainy days, ten years later. Ultimately the Parkway and the tall apartments came and blotted it out, and this generation hardly knows it existed.

* * * *

Turning from gasworks we come upon a poet in his reverie. Along the lower part of Bath Street, where it curved around the headland, there still lingered in the 'sixties, a group of aged willow trees, descendants of

"named by Mr. Batchelder after the author Nathaniel Hawthorne." But their spelling of the street without an "e" betrays them. He must certainly have named it from the old Vassall hawthorn hedge of which a few stragglers still lingered along its westerly side. Following this successful development, Mr. Batchelder laid out an intermediate street across the garden, and called it Acacia Street. The City Hall made no comment on this for everyone could see that he had named it after the acacia trees near by, reminders of the famous row on Brattle, which had been cut down, when that street was widened. Thus the whole region was named from its own trees, Ash, Acacia, and Hawthorn, all distinctive.

But the City Hall still had its troubles with orthography. In the City Engineer's Atlas of 1873, it spelled the new street "Acaisey."

* * * *

And now came a truly picturesque episode. Between Mt. Auburn street, the deserted Gas Works, and the river, on an unsightly triangle of land which was partly marsh and partly dump, several gentlemen of the neighborhood proposed — as they said — "A Casino, which should add beauty to the city, and give moral as well as physical vigor to its members."¹¹

The call for a meeting was sent out, signed by Samuel Batchelder. They met in June, 1882, at the house of Ernest W. Longfellow, now the house of Mrs. Robert de W. Sampson. Mr. Longfellow was chosen president. Francis B. Gilman, my father, was chosen treasurer and — to quote again — "was appointed to collect such subscriptions as may be voluntarily offered and to apply the same toward payment for the land bought of the Gas Light Company."

A week later at a second meeting, the first board of directors was chosen from the shareholders. The shares were offered at \$50.00 each, but were voted by blocks of five, representing \$250.00. The total number of these blocks appears to have been thirty-four, which would represent an investment of \$8,500.00. Annual subscribers were to pay five dollars a year, with five dollars for entrance fee. These were evidently of the younger set, who felt the need of physical rather than moral vigor. They were limited to one hundred men and fifty ladies.

¹¹ "Cambridge Casino Book of Records," Ms. record of Directors' Meetings. In possession of H. W. L. Dana.

The entrance was opposite the end of Hawthorn Street, through a hooded gateway, covered with woodbine. Once within its high red fence, you saw two grass tennis courts and a long bowling alley, overhung by the huge leaning willows of Lowell's poem. On a lower level were three dirt courts, and one of asphalt for play in winter. On the river bank stood a green shingled boat house, with porches overlooking the water. Inside were four club rowboats, some private boats and birch bark canoes. There was even a billiard table upstairs.

Its general air of picturesque originality, as well as its name — so intriguing to our more sober citizens — was credited to Ernest Longfellow. For he was an artist, and spent his summers in Newport or London. It was indeed a very pleasant little club, and I often think that our community feels the lack of it today.

The figures on the courts that still stand out in my memory were Richard H. Dana, somewhat rotund and always courtly; Joseph G. Thorp, tall, lithe, and blond-bearded; and Morris H. Morgan, on whose curly head was perched a natty blue and white Eton cap. Two others whom I got to know and like as they passed down Hawthorn Street, were the young and slender Rev. William Lawrence, who I believe introduced white flannel trousers among us, and Mayor William Russell, who considerably addressed me as "Colonel."

The ladies were admired by us younger boys only from a great distance. But I do recall Miss Gertrude Fuller — Mrs. Arthur Nichols — one of the best players, and our favorite, for the graceful way she swished around the courts in long skirts and puffed sleeves.

Tennis could now be played at Elmwood. Bowling went out and golf came in. Debts were increasing. And the new Charles River Parkway was casting an envious eye on the land.

So in January, 1895, the Casino sold out to the City for \$17,500. But it remained true to its original purpose. If moral and physical vigor were to be found at Elmwood and Oakley, the Casino could still bequeath beauty. At the last meeting the directors stated that this price was lower than might perhaps have been obtained elsewhere yet they recommended the sale "because of the great advantage to the City of preserving the grounds for park purposes, with their fine old trees."

Yet the memory of the Casino survived, and may well have been an inspiration to those who founded the present Boat Club in 1909. How

pleasant and useful a part this has played for the past thirty-six years is common knowledge, rather than history.

* * * *

The houses of Ash Street reveal with surprising variety the story of American domestic architecture.¹² Few as they are, they include fine examples of nearly every impulse that has moulded our ways of design. Yet they are all of the same material, wood, and all planned for people of the same means and ways of living, according to their respective generations.

If we include the Brattle and Vassall houses, whose grounds bordered upon the Lane for a century, we have two outstanding examples of the colonial style. Indeed the great chimney and frame of the Vassall kitchen-ell would take us back to perhaps the 1630's, our very beginnings.¹³

Next in age comes number nineteen, the house in which we are now meeting. But it belongs to the street only by transmigration. It was built on the land of 76 Brattle Street, probably where the tennis court is, just east of the Greenleaf house, now the home of Radcliffe presidents.

Several pieces of evidence point toward its date as 1816. Miss Anna Croswell, who lived in the house most of her life, reported that a Mrs. Norwell had said she was born in it in 1817, and that it was built a year or two before. The old tax records give its date as 1816. In its plan and exterior it belongs in the simplified colonial manner of that decade. And it closely resembles the old Saunders homestead at number one Garden Street, which is dated by the family records in 1817. In fact it appears to be one of the constructions of William Saunders himself, a well known builder of that time.

The house had originally a long ell on the west side, that diminished in height as it went from kitchen to washroom to woodshed. It was, in our local phrase, a "telescope house," such as for example the winsome old house next to the Radcliffe library. And a practical plan it was, having its long side toward the southeast and the garden, so that the sun could heat it in winter. Stout wooden shutters, too, protected the windows of the northeast room against the cold.

¹² The dates of buildings are from Tax Assessor's cards (old set). Dates of ownership from Cambridge Directories, in Harvard Library.

¹³ "Historic Guide, etc.," p. 94.

For the first forty years of its life the house stood on Brattle Street. In 1853 Simon Greenleaf bought it and lived in it until he died.¹⁴ In 1860 his son James built himself a new house on the adjoining land, and later moved it to Ash Street.

To fit this much narrower lot, the main body of the house was placed to front on the street, while the ell was placed at the rear. From time to time slight changes were made and in 1931 this library was added in the angle between the main house and the ell. But the front is now almost exactly as it was in 1816, 129 years ago.

The old house has been a favorite abode of professors. First came Simon Greenleaf, one of the founders of the Law School's greatness. From him it was long called the *old* Greenleaf house. In 1865, after it had been moved to Ash Street, came Rev. Andrew Croswell, his son-in-law, rector of St. James church. In it grew up his brilliant grandson, James Greenleaf Croswell, instructor in Greek, and later head of the Brearly School for Girls in New York City. Later came Kenneth T. G. Webster; Harvey Davis, who left to become president of Stevens Institute; and Edward Thurston of the Law School.

But the street has much more than these older types in its architectural series. The style known as the Greek Revival, that swept the country from Maine to Michigan in the second quarter of the 19th century, also found its way into our quiet shadows. There it gave us the charming little house on the corner of Ash Street Place, whose porch of delicate Ionic columns on front and side shows how ingeniously local builders could adapt that majestic art to informal domestic use. This house was built in 1842 and was long the home of Cephas Thayer, the printer.

When in the sixties the French house, of square shape and curved mansard roof, became the last word in modernity and elegance, one was found on Ash street. It was built by Mrs. Ela in 1865. It is very typical, in its exotic roof, its somewhat hard symmetry — and its convenient interior arrangement.

Even the powerful and personal manner of the great Richardson is not lacking. The residence on the Brattle Street corner that he built for Mrs. Stoughton in 1885 was his last house design. To professional students it represents the germ, the promise, of a purely American manner that died with him.

¹⁴ Information by H. W. L. Dana.

But this conception was soon submerged by the Colonial Revival. The reversal was dramatically illustrated on our small street, for on the next lot and only three years later, in 1888, one of the very first houses of the Revival in Cambridge was built for Mr. John Brooks, by the style's protagonist, Mr. "Waddy" Longfellow.

This Colonial passed through phase upon phase until it came to the wholly primitive, the Early American. And Ash street can show its museum piece in the lovable Cape Cod cottage next door. Built in the late 1920's, it was furnished with scrupulous care in antiques and bibelots of the settlers' century — a very re-incarnation of Windmill Lane.

But the strange charm of our street, by which it attracts to itself each new architectural notion, is still potent. So it was that the ultimate word in the functional style was pronounced on one of our peaceful corners by Mr. Philip Johnson, its most ardent advocate. This was an experiment in designing a four-room house in its minimum terms — and maximum luxury. One sheet of glass, 40 feet long, forms the entire south wall and blends the interior with the forecourt. One sheet of plywood, 14 feet high, enfolds the whole. We Ash-streeters are rather dazed by all this, but once within its shimmering glass we usually succumb to its curious beauty — and its owner's hospitality.

Paris has its street of The Fishing Cat; Ash Street its landmark of the doleful dog. Try to direct your out-of-town friends here and they will get lost, but tell them to turn off Mt. Auburn at the brown-stone dog and they will arrive on time.

He sits on a lawn at the corner, as he has for forty years, since he was brought here from the Sands marble works. He is executed in a highly naturalistic manner, with that turn of the torso known in Baroque art as "contraposto." The averted head, the upturned face, the outstretched paw, all betray intense emotion.

His origin is an artistic enigma. We only know that he was one of a pair, made about 100 years ago. Yet he is on a plane above the books of stock designs. Is he a forgotten work of some well-known sculptor? Is he a copy of some late Italian piece — like those Molossian dogs that guard the entrance to the Uffizi in Florence? However he came about, at whatever monument he was intended to mourn, by some base mischance he was sold down the river, to our corner.

There came a moment, after he had waited so many years, when he

almost served as the perfect emblem for an undertaker, who proposed to do business at this corner. But the neighbors conspired together and bought the undertaker off. Now he is merely a despised Victorian, wasting his grief on an unheeding populace as it waits for its trolley on Ash Street.

A CHILD IN A NEW ENGLAND COLONIAL GARDEN

BY MRS. ISABELLA GOZZALDI

Read to the Cambridge Plant Club in January, 1933. Printed
by vote of the Council of the Cambridge Historical Society.
Referred to by Mr. Gilman in the preceding paper.

THE garden to which I was brought when I was nine months old is in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Its northern boundary is the old trail that led from Charlestown, where Winthrop and his company landed in 1630, to Watertown, where Sir Richard Saltonstall who came over with this company decided to make his home on the bank of the Charles River.

Lieutenant Governor Dudley had followed the trail through thick woods and over marshes in his search for a proper place to found the capital of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Of all the places in the neighborhood that he visited in December 1630 none seemed "fitting so well for a fortified town," he wrote to the Countess of Lincoln, as a spot a mile east of Watertown on the river. So there between the trail and the river he built his house and called the settlement Newe Town. He saw that because of its muddy banks, its many bends, deep pools and treacherous tide currents vessels from England would have difficulty in coming up the river to take away the precious charter so hardly won from the King.

The first owner of the land I grew to love was John Prince. He soon removed to Hull, and a grant of one acre was made in 1635 to William Adams, who came from England and built the house, part of which is still standing (94 Brattle Street). Did he bring with him the much-loved may of the old country, the hawthorn? There was a hedge of haws west of his house, the last of which, grown to a tall tree, fell not long ago. The hedge was broken opposite his front door by twin lime trees, as the English call lindens. Once their branches entwined and formed a great mound of green. When about eighty years ago the gas pipes were laid under the road, the roots of the northernmost tree were cut and it died. Who planted these linden trees? Was it John Frizell or John Vassall? They must have been tall trees at the period of the Revolution.

I loved that survivor of the twins. Its trunk widened out into an arm-chair just right for short legs and I often sat in it at sunset when the elders, sitting on the door-steps, were discussing the affairs of the nation and the other children were playing tag on the cobble paving stones that separated us. And when I was older my mother showed me how all the branches toward the north had stretched out over where the other tree had been, growing longer every year until it was a symmetrical tree. Three feet from the ground it measured eight feet in circumference in 1870. In June it was laden with sweet-smelling flowers, the joy of the swarms of bees. The paved yard became Hawthorn Street and a man who did not appreciate trees built a house a little way down the street. One day he stubbed his toe on a root and forthwith had it cut down; this was toward the end of the 1880's. The tree was mourned by all.

From the paved yard where the hawthorn hedge and the lindens grew, a five-barred gate opened into the pasture, where under the gnarled apple trees the horses and cows grazed. At its lower end stood the willows which grew on the side of the moat which surrounded the palisades that Governor Dudley ordered built to keep out the Indians. Every landowner in the town had to erect and keep in order a certain number of rods in this high fence. It was soon found that it was not needed as the Indians were peaceable. But the willows remained and marked the extent of the moat for three hundred years. They are immortalized by James Russell Lowell in his book of poetry entitled "Under the Willows." One still stands on the river side of Mount Auburn Street.

Ninety years ago my grandfather bought this estate in the heart of Cambridge. It was bounded on the west by Professor Longfellow's meadow, now the park; on the north by the Highway to Watertown, later called Tory Row and now Brattle Street; on the east by Windmill Lane, now Ash Street. In the early times there was a windmill set up on a knoll beside the river. It was soon discovered that the sails would only go around when the wind blew from a certain quarter so it was taken down and sold to Lynn, but the lane leading to it retained its name. The southern boundary was originally the river, but after the Revolution Andrew Craigie had Mount Auburn Street cut through the estate, and in 1880 two other streets — Hawthorn, running north and south, and Acacia east and west — were laid out in the garden and many houses were built on them.

The trail in my day was a road thick with dust or mud; on both sides were sidewalks of hard earth separated from the road by strips of grass some three feet wide. A wall of red brick about four feet high extended all the way down Brattle Street and half way along Ash Street. It was capped by long heavy boards set together to make an inverted V. Inside the wall was an acacia hedge. This wall was probably built by one of the Vassalls who had acquired all the seven acres. In 1869 Brattle Street was widened and the hedge having grown into trees fifty feet high, one hundred of them were cut down and the wall was rebuilt thirty feet nearer the house. A few tall scraggly acacia trees on Ash Street are all that remains of the hedge. Between the wall and the house were two elm trees, the home of many a fire hangbird, as the boys called the Baltimore orioles, who came back there every year.

Two wooden gates, hanging from granite posts, interrupted the wall. One, always open, led into the paved yard; this was the carriage entrance. The other, at the east end of the house, opened on a gravelled path by which the front door was reached; this was the garden proper.

In the spring the visitor coming in at that gate would have stopped to admire the grass on the left, purple with grape-hyacinths, baby's breaths we called them. On the right was a high hedge of arbor vitae. Later in the season three large pots stood on each side of the door holding *Agapanthus* with their stately flowers. Opposite the door was a red iron vase of classical shape filled with ever changing flowering plants from the conservatory.

From the front door almost to Ash Street ran the Broad Walk. In wide beds on both sides were shrubs, *Pyrus japonica*, snowberries, spirea, smoke bushes, syringas, rose bushes, Missouri currant and toward the end, on each side, great bushes of snowballs.

Interspersed between the shrubs were the tall flowers, larkspurs, monkshoods, snapdragons, Canterbury bells, foxgloves, phlox, dahlias, hollyhocks, stocks, chrysanthemums, yuccas, salvias, honesty, sweet williams, and the lovely lilies, day, Japan (those were pink) and tiger lilies. There were more lowly flowers too: the old-fashioned pinks, heliotropes, Solomon's seals, spiderwort, bachelor's buttons, dicentra, with its string of heart-shaped pink blossoms, and others I can not remember. There was one plant I do not know the name of that had thick leaves. We used to make purses of them.

On each side of the Broad Walk near the house were grand Siberian crabapple trees. They flowered alternate years, and I often wondered how they could know which one was to be a glory of pink blossoms in the spring and laden with the cherry-like fruit in the fall, and which was to bear only leaves.

If instead of going down the Broad Walk the visitor should go a few steps farther, he would find himself facing a gigantic old cedar that towered way above the house. Around its great trunk a circular wooden bench had been built. This was entirely surrounded by high lilac bushes, making a retired arbor. I feel sure that General Washington must often have sat on that bench when he was talking over affairs with his medical staff, which occupied the house while he was quartered across the road at the Craigie House. One of them, Dr. Benjamin Church, Jr., may have retired there to compose the treacherous missives he sent by a colored wench to the commander of the British forces in Boston. And later, when Dr. Morgan and his wife came from Philadelphia to take charge of medical headquarters, they may have sought the shade here.

For us children it was our favorite playground. At the back, under the lilacs, was our Mount Auburn, where we buried dead beetles, birds or butterflies that we found, or sometimes there was a grand funeral for a headless china doll. The monuments were bits of broken china, glass or pretty stones which we collected and kept for the purpose.

Just north of the old cedar was a catalpa tree and under it my father built a rock work in 1870 of discarded building stones from St. John's Chapel across the street. It was oval in shape and consisted of six or seven cup-like pots surrounding a larger central one. They were filled with leaf mould and rich earth from the woods, and in them grew joyously the wild flowers he found and brought in, dogtooth violets, columbine, bloodroot, anemones, painted trilliums, etc. In the middle one were native ferns: *osmunda royal*, cinnamon fern and many others.

Somewhat back from the Broad Walk flourished a tall Catherine pear tree. It bore long fruit with rosy cheeks early in the summer and it shaded an iron octagonal summer house that was put there after 1860. It was not much used as at the end of the walk that ran near Ash Street was a summer house built by my uncle when he was in Harvard College in 1843. It was made of saplings with the bark on, planted upright in the ground. One side was occupied by the door; the other three had diamond-

shaped windows. It was paved with beach stones. This was another delightful play place out of the way of the dust of the funerals that passed up Brattle Street. We often had seven in a day. After the Civil War they sometimes had a band and a company of soldiers. One of our playmates who had lately come to Cambridge said that she hoped her father would die here so that he could have a flag around his coffin. He did not but lived many years to write books and found a college.

Behind the summer house a miniature garden was laid out with a walk around the York and Lancaster roses in the centre. We made wreaths of periwinkle (myrtle) when we played wedding because we were told that German brides always wore it. The land fell to a lower level there and we had a fine hill to run up and down and to coast on in winter. Near the foot of this garden was a splendid elm. It still stands on Acacia Street.

Four walks enclosed a large grassy space, part of which was devoted to the asparagus bed, where the feathery plumes and red berries pleased us. Beyond was the strawberry bed, where on hot days in the season we grew weary picking the berries. The part nearest the house was used successively as croquet, tennis and archery grounds. Here grew the oldest tree of all, a purple mulberry. About five feet from the ground it separated, making a crotch, and in 1877 the oldest graduate of Harvard told me that when he was a boy in 1790 he used to sit in that crotch and con his Latin grammar and it had hardly grown any larger since that time. Until it fell only a few years ago it bore each year a large crop of the luscious sweet berries we loved so well. It was very old. I think Governor Jonathan Belcher must have brought it from Europe when he lived here.

Near the southern side of the house was a horse-chestnut tree that is still standing. From that to an old hawthorn tree my hammock was hung; as we lay in it we looked out on a tiny box-bordered garden, close to the porch. It enclosed moss roses and fragrant mignonette. But the sweetest of all perfumes came from the flowering-grape that was trained up on the wall of the house to beyond the second story. Next to the box garden was an oblong bed, in the spring resplendent with tulips, hyacinths and iris. The poet's narcissus was in front of the house.

Against the blinds of the brick piazza bloomed morning-glories, four o'clocks and the yellow balls of the coreopsis. Opposite were the altheas,

seven feet tall. I remember lying in bed ill and watching their pink flowers waving in the wind. I never see them now. When I ask for altheas I am given hollyhocks. I think I wrote a poem to them as I lay in bed, but it is gone like the flowers.

The Long Walk went from the conservatory door to Mount Auburn Street. On the right, beside the clothesyard fence, was a large bed of the sweet-scented double Neapolitan violets, both purple and white. This walk ended at the river until after the Revolution Andrew Craigie had the street cut through. On the left were two unusual trees, a black walnut, whose nuts blackened our fingers, and a Saint Michael pear tree which though very old bore the sweetest of pears. Further on was the large patch of cultivated raspberries. We could go in there among the bushes and pick the purplest ones, just ten, but there were many more that were not counted.

On the Side Walk which branched off at right angles there grew gooseberries, thimbleberries, and all kinds of currants, red, black, white and cherry. There were young fruit trees too: peaches, pears, damsons, plums. How we did like to get the gum from the plum trees, for we never had chewing-gum. On the walk below, which ran parallel with this one, were quaint trellises of slatted wood on which were grape vines, Concords, Isabellas, Catawbas and others that we do not see in the markets today. Back of the violet bed already mentioned was the cold grapery where the Black Hamburgs hung. A tall lilac bush, still blooming, was near and in the clothesyard itself grew plantain. It was fun to see how many threads one could draw from the stem. And sorrel was there too, the leaves of which we used to eat, as we were told that in France they were used in soups. I must say that when I was in that country I never tasted them.

On the right of the Long Walk, under an immense cherry tree, was laid out the large square vegetable garden. Here were to be found lettuce, cucumbers, carrots, beets, parsley, potherbs, onions and all that would be needed in the kitchen during the long winter. The lower part of the walk was hedged off by a privet hedge. On the left was the corn-field and on the right were the potatoes. We used to go down there to play hide-and-seek among the tall corn, or to get some of its silk to sell when we kept shop, or to hunt for burdocks so that we could make burr baskets.

My mother and father were both botanists and knew the names of all the trees, flowers and grasses, even of the toadstools, lichens and mosses. My mother used to collect the different grasses wherever she went and hang them up to dry. From them, with the everlasting flowers and the pods of honesty, she would make beautiful bouquets to put in the tall vases in winter.

I have forgotten to speak of the west lawn. There were no lawnmowers when I was young to shave the grass, and until the gardener came with a scythe it was a glory. There were the clovers, the tall deep pink ones, the white clover, nearer the ground, and the rare pink ones. There were buttercups and oxeye daisies, quantities of blue chicory and lovely tall grasses in flower. There was a bladderlike flower, whose name I have forgotten, that we prized, although we knew it was a weed, because we could snap it on the backs of our hands to make a noise like a torpedo on the Seventeenth of June and the Fourth of July.

I have not told of all the trees but I fear to be tedious. I must mention the Delicate apple, whose seeds rattled when it was ripe. From the time the first strawberry grew red until the last nut fell there was always something for the children in a Colonial garden.

THE STORY OF A LOST BROOK

READ JUNE 5, 1945

MISS HOWE'S INTRODUCTION

ONCE upon a time a brook flowed across Craigie Street. This was one of the wonder stories told me in my early youth. More than that, my sister Sarah Lydia Howe remembered it. She was many years older than I and might even have remembered the time when there was no Craigie Street at all.

Mrs. King, not having had the inestimable privilege of being born in Cambridge, had never heard of the brook but she had an adventure with it for she built a garden on it. If you were to stand on her back porch or in any of the south windows of the brick apartment on the corner of Concord Avenue and Buckingham Street, you would see far below you a garden like a jewel in the midst of the back yards of — I will not say *tenement houses* but use the more euphemistic modern expression “the homes of those in the lower income brackets.”

I am going to let Mrs. King tell her story first because it was her story that started me on my search for the lost brook.

MRS. KING'S STORY

We bought the property at 54 Concord Avenue in the summer of 1909 after it had been unoccupied for about four years. It is situated on the south slope of the Observatory hill.

In the early days a sluggish brook ambled at the foot of the hill, and beside it, I have been told, ran the old stagecoach road between Cambridge and Concord. A spring bubbled in the lower corner of what is now our garden, where the horses stopped for water. There must have been a line of willows along the brook. I have seen six or seven fall in the immediate vicinity.

When we bought the property there were still standing on the lot two of the old Stockade willows, if such they were, which more than filled the lot but which gave beauty and background and privacy. We

were obliged, for safety, to cut down one of these when we took possession.

A somewhat curious coincidence occurred in respect to this tree as we were settling in. A woman who was engaged for cleaning related that when she was a small child, before the time when our house was built somewhere in the '70's, she had lived in Cambridge, and attended St. Peter's church situated a short distance up the road. The grassy incline leading down to the brook was very tempting, even to little girls in clean Sunday frocks, and they used occasionally to roll down the slope, forgetting the hour. Sometimes the priest would appear with a whip and persuade them, not always too gently, in the path of duty. As she phrased it, "He would whip us up the hill."

There was always a thrill of fear, she said, as she rolled down the slope, that sometime the big willow, which even then leaned alarmingly, might fall and crush her. Later she went back to Ireland for a few years but she took the fear of the old tree with her, and sometimes in the night she would hear a thundrous crash and would have been pinned beneath the mighty trunk if she had not wakened *just* in the nick of time.

So she was much relieved when, by chance, she came to help me clean and saw the tree lying on the ground, safely down, and no damage done. It was a relief to us also, for by that time it was a mere shell, and it seemed amazing that the tremendous weight of the great curving tree could be sustained by the very slender circle of living wood at the rim of the hollow trunk.

The land at the bottom of the slope was very low, but our lot was the lowest of all and took the drainage of all the adjacent territory. The question of filling was imperative and appalling.

The Cambridge Subway was being built at the time, and we had something over a hundred loads of subway sand dumped on the lot. This was hardly more than enough to fill the traditional hollow tooth. Then we asked the City Fathers if they would be willing to use the lot for dumping ashes and for spring and fall rakings, and we had about six months of that, which helped some.

During this time I met at a tea one afternoon one of those extremely frank ladies one does meet occasionally. When I told her, in response to her question, where I lived, she remarked, "Oh yes, that is the place with the awful back yard that looks like a city dump." Well, it was a dump,

but to us it was simply passing through the awkward age, which is a phase of growth and which in the eyes of affection may even possess a certain charm of its own.

The place was now covered to a depth of three feet, more or less, with sand and ashes, and other things, while below was rich, black, peaty soil. We began now a series of trenches, which were dug down to an average of about three feet into the peaty soil below the layer of filling. Into these trenches we put the worthless filling, also a large part of the willow tree, sawed into huge blocks. In this manner we obtained a layer of the original soil about three feet deep, over the worthless filling.

A little Italian who was doing the trenching and who, in a particularly rich spot one mid-summer day had dug himself in till he was considerably below the surface, was finding difficulty in throwing up the soil. He called to me from the depths. "It is hot as hell down here. I think you better get taller feller."

Bill was another picturesque helper who added to the zest of life — Bill was a carpenter, gardener, general handy-man. He was once putting up a line fence, when in passing the heavy roll of wire in and out about some trees on the slope, he ran into difficulties. "Missis," he said, "I wish you would go into the house for a few minutes. I can't do this job properly without using language that ain't fit for you to hear." I went — and the slope was safely negotiated. The perceptions of the little Italian had been less fine.

One day we were planting shrubs and had almost finished when the noon whistle sounded. Bill threw down his tools with a clatter. "Oh, Bill!" I pleaded. "Can't we finish these? There are only one or two more and the roots will be drying during your nooning." "Missis," he replied, "I would rather work for you than eat — when I am not hungry." Perhaps he wasn't too hungry, for he finished the shrubs.

Bill apparently had knowledge, or at least ideas, on every subject under the sun and he gave advice freely in addition to the services for which he was paid. His mind seemed to be packed in layers, and he threw off advice, layer by layer, just as it came, without any question of relevancy. He knew the best way of feeding babies or curing dandruff; of cooking tripe or catching trout or paying off the national debt; and he was obliged to unpack the knowledge, or his mind might have become dangerously supercharged.

Bill wanted a divorce. He just couldn't live with his woman any longer. A lawyer for whom he worked agreed to attend to the matter for a price which Bill considered not too heavy for the freedom which he craved. And then — within six months — the woman died! Bill felt cheated. The lawyer refused to refund even a portion of the money, and a coolness sprang up between them.

Bill ultimately left for pastures new in another state. I am sure he is still giving advice to everybody about everything. I am equally sure he will not, like the country parson in a new parish, use the same old sermons over again. His mind is too active and original.

Here's to you, Bill! Wherever you may be I wish you luck. I am glad I did not miss you on the road.

For ten years or more we continued to trench in all furnace ashes and other household waste, including garbage, this latter not being buried so deep as the other filling. A little neighbor one day who was watching the work remarked, "I know what you are doing. My daddy says you are making a bigger hill where there isn't any." I sometimes felt that in spite of all our endeavors we were not succeeding in making a much "bigger hill."

Whenever there was a settled place, we tried to make something grow. One year we specialized in sweet corn. A tree on a neighboring lot had been cut down and for a time let in an abundance of sunshine. Our fishman generously contributed two large baskets of the unsavory remnants of his trade, which I used in emulation of our New England ancestors, with extremely satisfactory results, although I did not attempt to repeat the experience, my part having been to distribute the fish!

We had a strawberry bed and one year I picked about forty quarts of berries. One summer I cherished a magnificent burdock plant, with leaves of almost tropical luxuriance.

All this time the soil was being mellowed and worked into shape for flowers and shrubs and a lawn, which was our ultimate goal. We were by no means the only people who were filling. I have seen thousands of loads of filling dumped on neighboring territory, but I think we were the only ones to trench up the original soil.

Although it did not seem to show much, we had lifted the level considerably. When we built a fence at the back of the lot, it stood with its

baseboard on a level with the top of the old posts. And there were remnants of a fence on a still lower level.

I was told by Miss Emily Chapman that Mrs. Thomas Wentworth Higginson had an early list of the flowers found on the slope, but she was ill at the time and I never did get around to ask her later. Blueberries grew on the slope, jewel weed still thrives, and we found skunk cabbage quite alive and green, below the surface of the soil, not showing above ground.

A neighbor who has for years watched my struggles to grow grass on the slope called down to me one day, when I was scattering seed, "I see hope springs eternal in spite of experience." I am sure I could grow grass there if I could keep children from running over it; but when they slither and slide down the slope in muddy weather, I confess I am "stumped." But I keep on hoping.

When I began struggling with the problem of the narrow slope at the side of the house, it occurred to me it would be a good idea to scatter crocus bulbs there in the grass. The crocuses approved the situation and were blossoming merrily when one day I discovered that some children had not only gathered the blossoms but had dug the bulbs as well. When I returned to the house, I was "grousing" about the matter to "Katy in the kitchen." "I know what is the matter, it's them kindergartens that done it," she declared. "They teaches 'em to love flowers." Evidently, either Katy had not carried her reasoning, or the Kindergarten its teaching, quite far enough.

Though now so deeply covered, the spring and the stream are still alive somewhere deep in the soil. While digging, we found layers of sand where the old stream had run, and we "struck water" frequently before reaching the bottom of the trenches. The soil of the garden still continues moist and woodsy. It likes to run wild. Jacks-in-the-pulpit would grow by the hundred if I did not continually share them with friends or throw them on the dump. Greek valerian multiplies till I use great clumps of it turned upside down to fill holes where dogs and cats dig under the fence. Ferns flourish, Canadian anemones, wood strawberries, bloodroot and yellow violets thrive. I have a compost heap and try not to let a leaf or a twig escape me.

Violets grow rampant, and have to be *sharply* curbed. I have discovered that they make a satisfactory low edging border and can be trimmed

with pruning shears and kept tidy. I have a nice hedge of white violets at the edge of the wood garden.

Lilies of the valley love the deep moist soil and grow to great size.

There was a social problem involved in the making of the garden which we had not anticipated. We bought the place because it was available and near the Observatory, which was most desirable from my husband's point of view.

The low swampy land lying at the foot of our slope, and within the curve of Buckingham and Craigie Streets, had not appeared desirable to the early builders and had been purchased by a class in a somewhat humble walk of life, and we found that coming to terms, more or less, with some of these neighbors was a vital matter, sometimes difficult, sometimes very instructive, but always entertaining.

The place had been unoccupied so long it had become a sort of thoroughfare and a shortcut to the Avenue. Chickens were running over the place. We complained to the owner, who listened soberly but non-committally. A few days later a smiling little girl appeared at my door with a paper bag containing two dozen big brown eggs which she said she brought me with "Mother's kindness," a charming phrase which I had never heard before. I accepted the bribe, and sent my thanks to her mother. We made no further complaints to the owner but still continued to "shoo" the hens off the place. One day Mr. King threw a piece of coal to frighten them and the unaimed missile found its mark, and one of the hens dropped in her tracks. Now Mr. King had no intention of killing the fowl, but merely wished to frighten it. Rather ruefully he turned to me and said, "Well, I think we are in for a chicken dinner, and also for trouble." He started for the garden to remove the evidence of his crime, when the hen, which had been merely stunned, jumped up, squawked, and ran away home. Eventually, however, the neighbor put up a wire pen and kept the chickens within bounds. Peace and harmony reigned and were maintained.

Another neighbor continued to tramp through the lot, and it seemed as though he enjoyed making a path wherever I had anything planted. When I asked him politely not to walk across the yard any more, he countered by suggesting that he felt pretty sure we had come over into his yard and stolen his wood. Now this looked serious, and was going to create an unbearable situation. I decided to attack boldly, but perhaps I

had learned something from the chicken man. I asked the small son of the family if he would like to come over and help me in the garden. Greatly to my relief, and somewhat to my surprise, it worked — he consented, and we got on famously.

Not long after this a visiting friend, unfamiliar with Cambridge, got off the car a few streets too soon and inquired her way of a man with a brush and barrow, who was busy sweeping the street. "Oh, yes," he said, "I know 'em. Me b'y works for 'er. I'll show you the way." And he escorted her to our door.

I think, however, the man never entirely lost his suspicions. When I met him and would bow and say, "It's a nice day," or, "It looks like rain," he would sometimes high-hat me and look through me as though I were empty air. But perhaps the next time I saw him he would say, "I'm sort o' worried about me b'y. I am afraid he is gittin kind o' wild-like."

His wife called at the door one day, thinking perhaps I might know someone who would rent space in their garage. I asked her to come in, and we had a nice chat. She admired this and that about the room, but particularly my sturdy Kazak rugs. Were they hooked rugs? she asked. No, I told her, not exactly, but they *had* been made by hand, each little tuft of wool having been tied in separately. She got down on the floor and examined them minutely, back and front. "I have an aunt," she said, "who makes hooked rugs, but I think yours are handsomer than hers."

As she was leaving, I said, "I wish you would tell Michael (the boy who had worked for me long ago) that I haven't forgotten, and that I still follow the advice he gave me about putting old iron scraps, bent nails, rusty tacks, used steel wool, or tin cans, in the ground about the grape vines." "Well, now," she said, "who would ever! I didn't suppose he had the sense." This bit of knowledge, by the way, I consider valuable. The boy had picked it up in a general science class at school. Grapes are rich in iron.

The shape of the second of the old willows was unusual. The double trunks sprang in graceful curves like an open chalice. We kept it as long as was humanly possible. We chained the two trunks together; we had it bolted in several places; we had it topped and retopped, until its beauty, but not its dignity, had gone. But the time came at last when it was no longer safe, and some years ago it was taken down. As the tree lay prostrate, a pair of robins and another of catbirds fought under the very feet

of the workmen for the bugs and grubs which had found refuge in the hollow interior. I did not discover the location of the catbirds' nest, but the robins had been trying for years, usually without marked success, to rear a family on the lot, and this year they had built their nest in the crotch of a small cherry tree. We watched the three young birds grow fat and flourish on the abundant fare till they could scarcely be distinguished from their parents.

And that was the end of the willow trees in our yard. *Sic transit gloria salicis albae*.

Now to get back to the garden. The soil does not forget the spring and the brook. With the willow tree gone it gets more sunshine, but it is still essentially a spring garden. It is forever changing. You never quite know what to expect. One spring its beauty was just yellow primroses and blue forget-me-nots. But what a joy to walk down that primrose path! Another spring the tulips, although not in great variety or numbers, seemed to attain perfection in arrangement and setting, with double arabis and still the blue forget-me-nots for ground cover. Again it was the iris which gave your heart that little twinge of joy.

It is sometimes a satisfactory picture in the gloaming of a summer evening to look down on the garden from the veranda. The white flowers glow with ghostly radiance, the fireflies dance, and the shadows grow mysterious. Finally one is recalled to earth by the buzz and bite of mosquitoes, which as the darkness deepens, rise to the upper level of the veranda. I am reminded of little Kathleen who came out from Ireland when she was only sixteen years old. She had been told that the worst thing about America was the mosquitoes, that sometimes they were so bad they would "fairly eat you up alive." She was always on her guard.

One evening in the spring her mistress said to her, "The mosquitoes are going to be bad tonight, Kathleen. Be careful not to open any windows that are not screened." Now Kathleen had no idea how large an animal a mosquito might be, and she was too shy to ask, but she did not intend to put her trust in so slight a protection as a wire screen. When she went to her room, she shut and locked the windows, got down on her knees by her bedside, and told her beads over and over till she fell asleep. She was still on her knees in the morning, but at any rate she was safe — no mosquito had "eaten" her! Later she discovered the true

nature of the beast. She came to me soon after this, but it was some time before she ventured to tell the tale.

One spring I had not expected much from the garden as I had given it scant care the year before. But surprisingly it burst into a sudden radiance of blue. I had achieved, or at least had been vouchsafed, that desideratum — a blue garden. There were lovely *Mertensia*, clumps of grape hyacinth, *Anchusa*, different shades of blue violets, masses of Greek valerian and blue bugle. *Phlox divaricata*, which had multiplied and been divided and scattered in many clumps, gave (I suppose from the different food elements it had picked up in different situations) charming varieties of lavender blue. And over all, everywhere the clear, sweet blue of forget-me-nots, a carpet of them, — *millions* of them. They spilled into the paths and one could not step without crushing them.

Patterned softly on the blue carpet which covered the whole lower garden were tulips and bleeding heart, *Trollius*, trillium, primroses and the dusky pink and blue flowers of *Pulmonaria maculata*, with its attractive spotted foliage.

These color accents did not disturb but rather intensified the dominance of the heavenly blue, and its memory is one of the durable satisfactions of my life.

Editor's Note. Mrs. King no longer has a garden; she sold her house in the summer of 1947.

MISS HOWE'S STORY

At first I considered Mrs. King's garden as at the source of the brook but Dr. J. Dellinger Barney, who lives up next to St. Peter's Church in the house built in 1880 by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, tells me that in wet weather there is a wet place in his cellar floor and it is possible that the original spring may have been there. I have also heard vaguely of a spring near the observatory, and that that was where the stagecoach horses watered. I can't see how they could ever have come down to the site of Mrs. King's garden to drink.

Mrs. King speaks of a probable sluggish stream and that was what it must have been. In its short course of a half mile at most its fall is only seventeen feet.

Far different, you see, from Tennyson's brook! It had no chance to "bicker down a valley" unless there were springs up on the hill.

It may have come from "haunts of coot and hern" though in pre-

historic days. There is a really sizable pool shown on one old map. I understand that hern are herons and they would be more likely to be fishing down at the mouth of the brook in the salt marsh.

I find that many of my generation remember a pretty open marshy place where the neighborhood children picked wild flowers as late as the eighties of the nineteenth century. This marsh below the pool stretched very nearly from Concord Avenue to Buckingham Street. It was called "The Hollow." There was but one house on it and the tin cans which afterwards gave it its name for many years were only just beginning to sprout there. In the beginning of course this was in the midst of a forest which stretched all over the country and to the river and the sea. Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton however says that at Trimount or Shawmut — now Boston — there were almost no trees but there was a scrubby growth of wild roses and better still blackberries and blueberries, wild grapes, and strawberries which added grace to the somewhat fishy diet of the Rev. William Blaxton, who lived in seclusion on Boston Common with his cow.

The forest here I have always thought of as composed mainly of pine trees, "the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks" and Mrs. Hemans says "the rocking pines of the desert roared." I never thought she was right about "the stern and rock-bound coast" of Plymouth but I grant her the pines, though they never seemed to be in what I considered "a desert."

And where did the gorgeous wide pine boards in our old houses come from if there were not many pines? There were huge oak timbers in those houses too. Colonel Higginson says "the pine and oak grew intermingled and there were elms on the meadows and willows by the water courses." It may have been on the shore of our brook that Governor Winthrop and his companions rested for their noonday repast when they went exploring from the little settlement at Watertown to seek a fit place for a fortified town. It must have been a chilly spot for a picnic in the woods on December 28, 1630.

They did fortify their town with a "palysadoe," a monumental undertaking. It enclosed one thousand acres and was a mile and a half of stakes or trees. Unfortunately I can't agree with Mrs. King that her willows formed part of it, though they may have been part of the cattle fence that was afterward built up by Linnaean Street.

The palysadoe started near Ash Street and possibly followed the course of our brook part way on its way to go around the northern end of the Common. Where it came close to the brook this helped them, elsewhere they dug a fosse or moat on the outer side.

It was not only Indians they wanted to keep out but wild animals — wolves, bears, lynxes, etc.

In 1636, when the Rev. Thomas Hooker, Pastor of the church at Newtowne, went with most of his parishioners to Connecticut, he went along the "highway" which had been laid out from Charlestown to Watertown, not much more perhaps than a forest trail, part of which is now known as Brattle Street. Winthrop says "his wife was carried in a horse litter — the rest of the company walked and they took one hundred and sixty cattle and partook of their milk by the way." They must have come through a gate in the palysadoe and they must have crossed our brook. Was the bridge already built or did they ford it?

The salt marshes came in deeply there. Many of us can remember when the river was tidal and the tide must have come up some distance in the brook. All that region along the river was known as "the Marsh" in my youth. I remember my sister Clara had a sewing-school pupil who told her she lived "on the Ma'sh, the Old Cambridge Ma'sh, *not* the Port Ma'sh." Social distinctions are very important everywhere.

But long before it reached Brattle Street the stream turned at rather a sharp angle and formed a pond — a pond with an island in it, and it would seem that that pond may have been just outside the stockade, for another stream came into it from the northeast, which is marked on an old map of 1854 as a "water course." Was it or was it not the fosse?

Dr. Abiel Holmes, writing in 1800, says "This fortification was actually made: and the fosse which was dug around the town is in some places visible to this day. It commenced at Brick Wharf (now about at Ash Street) and ran along the northern side of the present Common in Cambridge, and through what was then a thicket but now constitutes a part of the cultivated grounds of Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis: beyond which it cannot be distinctly traced." Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson remembered parts of it still existing as a ditch in his boyhood. He adds "The willows on the football ground of the students at the edge of Oxford Street are the last Memorial of that great labor undertaken two cen-

turies and a half ago." He evidently did not recognize the willows near the Boat Club as being at the other end of the palysadoe.

Colonel Higginson was born in the house next to that in which I was born some forty years later and I too can testify to an enormous willow tree on Oxford Street near the corner of Jarvis Street. It was a terrifying thing to pass in the dark, and next it was what we called "the ditch," which was a gulley where water stood in the spring and wild flowers grew. Whenever I see a bunch of jewelweed, my mind goes back to "the ditch." There was a bit of the latter on the other side of Oxford Street too, but on our side the ditch ran into Holmes Field, which was very boggy and at some seasons there was a black-looking boggy pond there. I remember that a young cousin of mine and I once or twice found a raft on it on which we embarked and poled ourselves about, feeling that we were doing something very big and dangerous. The last adjective is right, for I do not know how deep this pond may have been. At any rate that was the kind of thing one does not tell one's mother.

Miss Alice Allyn in her charming paper on Berkeley Street says that "a brook ran babbling across the Street from Concord Avenue to join another brook on Professor Longfellow's land and then flowed into the pond on the estate on Brattle Street then owned by Worcester the Lexicographer."

Miss Bowen in her paper about Follen Street says there was a pond on the corner of Chauncy Street across from the Arsenal. This may have been the source of this Berkeley Street Brook. She also says a brook ran through the middle of Follen Street and traversed the garden of the Follen house on the corner of Waterhouse Street. She does not say which way this brook ran. Did all these brooks and ditches connect to form the fosse? I was told at City Hall that when the Christian Science Church was built they had a bad time about the foundations — that there was a stream there which vanished underground and they called it "the Lost River."

Cambridge became a city in 1846, not quite one hundred years ago. "The great increase in population and wealth in the years immediately preceding the Charter had taken place largely in Cambridgeport and East Cambridge. The Old Village, as old Cambridge was called, was not so thickly settled."

It is hard to imagine that in 1840 that part of the present city bounded

by Mason Street, Brattle Street, Sparks Street, Concord Avenue and Garden Street, a large tract of land, had very few houses on it. The Longfellow-Craigie-Vassall House, the Hastings House, the Aaron Hill House, where the Deanery of the Theological School now stands, the Jenison House where the Shepard Memorial Church stands, an old house occupied for many years by Dr. Cogswell on the site of the Hotel Commander, another old house, and the Homer house on Arsenal Square, were, I think, the only houses. From the State Arsenal, where is now the Hotel Continental, all the way out beyond Fresh Pond there were no houses on either side of the Concord Turnpike.

Much of this land was owned by Andrew Craigie, and the Observatory built in 1844 was built on Craigie's Hill, where he had had a summer house. St. Peter's Church, across the turnpike, was dedicated in 1849.

Mrs. J. Lowell Moore had a painting of Brattle Street opposite the Wells-Merriman house in the early nineteenth century which make it look like a country road — which indeed it was. Colonel Higginson remembers a special bunch of milkweed which grew about the present corner of Brattle and Craigie Streets. Such a country road was Craigie Street when it was cut through in 1852.

When the City Charter was accepted the streets were unpaved, unmacadamized, uncurbed and unlighted. The sidewalks of Brattle Street were only paved about 1890. A few years before that the "abutters" had provided a superb five-plank walk for the winter months; elsewhere there was mud.

Just what the brook was like in 1852 I can't say. My imagination always visualized a bridge, perhaps even a ford. Lately I find that my contemporaries remember it as late as in the seventies, *but* alas for romance; it was only a deep gully with a small stream running through a culvert!

About 1855 Berkeley Street was cut through and the Newell house, now Professor Holcombe's, and the Folsom House, now the Rev. Dr. Calkins', were built. Mrs. Sarah Folsom Enebuske in her paper about her grandfather Charles Folsom says that "the Folsom house was banked up because the Craigie Brook was inclined to flood the cellars." This statement mystified me until I found out about the Berkeley Street brook. Note that Mrs. Enebuske calls that "the Craigie Brook," which name, I think, should be applied to our brook.

In this same year Judge Joel Parker built the first house on Craigie

Street where the brick apartment houses known as Craigie Circle now stand. It had a lovely garden which some of us remember even if we cannot remember "a stable and grapery," and this garden must have originally sloped down to the brook.

It was after that that there grew up all along Craigie Street and other parts of Cambridge what Dr. Ephraim Emerton calls "typical specimens of the popular square-planned mansard-roofed single-family house, one of the ugliest and one of the most comfortable forms known to American domestic architecture," with high-studded and well-lighted cellars. I note that those houses along Craigie Street are all banked up and planted very high. Were they afraid of floods too?

We can still follow the line of the brook from Mrs. King's garden across that street known in my youth as the Tin Canyon, where the houses were built in the marsh which had become a bog; many of them are much out of level, for a big bog it was, as the builders of the Buckingham School found to their cost. Much piling was needed for the foundations. Beyond the Tin Canyon, now properly Parker Street, comes the garden of the Sisters of Saint Anne, and you may see on the other side of Craigie Street the dip between the Woodman house at 16 and the Thayers' at 18, down Berkeley Place to Mr. Bell's garden in the Pond.

I wish to thank Mr. H. W. L. Dana for the following information about the pond.

This pond, formed by the junction of the two brooks, was on part of the estate of Major Vassall when he inherited the land in 1759 and built his colonial house a hundred yards or so to the east of the pond, and well inside the line of the palysadoe. It was still there when Washington used this house as his headquarters in 1775 and 1776 and became a feature of Andrew Craigie's estate when he bought the house and land in 1792. It is said that Mr. Craigie built the first ice house in Cambridge on the side of this pond nearest his house.

It was then a triangular pond with an island in the middle and on this island he is said to have erected classical statues. A suspicious and superstitious Cambridge populace at the time spread rumors to the effect that at midnight these statues were seen solemnly coming down from their pedestals and bowing to each other. At least this is the story that Miss Charlotte Dana, born in 1814, says was told her by her Scottish

nurse when she was living as a child in the older Vassall House across the street and was hurried past the Craigie Estate and not allowed to enter.

Towards the end of Mrs. Craigie's life, Mr. Joseph Emerson Worcester, the compiler of what Washington Irving used to call the "Pugnacious Dictionary," came to share the rooms with Mr. Longfellow at the Craigie House, and after Mrs. Craigie's death in 1841, acquired part of her estate towards the west, including the pond on the other side of which he proceeded to build a home for himself. While this new house was being built, Worcester and his newly acquired wife continued to occupy the western half of the Craigie House, from the windows of which he could see his new structure rising across the pond, while Longfellow and his newly acquired wife were confined to the eastern half of the Craigie House.

On October 19, 1843 while the Longfellows were away on a visit, their friend Professor Cornelius Conway Felton wrote them, keeping them posted on the new house that was going up across the pond. Apparently the simple style in which this was being built did not please Felton as well as the more ornate Craigie House with its Ionic pilasters and elaborate pediment over the facade. He wrote:

"You will, may hap, be glad to hear that Castle Craigie is still standing; and that Worcester Hall is now rising. The Castle and the Hall are not remarkably congruous, but the trees on the border of Dictionary Lake and Atlantic Stream will screen you from the full blaze of the new architectural wonder."

What Felton was pleased to call "Dictionary Lake" came soon to be known as "Worcester's Pond," and what Felton nicknamed the "Atlantic Stream" was merely the bordering brook flowing from the pond into the Charles River and so bearing its waters ultimately into the Atlantic Ocean.

By the following spring Worcester's new house was ready and Mr. Longfellow wrote in his notebook on the Craigie House: "At length, in May 1844, Mr. Worcester, having built himself a house of his own near the island, departed, leaving me master of the domain."

Mrs. Worcester's sister married Mr. Charles Folsom, who built the house on Berkeley Street that was banked up so high, and Miss Allyn in her paper on Berkeley Street tells how she often saw the sisters, Mrs.

Folsom and Mrs. Worcester, walking in a stately manner "cross lots" to visit each other. Somewhere there must have been a bridge across a brook.

Though living now on opposite sides of the pond, Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Worcester continued their former friendship, Longfellow presenting Worcester with copies of his books of poetry and Worcester presenting Longfellow in return with copies of his dictionaries.

In his journal for December 8, 1845, Longfellow writes: "Skated on Worcester water in the afternoon and did it better than I thought I could." Later his sons were to learn skating there. Colonel Higginson, born in 1823, said he learned to skate on Craigie's Pond.

In 1843 Mr. Longfellow drew a map of his land, including the neighboring land with Worcester Pond and the two streams flowing into it. On this plan the brook flowing from the northeast was represented as passing diagonally across Longfellow's land, being crossed at three points by little bridges. In winter these bridges were covered with snow and on one of them Longfellow's daughters were tempted to have their parents re-enact the scene in Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray," where Lucy's parents anxiously follow the poor girl's footprints in the snow as they led to the fatal bridge:

"They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none:"

One of Longfellow's daughters tip-toed in the snow out to the middle of the bridge over the brook flowing into Worcester's Pond and then carefully tip-toed back again in her tracks, leaving the appearance that she had fallen from the middle of the bridge into the stream. They then waited eagerly for Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow, like Lucy's parents, to follow the tracks and come to a horrible conclusion. Before long, however, the Longfellow children began to be alarmed at the effect this might have on their parents and so confided to them the alarming trick that they had planned.

Long afterwards Longfellow's grandchildren came to play by this same brook, which was then apt to be dried up in summer but was filled with water in the rainy season and filled with ice in winter. By the great

clump of willows where the Thorps' barn was later built, this stream in early spring emptied into the muddy banks of Worcester Pond, where they would make mud pies. In winter the end of the toboggan slide ended in the hollow of this brook, and this generation too learned to skate on the same pond. By this time the island in the middle of the pond was no longer an island but a peninsula, for the side of the pond towards the Worcester house, which had become the Chauncy Smith house, was filled up, leaving only two sides of the original triangular pond still filled with water.

As time went on even these two remaining sides of the pond became filled up and both the brooks dried up, though still puddles of standing water in wet seasons and rifts of snow in winter indicate like ghosts the former locations of the brooks and the pond.

Many, many children of a later day learned to skate on Smith's Pond, but it was filled in when the Thorp house was built in the early nineties of the last century, and now Mrs. Bell has a victory garden in it.

And what of the Atlantic Stream — or Craigie Brook — after it left the pond? In 1837, when Professor Longfellow came to take up his abode as a lodger of Mrs. Craigie's, he writes: "the tramp of horses' hoofs sounds from the wooden bridge." This was undoubtedly the wooden bridge that still crossed the stream flowing from the pond into the Charles River — a bridge which was later replaced by a culvert, and now, like Lucy Gray's footmarks, further there is none.

The brook flowed between Brown and Willard Streets and south-westerly to the marsh near the foot of Sparks Street. There is a little bay there which may or may not have marked its mouth.

But it is not dead, only retired like some old people we know. When they were putting the new sewer through Craigie Street a few years ago it was running so strongly that they had to keep up a tremendous pumping, which fact I found out at City Hall through the kindness of Mr. Thomas P. O'Neill, Superintendent of Sewers. And I have been told that a geologist has said that it still runs under Charles River but as the person who said so is dead, I can not verify the statement. Perhaps, like Tennyson's Brook, it is singing

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF
THE FIRST CHURCH IN CAMBRIDGE (UNITARIAN)
WRITTEN BY MRS. FLORENCE RUSSELL GEROULD FOR
THE NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE

January 19, 1933 *

I have been asked to cover three hundred years in ten minutes — two seconds for each year in which this church has stood for the best in human life. Its record has been unbroken.

In 1633, Thomas Hooker, John Cotton and Samuel Stone came to Newtowne, the early name of Cambridge, which included Brighton, Newton, parts of Arlington, Lexington, Bedford and Billerica. There were more sermons, and longer, in those days. The voyage over was enlivened by three sermons almost every day. The people said that their three great necessities would be supplied, with Cotton for their clothing, Hooker for their fishing, and Stone for their building. With fasting and prayer, a church was organized in 1633 — the eighth church of the Massachusetts Colony. Its early name was "The Church of Christ in Cambridge," and later "Ye First Church in Cambridge." The Rev. Mr. Hooker was pastor, and Mr. Stone was teacher. The teacher was fully trained to expound the Scriptures, either before or after the sermon. Sometimes the pastor preached in the morning, and the teacher in the afternoon. The offices were gradually blended. These earnest people had no roads or bridges or mails, they worked sixteen hours a day, and for recreation laid stone walls.

Soon the people complained that there wasn't room enough, and the Court agreed to lay the discussion before the Lord, and a fast-day was kept in all the congregations. In 1636, a majority of Mr. Hooker's congregation — one hundred in number — made their way through the trackless wilderness, carrying feeble Mrs. Hooker on a litter, to New-

* This article was considered by the Directors to be so excellent a summary of the History of the First Church (Unitarian) that they voted to print it in order to make it generally available and of permanent record, as was done in the case of his Recollections of Browne and Nichols School by W. Rodman Peabody, although his paper like this one was delivered before another organization. — *The Editor*.

town, Connecticut, later called Hartford. Eleven families remained. In our church meetings we have seriously considered these two dates. 1633 puts us among the earliest of the ancient churches, and allows our minister to walk very near the head of an ecclesiastical procession. 1636 puts us so much later that our minister's position recedes. Recently, it has been decided to call us The First Church (Unitarian), 1633-1636, which incidentally indicates that our minister may choose his position.

Thomas Shepard was the second minister of this church. In England, he was a Puritan lecturer, and was summoned by Bishop Laud to answer for his preaching. He loved the established church, but was unwilling to conform to all its rules and customs. Bishop Laud passed a severe sentence upon him, — that he should neither preach, read, marry, bury in any part of his diocese. "If you do, and I hear of it, I'll be upon your back, and follow you, wherever you go, in any part of this kingdom, and so everlastingly disable you." It was Bishops on the backs of Puritans that gave to us this Commonwealth and nation.

When Shepard took up his pastorate here, he made his first open renunciation of Episcopacy. On the first of February, 1636, this church was again organized. Its covenant is thought to have been written by Governor Winthrop. For years, the church and town were one. The first building was on the west side of Dunster Street, a little south of Mt. Auburn Street, and had a log frame. The pews were square, with seats on hinges, which were raised to make standing-room during prayer. In front of the desk were seats for the deacon and elders, and there were rows of benches for men on one side, and women on the other. The meeting-house was the town-house, used on six days for secular purposes. Church members were the only voters.

Shepard is described as "a poor, weak, pale complectioned, but holy, heavenly, sweet, affecting and soul-flourishing minister." Thousands of souls had cause to bless God for him. It was said of a parishioner from Charlestown, "He crowdeth through the thickest, when, having stayed while the glass was turned up twice, the man was metamorphosed, and was fain to hang down his head often, lest his watery eyes should blab abroad the secret conjunction of his affections."

There was no music whatever for a long time, save the singing of the Psalms, unaccompanied. Then came the bass viol, and violin. The

first American organ was not used until 1745. Marriage was a civil contract — not an ecclesiastical sacrament. No marriage by a minister is found before 1686. Burials were without Scripture, psalm, sermon or prayer. A bell was tolled and friends carried their dead to some churchyard or roadside enclosure, and silently laid them away. Anything else was considered Popish mummary.

It was because of Shepard's presence in the Newtowne that Cambridge was pitched upon as the seat of Harvard College. The members of this church were associated with the college, and several were officers in it. The whole College attended our services, and there was plenty of room for them all in the building forty feet square. There were not more than eight or nine in the graduating-class. Most of the clergymen who came to New England were graduates of England's Cambridge, so the people began to call the town Cambridge, and it became so legally in 1639.

Shepard died at the age of forty-four years. Jonathan Mitchel succeeded him, and a new meeting-house was built near the spot where the old Dane Hall stood. He was so scholarly a man that he kept a diary in Latin. His preaching was "like a lovely song of the one who hath a pleasant voice." Henry Dunster, first President of Harvard College, who had been, after Shepard's death, in the place of a pastor, bore testimony against infant baptism, and forbore to present his own infant for baptism. Mitchel preached more than half a score of ungainsayable sermons on the subject. Dunster was indicted by the Grand Jury, publicly admonished, and forced to give bonds for his good behavior.

Mitchel died in 1668. During an interim, President Chauncy of Harvard occupied the pulpit. Then came Rev. Urian Oakes. The account of disbursements for his ordination contains, 3 bush. of wheat, 2½ of malt, 4 gal. of wine, beef, mutton, sugar, spices amounting to £10. He served as President of Harvard College, and had the pastoral care of the church. The Rev. Nathaniel Gookin was his assistant, and followed Mr. Oakes. After Mr. Gookin's death, there were various supplies. Ten shillings were paid for a single sermon, and for a whole day's service, one pound.

Rev. William Brattle was ordained in 1696. He was a very distinguished man. During his pastorate 724 children were baptized and 364 persons were admitted to the church. His salary was from £90 to £100,

and many donations of wood — in 1695, twenty-two loads. His manner in the pulpit was “calm, soft and melting.” In 1706, the third meeting-house was built, near the site of the second. The College voted £60, and a pew was built for the president’s family, and the students’ seats.

Then came the Rev. Nathaniel Appleton. During his ministry of sixty-seven years, 2048 children were baptized and 90 adults, and 784 were admitted to church membership. In 1765, in our town-meeting, the first formal protest was made against the Stamp Act. The Revolution was now coming on, and Washington and his companions in arms worshipped here. The delegates from the towns of the State met here in 1779 and framed the Constitution.

Mr. Appleton died in 1784, aged ninety years. Then came Timothy Hilliard, followed by Dr. Abiel Holmes in 1792. We have the records of the church, during his ministry, in his own handwriting. In 1814, the University began to hold its own religious services. In 1824, Lafayette was made welcome to our church in an address by President Kirkland. Edward Everett became a member in 1812. The Rev. Abiel Holmes was father of Oliver Wendell Holmes and grandfather of former Chief Justice Holmes. Liberalism was spreading. Soon Mr. Holmes refused to exchange pulpits with liberal preachers. His attitude led to his removal from the pastorate, and with two-thirds of his church he organized a new society, now known as the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational), of which Dr. Raymond Calkins is the present minister.

Rev. William Newell was called to the pastoral care of our Parish. As a result of his sweet and gentle disposition, the quarrel soon passed into oblivion. His pastorate extended thirty-eight years; during this time, through an exchange of property, the present church was erected at the expense of the College. Up to 1873, annual College Commencements were held here. Mr. Newell was a wonderful man, and wherever he went his presence was a benediction. Most interesting is the fact that recently his grandson, Rev. Arthur Moore, of Franklin, New Hampshire, graced this pulpit which his grandfather so sanctified.

The church had no pastor from 1868 to 1874, when Dr. Francis Greenwood Peabody was installed. Under him, the congregation numbered from 450 to 550. His gracious and scholarly presence links us with the past. Temporary ill-health caused his resignation in 1879.

In 1882, Dr. Edward H. Hall of Worcester became our pastor. We

well remember his stately figure, and we have his memory perpetuated in the room which bears his name and holds his books.

Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers was installed in 1894. During his pastorate, which lasted from 1894 until his death in 1927, he was our great leader. In 1905, Miss Jeannie W. Paine — a member of our church — left over \$200,000 to the church. Its wise administration under a board of trustees and its agent, Mrs. Chesley, has given a refuge for those in need. Dr. Crothers was the friend and adviser of this benefaction. Honored by Harvard, known throughout the country for his spiritual power, and throughout the world of scholars for his literary genius, he made our church a great religious institution, known for its good works. His mind saw straight to the heart of every problem, and his spirit lifted those who came into his presence out of commonplaceness to the heights where he dwelt with his God. He was a saint and prophet walking our common way. His ashes lie under his study-window, and those who loved him are helped as they pass, and think of him.

Rev. Ralph E. Bailey was called to our pastorate in 1928, and is our present pastor. As a keen student of our history, he carries on our tradition.

We are justly proud of our old church and its history, and pray that each one of us may hand it, untarnished of its great past, to our successors.

ANNUAL REPORTS

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND OF THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1944

THIS Annual Meeting closes the fortieth year of the activities of The Cambridge Historical Society. Though the war is on the minds of everyone, the meetings of the Society may have offered a foil to those difficulties and problems that are constantly before us.

The Council has held five meetings during the year and one informal meeting. At the regular meetings the business was of a routine nature along with the arrangement of programs for the meetings and the consideration of names for membership. The informal meeting was held in the Map Room of the Widener Library, ostensibly to assist our Curator in decisions regarding portions of the Society's collections now stored there; but as those present immediately became absorbed in various parts of the room with books, papers, and photographs it is doubtful if very much was really accomplished other than a sort of re-shuffling of the cards. We have held no meeting there since! The assistance given by Mr. Haynes, both in storing the material as well as in attending to the mailing of copies of our publications from time to time and other details, has been of great help and is much appreciated.

The four regular meetings of the Society held during 1944 have been well attended, the average number being nearly seventy members and guests. The Annual Meeting was held on January 26, 1944, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. McClennen, 35 Lake View Avenue, when following the business meeting Miss Howe gave amusing and informative descriptions of Harvard Square in the "Seventies and Eighties." For the April meeting we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Seeler, Jr., at The Faculty Club, and Miss Dudley told of the activity

and keen interest of Thomas Dudley in the founding of Cambridge. The June meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin T. Hammond, 11 Scott Street; in spite of the showery weather and the regrettable failure of the public stenographer to mail some of the notices to the members the attendance was good. Every one was much interested in the problem presented by Mrs. Vosburgh of the strange case of The Disloyalty of Dr. Benjamin Church, Surgeon General of the Continental Army. The October meeting was held at the invitation of President and Mrs. Walcott in the Parish House of the Unitarian Church, and the reminiscences of the late Edward S. Dodge, read by Miss Howe, brought forth an unusual number of anecdotes from the members present.

The Council has received with regret the resignations of: —

Mrs. Wallace Notestein

Miss Harriet E. Peet

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight H. Andrews.

Mr. Charles Norman Fay died in the early part of the year. We have been delighted to add to our regular members during 1944: —

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Morrison

Miss Lillian Abbott

Rev. William Brattle Oliver.

The membership of The Cambridge Historical Society is now two hundred and twelve (212); five life members, eight associate members, and one hundred ninety-nine regular members.

Respectfully submitted,

BREMER W. POND, *Secretary*.

January 23, 1945.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1944

	January 5, 1945.	
Cash on Hand, January 1, 1944	\$ 468.16	
Dues and Initiation Fees	\$617.00	
Sale of Proceedings	6.55	623.55
		<u>\$1,091.71</u>
Printing & Stationery	\$ 78.25	
Clerical Service and Postage	48.53	
Allowances to Hostesses	60.00	
Miscellaneous	51.18	
	<u>\$ 237.96</u>	
Cash on Hand December 31, 1944	853.75	
		<u>\$1,091.71</u>
Flowers for Walter Briggs' Funeral	\$15.00	
Gifts to Employees of Widener Library	10.00	
Chairs for Meetings	10.40	
Bay State Historical League — 2 Years	8.00	
Safe Deposit Box	6.00	
Bank Service Charge	1.78	
	<u>\$51.18</u>	

Maria Bowen Fund

<i>Investments</i>	<i>Cost</i>	<i>1/1/44 Book Value</i>	<i>Cash Income Received 1944</i>	<i>12/31/44 Book Value</i>	<i>Account to which Income was Credited</i>
U. S. Savings Bonds	\$ 5,250.00	\$ 5,250.00	0.	\$ 5,250.00	None
Cambridge Savings Bank	2,241.32	3,717.13	\$ 94.02	*4,044.28	Camb. Sav. Bank
Cambridgeport Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,672.69	33.61	1,706.20	Camb'port Sav. Bank
E. Cambridge Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,690.75	33.97	1,724.72	E. Camb. Sav. Bank
50 sh. 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston)	1,868.75	1,868.75	100.00	1,868.75	Camb. Sav. Bank
5 sh. State St. Tr. Co. (Boston)	1,295.00	1,295.00	40.00	1,295.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
5 sh. Merchants Nat'l (Boston)	1,715.00	1,715.00	60.00	1,715.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
	<u>\$15,370.07</u>	<u>\$17,209.32</u>	<u>\$361.60</u>	<u>\$17,604.05</u>	

George G. Wright Fund

	<i>Date a/c Opened</i>	<i>Bal. when Opened</i>	<i>Bal. 1/1/44</i>	<i>Int. Rec.</i>	<i>Bal. 12/31/44</i>
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/29/38	\$ 200.00	\$ 229.25	\$ 5.76	\$ 235.01
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/10/34	\$ 760.22	\$ 887.32	\$ 22.32	\$ 909.64
Cambridge Savings Bank	5/ 3/40	\$2,149.82	\$2,345.09	\$58.99	\$2,404.08
Cambridge Trust Company	2/ 7/40	\$ 60.00	\$ 211.95	\$ 3.18	\$ 215.13
			<u>\$3,170.04</u>	<u>\$90.25</u>	<u>\$3,763.86</u>
			<u>Book Value of all Funds 12/31/44 — \$21,367.91</u>		
			<u>Total Income — \$451.85</u>		

* Includes capital deposit of \$33.13

Audited by Mr. Ingraham.

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS,
Treasurer.

LIST OF MEMBERS FOR 1945

ACTIVE MEMBERS

<i>Marion Stanley Abbot</i>	<i>Elizabeth Neill (Mrs. D.) Clapp</i>
<i>Lillian Abbott</i>	<i>Frances Snell (Mrs. H. L.) Clark</i>
<i>Sarah Cushing (Mrs. G. M.) Allen</i>	<i>Margaret Elizabeth Cogswell</i>
<i>Mary Almy</i>	<i>Kenneth John Conant</i>
<i>Helen Diman (Mrs. I. W.) Bailey</i>	<i>Marie Schneider (Mrs. K. J.) Conant</i>
<i>Florence Besse (Mrs. E.) Ballantine</i>	<i>Frank Gaylord Cook</i>
<i>Elizabeth Chadwick Beale</i>	<i>Julian Lowell Coolidge</i>
<i>Mabel Anzonella (Mrs. S.) Bell</i>	<i>Theresa Reynolds (Mrs. J. L.) Cool-</i>
<i>Stoughton Bell</i>	<i>idge</i>
<i>Annie Whitney (Mrs. J. C.) Bennett</i>	<i>J. Linda Corne</i>
<i>Alexander Harvey Bill</i>	<i>Bernice Brown (Mrs. L. W.) Cronk-</i>
<i>Caroline Eliza Bill</i>	<i>hite</i>
<i>Marion Edgerly (Mrs. A. H.) Bill</i>	<i>Leonard Wolsey Cronkhite</i>
<i>Albert Henry Blevins</i>	<i>Sally Adams (Mrs. C. F.) Cushman</i>
<i>Beatrice (Mrs. A. H.) Blevins</i>	<i>Gardiner Mumford Day</i>
<i>Jessie Waterman (Mrs. Wm. F.)</i>	<i>Katharine Bennett (Mrs. G. M.) Day</i>
<i>Brooks</i>	<i>Bernard DeVoto</i>
<i>Martha Thacher Brown</i>	<i>Avis MacVicar (Mrs. B.) DeVoto</i>
<i>Josephine Freeman Bumstead</i>	<i>Mary Deane Dexter</i>
<i>Bertha Close (Mrs. G. H.) Bunton</i>	<i>Arthur Drinkwater</i>
<i>George Herbert Bunton</i>	<i>Laura Howland Dudley</i>
<i>Eleanor Sheridan (Mrs. D. E.) Burr</i>	<i>Alvin Clark Eastman</i>
<i>Chilton Richardson Cabot</i>	<i>Frances Hopkinson (Mrs. S. A.)</i>
<i>Miriam Shepard (Mrs. C. R.) Cabot</i>	<i>Eliot</i>
<i>Bernice Cannon</i>	<i>Samuel Atkins Eliot</i>
<i>Carroll Luther Chase</i>	<i>Benjamin Peirce Ellis</i>
<i>Louise Fletcher (Mrs. C. L.) Chase</i>	<i>William Emerson</i>
<i>Dudley Clapp</i>	<i>Frances White (Mrs. Wm.) Emerson</i>

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Claire (Mrs. P.) Faude
Allyn Bailey Forbes
Lois Whitney (Mrs. A. B.) Forbes
Edward Waldo Forbes
Frances Fowler
Francis Edward Frothingham
Alice Howland (Mrs. H. G.) Garrett
Jane Bowler (Mrs. R.) Gilman
Roger Gilman
Josephine Bowman (Mrs. L. C.) Graton
L. C. Graton
Louis Lawrence Green
Virginia Tanner (Mrs. L. L.) Green
Helen McQuesten (Mrs. P.) Gring
Paul Gring
Christine Robinson (Mrs. R. M.) Gummere
Lillian Helen (Mrs. T.) Hadley
Franklin Tweed Hammond
Mabel MacLeod (Mrs. F. T.) Hammond
Charles Lane Hanson
Mary Davis (Mrs. F. B.) Hawley
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Robert Hammond Haynes
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William Kitchener Jordan
Albert Guy Keith
Edith Seavey (Mrs. A. G.) Keith
Justine Frances (Mrs. F. S.) Kershaw
Rupert Ballou Lillie
Elizabeth MacFarlane
Ethel May MacLeod
George Arthur Macomber
Ella Sewell Slingluff (Mrs. G. A.) Macomber
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Olive Ely Allen (Mrs. F. D.) Washburn
Henry Bradford Washburn
Frederica Davis (Mrs. T. R.) Watson
William Stewart Whittemore
Alice Babson (Mrs. W. S.) Whittemore
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Samuel Williston
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